


JAMES HENDERSON, D.D.

SALEM G. BLAND



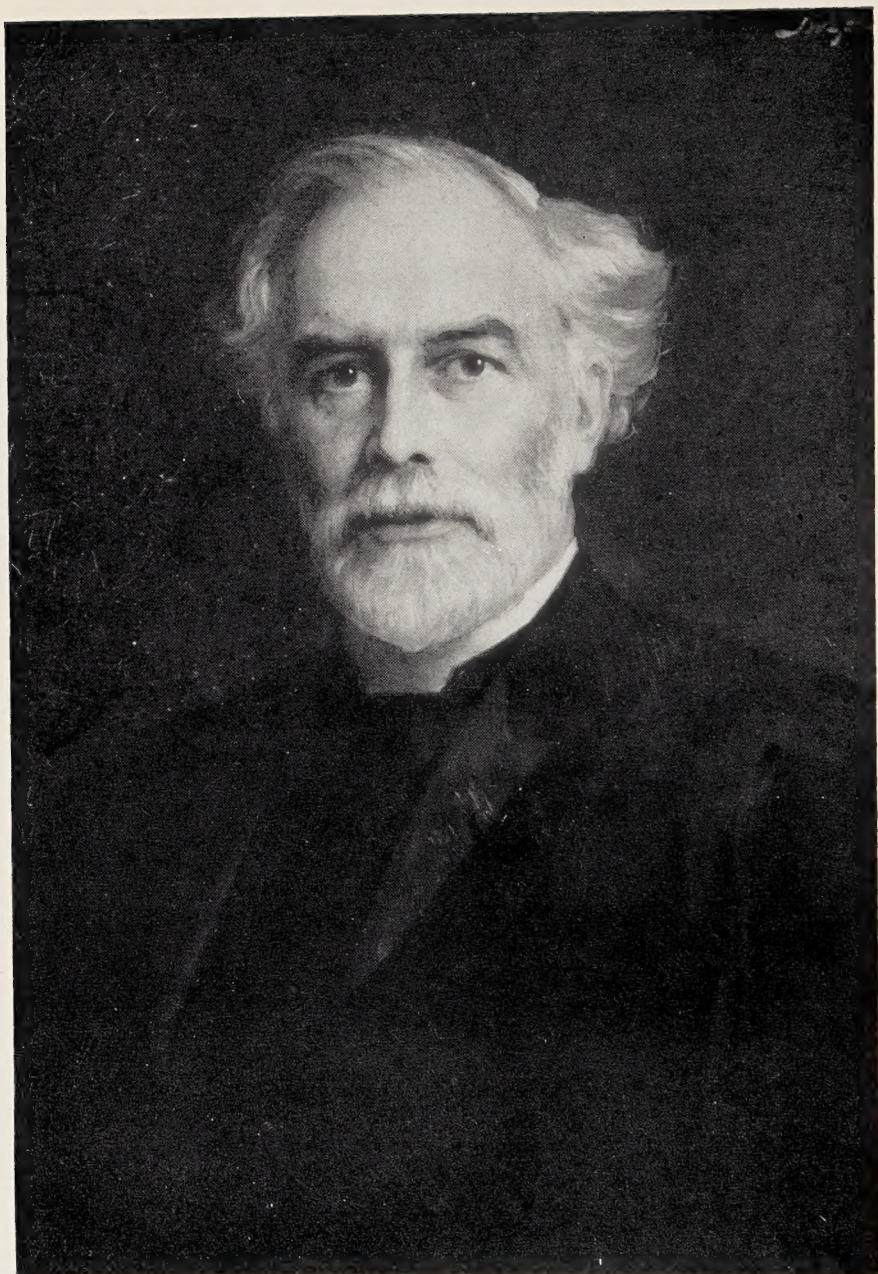


THE LIFE OF
JAMES HENDERSON, D.D.



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From a painting by J. W. L. Forster.

REV. JAMES HENDERSON, D.D.

JAMES HENDERSON, D.D.

By
SALEM GOLDWORTH BLAND

WITH A FOREWORD BY THE
REVEREND S. DWIGHT CHOWN, D.D., LL.D.,
FORMERLY GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT
OF THE METHODIST CHURCH
IN CANADA

"He preached unto them Jesus."

McCLELLAND & STEWART, LIMITED
PUBLISHERS - - - TORONTO

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TO
MRS. HENDERSON

FOREWORD

I COUNT it a great honor to be asked to write a foreword to the life of my old friend, James Henderson. Fifty-one years ago we met for the first time in old Quebec, upon my reception on probation for the Methodist ministry. The occasion was made memorable to me by a long walk we took together over the Plains of Abraham, while we beat a sermon into shape for the following Sunday. It was a foretaste of many such discussions.

It was the custom of young ministerial candidates at that time to spend the long hours of intervening days during Missionary deputation work in disputation concerning problems of philosophical and theological lore.

James Henderson was a Rupert of debate, and chief of a privileged group which contained such names as William Sparling, Salem Bland, Francis G. Lett and myself.

Those were halcyon days. But until the last time I saw Henderson, though extremely weak and, probably, racked with pain, at the very mention of a vital question of philosophy, theology, or science, he would spring with avidity into the argument, and show himself the keenest debater of us all.

Our lives mingled deeply, not only on account of similarity of ideals, but by reason of proximity in our appointments, for we were often close to each other in our work on country circuits. In later years I suc-

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ceeded him after a short interval in Sherbrooke Street Church, Montreal, and followed him immediately at Carlton Street, Toronto. He was then at the zenith of his power. His memory was marvellous. For him to write a sermon was to remember it. In this he was greatly helped by his concrete picturesqueness of imagery. His voice was so rhythmic that

Its music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

His thought was profoundly based upon eternal principles of truth, but his illustrations lifted from them the veil of obscurity, and flooded them with the light of modern scholarship.

He was the "Happy Warrior," the spiritual hero of the overflowing congregations that listened spell-bound and inspired by his chastened yet refulgent oratory.

But deeper cause for admiration of the character of my friend was found in his persistence at the wheel of duty when ill health called him with many imperious voices to desist. He was "clean forespent" physically when the summons came to higher duty.

Dr. Bland's long intimacy and perfect sympathy with his subject have qualified him in an eminent degree to write the life of our mutual comrade.

S. D. CHOWN.

Toronto, November 9th, 1926.

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PREFACE

JAMES HENDERSON lived through the close of a day of great preachers and was himself one of the last and greatest of its Canadian representatives. He lived on into a day which, while a great day, is not one of great preachers—a day of preachers better informed, of greater range of thought, more critical and more practical, but with less passion and imaginative sweep—the most eminent of them teachers, rather than preachers. He belonged to both days.

Some sketch of his life is here attempted by a friend who, though ten years younger, grew up in the day in which James Henderson grew up and whose life has been prolonged a little farther into the new day which is about us now, though still in its morning, and who believes that James Henderson, reared in the old day, was also one of the first in Canada to feel the stir in spirit of the new, one of the first to yield to it, and one of the most influential in spreading it, and whose long and brilliant career is, therefore, memorable not only to his personal friends and the congregations by whom he was admired and beloved, but to all who are interested in observing how in every age the spirit of God is ever stirring up the nest, forbidding mental sloth, and summoning men to larger, truer conceptions of God and His purposes concerning the children of men.

The sincere thanks of the family and of myself are

P R E F A C E

given to the many friends who have with such kind readiness contributed letters, reminiscences, and appreciations. I do not know how to express the obligations all who may be interested in this book are under, to Dr. Henderson's step-daughter, Miss Annie Le Rossignol, who has made it possible by her thoughtful and untiring labor in gathering, and by her literary skill in organizing, all available data. Her large share in this memorial volume is the crown of her many years of loving devotion to her father as daughter, assistant, and secretary.

S. G. BLAND.

554 Spadina Ave.,
Toronto,
November, 1926.

INTRODUCTORY

AS a preacher James Henderson ever gave Christ the pre-eminence. He felt that all the spiritual needs of men are met in Him in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. But he believed also that these needs change from age to age and will ever find, as they develop, fresh disclosures in Him who is, nevertheless, yesterday, to-day, and forever, the same. This faith, fixed at the centre and free at the circumference, made him a preacher of the transition. That, it seems to me, was his distinctive mission. He held fast the old truths in their essentials; he welcomed the new. He was, I think, pre-eminent in his generation in keeping the confidence of both wings of the church. There were contemporary preachers who more directly and systematically presented what is called the modern view. Henderson was not by temperament or training a propagandist. Sympathetic with the modern view of the scriptures he was not keenly interested in that careful, grammatical, and historical study of the Bible technically known as the Higher Criticism. It was social and philosophic questions which attracted him, especially the philosophic, and it was the broad fundamental principles of religion he loved to discuss. The thoroughgoing modernist or the social radical might either, I think, have been dissatisfied with his ministry, even when it was in its fulness of power. Yet it seems

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to me that he was doing the work God gave him to do. He was pre-eminently a creator of atmosphere. His ministry was a genial, liberating, liberalizing, humanizing force, perhaps none other of that sort in his day in Canada so widespread and powerful. There were preachers whose message was more aggressive and revolutionary but with a much more limited field. Henderson was a mediator. Not himself a propagandist, he was, nevertheless, one of the prime factors in his own Church, and not in his own Church alone, in making the theological and social transition of the last twenty or thirty years as peaceful and kindly as in Canada, on the whole, it has been. As much as one man could well win of the confidence and affection of the whole church and of the whole country he won, and that unusual opportunity he used to commend wisely and persuasively those minimum changes, at least, in our Biblical, theological, and social thinking which have now come either to be accepted or frankly tolerated.

That Canada should come somewhat late to these problems was rather natural in a new country absorbed in the task of her material and political development. That, when she did come to them, she met them as calmly and fearlessly as, on the whole, she has, was due, most of all, to a group of bold and vigorous thinkers who thought their way through and proclaimed the way they had found. To this group belonged Dr. Workman, who, perhaps, beyond all other Canadians has suffered, and suffered gallantly, for the truth of scholarship; the late Principal Grant, wise and fearless teacher, who guided

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more preacher-craft than any other Canadian pilot across the harbor bar into the free and open sea of modern thought; the late Chancellor Burwash, whose unflinching intellectual freedom and integrity were warmed and sanctified by the mysticism and devotion of a great saint; Dr. Milligan, the Prince Rupert of Canadian Modernism who made the critical view of Job and Genesis and the Prophets as dashing and irresistible as a charge of cavalry; Professor J. E. McFadyen and Dr. Jordan, who sowed indefatigably the good seed even under March skies; the late Rev. A. M. Phillips, whose fearless and inquiring mind did much to break the crust that tends to form in all well-organized and flourishing churches; that gallant trio, whose standing in the Church had not then been officially underwritten as it has been since, Alfred Lavell, A. J. Irwin, and Eber Crummy, who with uncommon skill and still more uncommon daring during the years 1905 and 1906, in their Biblical and Church History Institutes, first sought to carry widely to popular audiences the rich discoveries of modern Biblical scholarship; genuinely and steadily educative preacher-teachers like Dr. S. P. Rose, Dr. W. E. Pescott, Dr. Robert Millikin and, doubtless, others less well-known, at least to the writer; and youngest of all these and most untiring of all working pastors in this apostleship, Dr. Ernest Thomas, who has been among his brethren the most powerfully disturbing, stimulating, and reconstructive force.

Henderson did not by temperament belong to these, but the work of these and of the host of later

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intellectual crusaders who cannot here be named would have been enormously more difficult but for the more genial, more open-minded, more human atmosphere which, it seems to me, it was his special gift and mission to help to create in Canada, especially in Canadian Methodism.

And so, recognizing the value of the service he rendered to the land of his adoption, a land that needed such a service, perhaps, more than the land of his birth, we may be justified in discovering a Providential guidance in the circumstances of his early life. To those of us to-day who, after long yearning and prayer, have rejoiced with great joy to see the three churches, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Methodist, blend together into the mighty United Church of Canada, there seems something symbolical and prophetic in the career of this man who, born in Scotland of Presbyterian ancestry, came under the influence, first, of what might not inaccurately be termed a Congregational offshoot of Presbyterianism, later was kindled by Methodist fire, and in early manhood crossed the sea to find a new home in Canada and to explore that land ecclesiastically from the log cabin where, once in unconsciously rising to his full height while preaching he lifted the flimsy roof, to the pastorate of some of its stateliest temples.

Life of James Henderson

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS IN SCOTLAND, 1849-1870

JAMES HENDERSON was born at Airdrie, a few miles east of Glasgow, on the first of March, 1849, the son of John Henderson and Barbara Grey. Little is known of his forebears. His grandfather, William Henderson, worked in Airdrie as a slater and contractor and appears to have lived in moderate comfort and to have enjoyed the esteem of his fellow townsmen. His grandmother, Helen Mitchell, is still remembered for her kindness and her Christian spirit. She was a woman of marked personality and for many years conducted a prayer and class-meeting in her home, the first home opened to a Methodist minister in Airdrie.

William Henderson had four sons, the eldest of whom followed his father's trade in Airdrie, while the second, John, became station-master in the nearby town of Motherwell. His wife, Barbara Grey, came of fighting stock. She was born in India, the daughter of a Captain in the Indian army, who died in her early childhood, and of Anne Fordyce, whose family came from the turbulent region of the Border. Like his father, John Henderson had four sons, and, like his father, he gave them the family names of William, James, John, and Andrew. There were four sisters, Annie, Helen, Barbara, and Margaret, of whom Annie died in childhood.

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John Henderson was tall and slight in figure, with strongly marked features, keen blue eyes, and high forehead. He had the Scotch characteristic of fondness for reading and discussion along theological lines. He always got the prize for the neatness of his ledgers, and was noticeably careful of his personal appearance. His wife, Barbara, was a large, handsome woman with ruddy complexion, beautiful blue eyes, and a very affectionate, motherly manner. From the old portraits still remaining of her it would seem that James Henderson bore a striking resemblance to his mother. She was a good talker and sometimes led the prayer meetings that were later held in the home in the Canadian backwoods.

In the ten years before James Henderson's birth Scotland had been deeply stirred by a movement not large in numbers but widely influential. The Rev. James Morison, a minister of the United Secession Church, had discovered the doctrine of a universal atonement and by preaching and writing had created a ferment in Scotland. In 1841 he was expelled from the United Secession Church for teaching a universal atonement, and in 1843 the Evangelical Union of Scotland was formed at Kilmarnock by Mr. Morison and a little group of ministers and elders. From the outset Congregational in polity, this church in 1896 united with the Congregational Union of Scotland.

It is significant of the theological atmosphere which prevailed in the Henderson home that John Henderson and his family joined the new Church at the outset. Later on the family became Wesleyan

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Methodists, but the father always considered himself a member of the Evangelical Union, and when James Henderson was living in my father's home in 1875, I remember that the quarterly of the movement, the *Evangelical Repository*, came to him regularly.

One of Henderson's earliest recollections was of the love of his sister, Annie, a girl five years his senior, who took him with her to school, and shared a penny loaf with him at lunch time. When she took ill, he refused to go to school without her, and she rose from her sick bed for the last time to lead him there. Her brother never forgot the picture of his mother leaning over the sick one, asking, "Annie, have you any pain?" Her answer, "Oh! mither, ye're gaein tae lose your Annie, I'm gaein awa hame," shows how steeped in religious feeling were even the young ones of the family. Of this sister Henderson could never speak without emotion, and he often referred to her in his sermons.

From his father Henderson learnt to read clearly, and thus developed at an early age a talent which was later to serve him to good purpose. "Speak up," his father would say, "Open your mouth and don't be too lazy to pronounce every word distinctly." If James dropped his voice at the end of a sentence or pronounced a word indistinctly, he had to read the passage again, and to this early drill he ascribed in large measure his success as a preacher. Good voices were the rule in his family. His older brother William led the choir and played the organ in the Evangelical Union Church at Bellshill, and

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other members of the family sang parts, James at first singing alto, and, later, tenor.

In the religious atmosphere of the home with its regular church-going and its earnest discussion of sermons, at an early age the boy's ambitions turned to the pulpit. There is a quaint legend that, as a child, he once preached to the cows in the byre.

The ministry, however, seemed very far away, for times were hard in Scotland, and at the age of twelve he was working in the mills, piling iron bars until his hands were cruelly cut and seamed, but very proud of his first work. One of his sisters still remembers the fat, pudgy little fellow rushing into the house and shouting, "Mither, I've got a job. I'm gaen tae make lots o' money." On one occasion the water pipes burst, and for two days and nights he and other little boys carried pails of water to the puddlers, till he was sleeping on his feet.

At fifteen, after an interval at school, James was working as puddler's assistant to his older brother, and bringing home his pay envelope to his mother. Then a special supper would be waiting for him, a bit of steak, a plate of buttered toast, or such scones and oatcakes as only a Scottish mother can make, and a pot of tea. The social atmosphere of the mills was rather rough, but neither he nor his brothers were affected by it. They preserved their purity of language and their courtesy of manner, and refrained from smoking and drinking. The armour of home teaching was proof against contamination.

Meanwhile a passionate love of reading, not previously suspected by himself, had been rather singularly awakened in the lad.

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"On New Year's Eve, 1860," he tells in one of his sermons, "there was placed in my hands a number of *Bow Bells*, and I was asked to read it. Hitherto reading had been a recreation I had not relished. The fairest flowers and fields of literature had no attraction for me, but a story in that number fairly captivated me. I suddenly woke up to the possibilities of a life of intellectual pleasure and pursuit. A great change passed over my spirit, and a great hunger for knowledge seized me. It became a passion. I would beg for a book as a half-famished child begs for bread. Intellectually I was born again."

From *Bow Bells* he passed to such books as he could find, and, like R. J. Campbell and a host of boys of that generation, was fascinated by Collier's History of England, also by McKenzie's History of Scotland. As his thirst for knowledge increased, he determined to continue his interrupted education, and addressed himself to the Evangelical Union minister of Coatbridge, the Rev. James Foote. The minister questioned him, and was surprised at his retentive memory and his powers of expression. He encouraged him in his designs and undertook to instruct him in Latin, mathematics, and grammar, while Dr. Archibald, minister of a neighboring church, drilled him in Greek.

Henderson's education was no easy attainment. When he was working on the night shift at Coatbridge he would take his lesson from four to five in the afternoon, and would reach the works at six, studying at the lunch hour, when the men were amus-

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ing themselves. When on the day shift he would leave the works at six o'clock, after twelve hours of strenuous toil, take his lesson from seven to eight, and then sit up to study until often his mother took the books from in front of him as he fell asleep, utterly tired out.

The road to the ministry for poor students often lay through a period of school-teaching, and to this occupation James was soon introduced. In an interval of unemployment in the mills he supplied during the absence of the regular teacher of a country school, and at the age of seventeen saw the last of the ironworks and took up the position of assistant at Airdrie Academy, where his uncle, James Henderson, afterwards parochial schoolmaster at Kilsyth, had taught, replacing his cousin William. Here in his uncle's library he had access to a greater range of books, and followed the Glasgow University Extension night classes in literature, science, and history, conducted by the famous Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, then Evangelical Union minister at Bathgate, and afterwards Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford.

Upon passing a first grade examination for the Ferguson bequest, he became entitled to an appointment at the Gain School, New Monkland Parish, with a salary of £100 a year. He taught half the day, and was left with the rest of his time for extramural lectures and private study.

It was about this time that he was powerfully influenced by the preaching of the Rev. E. Payson Hammond, the children's evangelist, who held meet-

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ings in Motherwell, as a result of which the family, except the father who remained a member of the Morisonian Church at Motherwell, joined the Methodist church, and James himself began to take part in the revival meetings. His interest in the ministry quickened, and with a few kindred spirits, he would walk into Glasgow eight or nine miles away, there to listen to such preachers as Norman McLeod, James Morison, his old teachers, James Foote and A. M. Fairbairn, Fergus Ferguson, and Robert Mitchell, the last of whom had been a collier before becoming a great preacher. Sustained by a "farl" of oat-cake in the inner pocket, they would then return home, discussing the doctrine of the sermons on the journey.

For some months Henderson studied at the Evangelical Union Divinity Hall, Glasgow, and qualified for a scholarship at Glasgow University, but this was not in itself sufficient to meet living expenses, and his thoughts began to turn to America, as a land of greater opportunity.

Already a year earlier his older brother, William, had left for America, and had found more attractive occupation as puddle-boss in one of the mills at Youngstown, Ohio. His brother-in-law, Charles Maguire, who had married one of the three surviving sisters, Helen, shared the desire to start for the new world, where the man without means might find a chance. Accordingly on the 26th of April, 1870, the two young adventurers sailed from the Broomielaw on board the S.S. St. Andrew, and twenty days later landed at Levis.

CHAPTER II

FIRST YEARS IN CANADA, 1870-1873

ON landing in Canada, Henderson immediately proceeded to Belleville, carrying a letter of introduction to the Honorable Robert Reid, who advised him to interview Dr. Lachlin Taylor, Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church, upon his next visit to Belleville. In the meantime he turned to such work as could be found, taught one of Mr. Reid's daughters, worked in Sidney Township on the farm of Mr. Edwin Reid, and was after a few weeks engaged as a supply teacher in a school nearby. This place he owed to a chance meeting with the local school inspector, Mr. John Johnson, who discovered the farm hand reading a Greek Testament, and found on inquiry that he had already had teaching experience in Scotland. Soon he was offered a better position, but the rest of the family had now reached Belleville, and they were very anxious that he should accompany them into the northern wilds, where at the distance of seventy miles from Belleville they had secured at L'Amable a grant of five hundred acres of uncleared land.

For a short time the family lived in a house on Bridge St., Belleville, preparing for the journey to their permanent home. John Henderson had at first thought of investing his savings in Sidney

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Township, but the publisher of the Belleville *Intelligencer*, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Mackenzie Bowell, advised him to take a government grant instead.

The future prime minister took a keen interest in the newcomers. As readers of Canadian history know, he was for some time Grand Master of the Orange Order in Canada, and being deeply interested in religious matters was very fond of a chat on such topics with John Henderson, who joined a keen philosophic mind to the natural Scottish love of religious argument.

In the early part of September the party left Belleville with all their possessions in two lumber wagons drawn by four horses. There were eleven in all—Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson, James, John, Andrew, three daughters, Helen, Barbara, Margaret, of whom Helen was accompanied by her husband, Charles Maguire, and their little son, and a nephew, John Marshall Henderson.

Six axe-heads had been bought for the work of clearing, and in his enthusiasm for an early start one of the boys had put the heads on the helves and secured them with iron wedges. An old doctor, who knew more of the backwoods than the new settlers did, stood watching them drive off and stopped them to let them know that their axe-heads were wrong side up, and that they would do well to stop at the first blacksmith's and have them taken off. They had been so firmly wedged, however, that it was necessary to burn the wedged part out.

The journey took four days. Bad roads were encountered; the drivers declared that a passage for

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wagons was impossible, and advised return, but after a good deal of coaxing they were induced to proceed. The men of the party walked and took turns in carrying little John Maguire, then seven months old, who could not be left to the shaking of the wagons. They reached their destination without misadventure, and stayed for one night in the school house. In the morning they took up their temporary home in an empty log shanty, where the entire party soon made themselves comfortable, notwithstanding the somewhat narrow quarters,—two bedrooms, a living-room, and a kitchen. A stove and chairs had been bought in Belleville; the men soon put together rough tables and bedsteads; and an abundant stock of linen and dishes had been brought from Scotland.

The first task was to make a clearing for their own log house on the homestead a few miles from L'Amable. John Henderson insisted on having a cellar in which he could stand upright, and the boys dug to a depth of six feet. Cedar logs were chopped down in a swamp a mile away and drawn by oxen to the clearing; there was no lack of skilled helpers, for good-natured neighbors organized a raising bee, erected the walls, fitted the corners, filled the spaces between the logs with mud and moss, and laid the roof of hollowed basswood logs, or scoops. Then came the finishing touches, the laying of floors and the making of windows and doors, and now the boys began to talk of leaving for the shanties to earn good money at lumbering during the winter months. As he heard his sons talking, John Henderson looked at

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the chimney hole, which seemed unduly large, and said, "Boys, before ye gang to the woods, ye'd better fix that hole. I could stick ma heid through it." "Well faither," responded James, who had just been looking out on his first sight of the Canadian winter, "I'd advise ye to keep your heid where it is this mornin', for ye'll get it well poothered, if ye stick it oot."

The little home had been finished barely in time, for winter now closed in on the settlers. The day after their occupation of their new home was a Sunday, and John Henderson said, "This is our first Sabbath in our ain hame, so I'll tak the buiks." The mother brought the Bible, and they sang the Psalm, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes, from whence doth come mine aid." The joyous young voices each took their part; a chapter was read, followed by a prayer; and thus was the new home dedicated for a Christian life.

In the meantime the newcomers had made the acquaintance of their fellow-settlers, and James Henderson had already become the fast friend of the Methodist minister, a young man of about his own years, the Rev. Arthur B. Hames. Mr. Hames, who is still living at Aurora, Ontario, tells of the arrival of the Scotch family. On his return to his boarding house from his usual strenuous Sabbath round, for his field covered parts of eight townships, he learnt that there was a large party of Methodists camping at the school house, that the oldest boy, James, who seemed to be the leader of the party, had led the singing at the Presbyterian service held there on the

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Sabbath morning, and that the father and the others of the family had joined heartily in the exercises, but had courteously declined to take part in the communion service, as they were not members of that Church. Mr. Hames had conducted three services, and had ridden twenty-five to thirty miles on horse-back over rough roads, but he set out at once to become acquainted with this rich addition to his flock, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. John Power, in whose house he was staying. The strangers were heartily welcomed to the new community and invited to join in church fellowship. Mr. Hames learnt that James Henderson had taken part in revival services and mission work at Glasgow and was anxious to find a place in the Canadian ministry. He soon discovered that the young Scotsman was possessed of a sound classical education, was a close student of the Bible, intensely evangelistic, with a gift for choice language and well rounded sentences, a melodious voice, and high ideals as to the preaching of the Gospel. Such a layman was indeed a "God-send" to the hard-working young circuit-rider, who soon arranged to have him take an occasional service, and conduct a Sunday School near his home.

As winter closed in, the boys found work at a lumber shanty not far from the homestead, where they each earned fourteen dollars a month and the lumberman's fare of those days. They always spent the Sunday at home, returning to the shanty with a supply of fresh milk frozen in pans to mix with the black tea. James Henderson's superiority was early recognized by his fellow workers. The story

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is told of his difficulty in controlling a team of oxen with his musical intonations, "Haw, Buck! Gee, Bright!" until Mr. Curry, his employer, came to his rescue, shouting, "Hey! James, give them to me; your voice is too swate to drive oxen."

Toward the close of the year the mission was visited by Dr. Lachlin Taylor, the Missionary Secretary of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada, who delivered at L'Amable a lecture on his visit to the Holy Land. Mr. Hames proposed that James Henderson act as chairman of the meeting, which was unanimously approved by the congregation, with whom he was already a favorite. As one of them said recently, "I always liked to hear him speak with the Scotch burr on his tongue." The chairman introduced the various speakers with brief but appropriate remarks, and was complimented by Dr. Taylor on his conduct of the meeting. "I know the country ye hail frae," said the doctor, turning to him, "by the curl o' the brose on your tongue." Henderson refers to this incident in an address on *Great Preachers I Have Heard*:—

"Another of my notable predecessors as pastor of St. James was Lachlin Taylor in 1848. Had I never met him I don't suppose I would ever have met you. He was giving a lecture on the Holy Land at one of the missions in the Belleville District. The Honorable Billa Flint was expected to preside, but did not materialize, and I had to take the chair. Of course, I had to introduce the distinguished lecturer of the evening. The lecture was a wonderful piece of descriptive oratory. A great many of his sentences

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were pictures, and his periods were poems in prose. At the close of the lecture he took me in his arms and said, "Brother Henderson, you are Scotch. The curl of the brose lingers on your tongue and the Lord has a call for you to go with the gospel to Scotch Carlow. They have no preacher, will you go?" I went. My mission stretched from north to south seventy-five miles, a vast wilderness, and so poor were the place and the people that Dr. Taylor told his friends in Belleville after his return that he met an Irishman making his way out of that desolate country who said that he had seen no human being in all his travels save a red squirrel, and he was sitting on a stump chewing gravel-stones, with the tears running down his cheeks."

In March the boys returned from the lumber camp and began to clear their concession. The glamour of the five hundred acre estate, pictured by the imagination in terms of British land, now made way for many years of the hard, unremunerative work of the colonist. Eight acres were cleared that spring, the brush burned, and the land ploughed with three yoke of oxen for the first crop of potatoes. Good crops were raised, but prices were low, and there was no market nearer than Madoc, forty miles away, except for the country store. While the settlers lived well, and the young people enjoyed life thoroughly, money was decidedly scarce, and in terms of the bank account progress was steady, but slow.

James Henderson did not remain long with his family as a lumberer and colonist. He felt that

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his duty in this respect was done when a comfortable log house had been provided, the first winter endured, and the ground cleared for the first crop. Mr. Hames tells of making a pastoral call at this time. As he drew near the homestead, he heard the sound of the axe, and soon caught sight of James Henderson in his shirt sleeves, bare-headed, and perspiring freely, cutting a giant tree into twelve-foot lengths. Stirred by the vigour of the young worker, he stepped up to him and said, "Brother Henderson, I believe God has for you another sphere of labour, in which you may do more effective work for the good of humanity." A consultation was held between the brothers, and John and Andrew decided that they could manage the farm alone. James was soon recommended by the Quarterly Board at Maynooth as a candidate for the Wesleyan Methodist ministry, and at the Conference of 1871 was received on trial and named as associate with Mr. Hames, who remained in charge of the mission at L'Amable, under the direction of my father, the Rev. H. F. Bland, then pastor of Bridge Street Church, Belleville, and Chairman of the Belleville District. This arrangement was an excellent one, as it allowed the young preacher to stay near his family and to enter the ministry associated with a friend of his own years, who was already keenly interested in his future. It was in August of this year, 1871, that my father and Henderson first met. My father had been, in June, appointed to Belleville and elected to the Chairmanship of the Belleville District. It was characteristic of him that he had scarcely turned

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around in his new charge before he set out on a visit to the Mission fields of his District, in the newly settled backwoods of North Hastings. Preaching at Maynooth on the afternoon of August 19th, he notes in his diary the presence of a party from L'Amable, among whom was young Henderson, who (a brief note indicates) made a very favourable impression on him. Henderson always referred to that service as having a marked influence on his own life.

After James entered the ministry John took charge of the farm with the help of his younger brother Andrew, going into the lumber shanties every winter for nine years. Then he married and moved to Toronto where he became a successful builder and owner of stores and apartment houses, and played an influential part in a growing community as Police Magistrate of the Township of York.

Andrew remained at L'Amable until 1879, when he joined his brother James at Huntingdon, attended the Academy there, followed his brother into the Methodist ministry in 1882, and, later, studied at the Wesleyan Theological College at Montreal. Until his death in 1922 he exercised a ministry in the Montreal, Manitoba, and British Columbia Conferences that won for him a peculiar measure of love and esteem. He had a penetrating mind, a poetic imagination, marked refinement of feeling, and a character of the highest. He would have taken a place little inferior to his brother's but for peculiarly unfavourable health.

The eldest sister, Helen (Mrs. Charles Maguire),

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brought up a family of six sons and four daughters, and resides with her husband at New Liskeard, Ontario, surrounded with children and grandchildren.

Barbara, the second sister, a very beautiful girl, married Mr. August Rupnow, and died at the early age of thirty-six.

William, who preceded the family to America and who settled at Youngstown, Ohio, died in 1914, highly respected in the community and survived by three daughters and four sons, all of them prominent in the professional and commercial life of the city, and who, it is interesting to note, bore in the third generation the family names of William, John, Andrew and James.

The cousin, John Marshall Henderson, taught school for nine years at L'Amable and elsewhere. Later, he entered the service of the Sun Life Assurance Company, and is now retired. Disqualified for hard physical labor by an infirmity most serenely ignored, his cheerfulness and irrepressible humor gave him a peculiar place in the hearts of the family.

Some years before the boys left home they had a comfortable house erected for their father and mother, of hewn logs, clap-boarded inside, with a large living-room, sitting-room, and bedroom downstairs, and two rooms upstairs. It was set back from the road, and had a garden in front. There they lived until 1890, when the father died, the mother surviving him for four years, cared for by her daughter, Margaret, who had married Mr. William Maguire.

The Rev. W. Bowman Tucker, Ph.D., who, some

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ten years later, followed Henderson on this first Mission field, writing of it to Henderson in 1890, said, "In Mayo lay the Smith settlement, twelve miles from my boarding place in Bancroft. The heart of the Smith settlement was the Henderson homestead, and the heart of the Henderson homestead was 'Mother Henderson.' There were many strong personalities on that Mission but the most outstanding one was that dear old lady, who was my encouragement in a most difficult and discouraging field."

In a letter to Dr. James Endicott, written the year of his death, Henderson referred to "the remote wilderness of North Hastings where I played the rôle of saddle-bag preacher for two years. My Mission covered a vast territory stretching from Eagle Lake away to the Madawaska Bridge. My audiences consisted of pioneer settlers, some store-keepers, shantymen, squatters, and a few Indians.

"It was when one Sunday I was preaching in what is now known as Carlow that I literally raised the roof of the house. The shanty in which the service was held was covered with birch bark and was so low that when I rose to my full height my head came in contact with the roof, so that it was lifted an inch or two above the level of the walls. 'Praise the Lord!' said Father Towns, 'Brother Henderson, you have let the light in!'"

The Mission comprised parts of twelve townships with nine appointments, and the associates divided the work so as to preach in some places every week and in others once in two weeks. The meetings were marked by evangelistic fervor. Still under

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the influence of a revival, the young Scotch preacher brought into his work the methods which he had found so convincing in his own experience. In the course of the year a church was built at York River, now Bancroft, both young ministers toiling unsparingly with their axes day after day, cutting down trees for the building. Rev. Andrew McLaughlin, of the Bay of Quinte Conference, writes of being pastor of Bancroft in 1915-1917, and of being familiar with the scenes of Henderson's first Mission. "They still tell the story of how he helped to hew out the timber for the first Bancroft Church, and how his inexperience with the broad-axe was a cause of mirth to the experienced bushmen, but he did not falter."

The young preachers lived together in the home of Mr. John Power, whose wife was a most kind-hearted woman, a good neighbor, and a mother to all the young ministers. There they were boarded for the modest sum of a dollar and a half a week. Mr. Hames tells of rides through the forests when the woods were made vocal with their hymns, and sterner work in the winter when they drove about in a cutter not too warmly clad, as little of their meagre salary remained after buying horses, cutter, and robes, and paying for board and books. After the manner of youth, Henderson took little or no care of his health, often preached in wet clothes, and laid the foundations of future suffering in his disregard of personal comfort.

In 1872, after passing the preliminary examination, he was received as a probationer for the minis-

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try, remaining at L'Amable for another year, while Mr. Hames was replaced by Mr. George Pope, with whose aid the revival services were continued. Letters received at the time by Mr. Hames from his future wife speak eloquently of the effect of these meetings. She refers to many individual cases of conversion and consecration, and adds in language more familiar then than now, "We are having a blessed time here. Oh! how I wish you could attend our meetings! The whole neighborhood is aroused; seekers are crying out, 'What must I do to be saved?' There are whole families crowding the altar of prayer, and by repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ are finding pardon and peace." A later letter refers to "the good work still gloriously going forward. All the members, old and new, are happy in the Lord. I sincerely pray and hope they may all be faithful unto death. What a blessed sight to see newly married young people going together in the way of life."

The church became the centre of the community life, and the moral tone of the countryside rose to a high level.

In later years Henderson referred to this period as the happiest and most fruitful of his ministry, for he felt that he was then bringing spiritual life to those whose need was great.

A story is told of those early days which will be appreciated by all who remember the Honorable Billa Flint, of Belleville. Senator Flint was a well-known figure on the streets of Belleville fifty or sixty years ago, and his short and portly form, rubicund

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and jolly face, and long white beard might well have suggested to a stranger the idea that Santa Claus had taken up his permanent residence in the beautiful city of the Bay. The Senator owned the land on which the village of Bridgewater, north of Belleville, was built. A very strong temperance man, he inserted in every deed of sale the condition that no liquor was to be sold on the lot, violation of this condition to mean forfeiture of the lot. Thus compulsorily a prohibition community, Bridgewater became a kind of resort for those addicted to drink who desired to overcome the appetite. Aware of this feature, Henderson, who, on his way to District Meeting at Belleville, had been asked to stop over for the Sunday to preach in Bridgewater, had preached a strong temperance sermon to encourage those who were fighting the appetite. Noting a man in the congregation with a very red face who seemed specially interested the preacher felt sure the seed was falling on fertile soil, and, to follow up the good impression he seemed to have made, at the close of the service he made his way to the red-faced stranger with the intention of giving the poor "topper" a few more encouraging words. He offered his hand which was grasped by the suspicious looking stranger with the words, "Well, young man, you preached a good sermon, and I like your style. But, say, haven't you any better clothes than you have on, and have you had a good meal in the last month?"

Henderson was taken completely by surprise and had to admit that he had on his best clothes and had been living for some time past on dry bread, salt pork

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and potatoes. "Well," said the little man, "I am Senator Flint, and I want you to come home with me," and the kind hearted Senator took Henderson to his stopping place and gave him twenty dollars in money and an order on his store in Belleville for a new suit of clothes.

CHAPTER III

THE ENVIRONMENT IN WHICH HIS MINISTRY BEGAN—CANADIAN METHO- DISM, 1850-1880

IT is the nemesis of all who to any noticeable degree change the thought of their own age, to be underestimated by the age succeeding. The very ideas, the advocacy of which proved their insight and their courage, by their triumph have come to seem commonplace to those who were born to them. The service James Henderson rendered to his own age, the nobility and boldness of his thinking, can be fully recognized only when seen against the background of the age in which he found himself in the opening of his ministry.

I have thought it due to him, therefore, to attempt a sketch of some of the salient characteristics of the religious life around him in his early ministry.

What had been from the first the distinctive characteristic of Methodism still remained in those years (let us say from 1850 to 1880), its most outstanding feature,—a vivid personal experience of a great spiritual change. Into the Methodist churches of that time as into the Methodist churches or, as they were originally known, societies, from the time John Wesley felt his heart “strangely warmed,” few found their way except through the very narrow door of a

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conscious conversion. The genial methods of religious education by which multitudes of happy, natural, sport-loving boys and girls are being reared to-day within the church, never to know a period of waywardness and estrangement, and as unable to tell when they began to love God as when they began to love their mothers, were not then known or dreamed of except by some eccentrically broad-minded thinkers who were regarded with distrust by their orthodox acquaintances. Christian Endeavour Societies and Epworth Leagues, C.S.E.T. and C.G.I.T. classes, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, and all kindred organizations for developing a spiritual life recognized as already present in the child, were as yet unborn, and in the Methodist Church would have been lightly esteemed or even suspected.

I well remember the disapproval my father, the Rev. H. F. Bland, met with when in the late seventies he began to advocate the doctrine that all little children were "savingly related to Christ", born into the Christian Church, and, therefore, should be trained up from the dawn of responsibility within it. "Baby sanctification," my first Superintendent, half-playfully and half-scornfully, called it, when he found I shared it. When, after a year under the Chairman, I went up to my first District Meeting as a candidate for the ministry I had to face a charge of heresy on this account from one of the most honored officials of the circuit on which I had spent the year.

Just a few years earlier, when, at the age at which life to boys and girls so markedly deepens in significance and seriousness, I began to think about my

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relations to God, although I had been as carefully instructed in religion as, I think, any child could be at that time, and, as I now think, had never really lost the early grace of childhood, I had no other idea but that I must undergo the emotional convulsion which I had so often heard vividly described in sermon and class-meeting and love-feast testimony, and for some time I was in great distress because I could not experience this moral earthquake.

Methodism's main doctrine, then, was that of conscious conversion. Now this shifting of the basis of Christian confidence from doctrinal correctness or the assurance of the Church to personal experience was a change of first importance in the history of Christianity. Such a conception of the Christian life, common, no doubt, in the apostolic church and recovered sporadically by mediaeval mystics, by the more deeply experienced of the Reformers, and by such bodies as the Friends, the Moravians, and the Pietists of Germany, has never prevailed in any church, until quite recently, as it from the first prevailed among Methodists. It was a rediscovery of one of the essential characteristics of primitive Christianity, in its worth and power quite co-ordinate with that re-discovery of the autonomy of the soul that is the glory of the Protestant Reformation.

This resurrection of the joyous assurance of primitive Christianity has now spread to all the Protestant Churches, has transformed and enormously stimulated preaching, evangelism, missions, and apologetics, and is one of the two dominating features of the religious life of to-day, the other being the

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almost absolutely new passion for the application of Christianity to the whole fabric of social life.

This enthusiastic emphasis on a personal experience of forgiveness and communion with God has always been the glory of Methodism, though it has ceased to be its distinctive glory. It made the whole Christian life more earnest and enthusiastic, and was the chief reason why Methodists have been unsurpassed, and rarely equalled, among the larger Christian bodies in their devotion to missions and social reforms, such, for example, as the temperance and prohibition movement, the distinctive social reform of our day.

Again, it sub-ordinated the doctrinal element in Christianity, made the preaching more direct and heart-moving, and tended to make Methodists more indifferent to the criticism of science and of modern Biblical scholarship than was usual in orthodox churches.

I would not say Methodists have not shared in the perturbations and fears and conflicts these modern movements of thought have occasioned in the Church, but I think it can be said that in no large body of Christians have Evolution and the Higher Criticism come to be accepted, or, at any rate, tolerated, with so little turmoil and bitterness. Intelligent Methodists, always knew, or, at least, were generally willing to be reminded, that their great Founder was all for freedom of opinion among those who had come to know Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord.

Glorious and almost wholly good was this

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Methodist insistence on a clear experience of the Divine life in the soul. Nevertheless, not quite wholly so. It raised the temperature in the Methodist Church to an unusual and summerlike warmth, very favourable to the spiritual growth of those within and attractive to those without. It made Methodism the mightiest evangelistic force the world has ever known. But to some extent it exalted the emotional element above the intellectual. Two sorts of people were not attracted by Methodism, or, if they were born in Methodism, often found it uncongenial. One consisted of those whom we think of as naturally good, congenitally kindly, reverential, and blameless. These people rarely found the vivid experience of conversion on which Methodists insisted and either drifted away or felt themselves regarded with some measure of doubt. The other sort included those of colder, more intellectual, and critical temperament. These usually migrated even more promptly than the first sort. They were treated as speckled birds. A high development of the intellectual is not, of course, incompatible with a strongly emotional, even passionate, temperament, witness Luther, Augustine, and the magnificent St. Paul, the boldest thinker and the most flaming evangelist in Christian history. And early Methodism was far from destitute of men and women of vigorous intellect. But, on the whole, the atmosphere of Methodism until recently was emotional. Add to this that the appeal of Methodism during the first half of the last century was chiefly to the poorer, or to the lower middle class, partly, I suppose, because

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the upper classes were already closely knit up with the dominating churches of the old land—Anglican or Presbyterian or Roman Catholic—and partly because, as Jesus seems to teach, the human soul is freer, more open, less warped, less entangled with other interests among the poor and lowly than among the prosperous and the exalted. The more exacting standards of conduct, too, particularly in regard to amusements, themselves the outgrowth of the more enthusiastic religious experience, had a marked effect in deterring people of the higher social strata, and in inducing withdrawal on the part of Methodists who acquired wealth or who were ambitious of social advancement.

So, as a natural consequence, Methodism in Canada, was chiefly, though by no means exclusively, the Church of the lower middle class and of the working class, and naturally, therefore of the less cultured, though this was rapidly ceasing to be the case in the third quarter of the last century, as Methodism characteristically raised her children to wealth and social position. It was the Church of the people warmly and emotionally religious, and had little interest in the cultural and artistic aspects of life. Its conception of religion and life was high-pitched but narrow, and consequently over-strained and somewhat spasmodic. It swept in, as no other church, great masses of outsiders. It lost, as no other church did, great numbers of its own young people, as, not in masses but individually, for high reasons or reasons not so high, they found its view of life too narrow. No Church, so to speak, had such powerful

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pumps for filling the reservoirs, and in no church was there so great a leakage.

Dr. Ryerson was, I think, the first prominent Methodist to be concerned about this exodus of Methodist young people, and he agitated for some relaxation of the requirements of membership, but in vain. Even in 1878 when in the General Conference held in Dominion Square Church, Montreal, my father sought to make Church membership possible without attendance at the class-meeting, after a warm discussion which revealed how jealous Methodism was of her peculiar features, the attempt at greater inclusiveness was overwhelmingly defeated.

Growing out, therefore, of this vivid religious experience, resting on it, and authenticated and established by it, was a narrow, rigid, and self-satisfied attitude very characteristic, it seems to me, of the Canadian Methodism of my early years.

No Church, not even the Roman Catholic, was more sure of itself. Those two churches, indeed, the Roman Catholic and the Methodist, have been in the past the two churches that had the firmest foundation—the one resting on external authority in its most imposing form, and the other on the clearest and most indubitable self-consciousness.

Methodists, then, though not embracing many of the so-called higher classes, and with a ministry less academically trained than the Presbyterians, were sure they were the favoured people. What other church could boast such indubitable signs of Divine favor, such mighty triumphs of Divine grace, sweeping revivals, great sinners wondrously saved? It is

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not wonderful that often, despite the essentially (and eventually) tolerant and catholic spirit of true Methodism and the readiness to co-operate with other Christians, in which Methodists have always been pre-eminent, there was among them much narrow intolerance and unduly positive dogmatism.

The degree to which at the time of Henderson's early ministry Methodism had departed from the glorious catholicity of its human Founder was illustrated in the fate which befell the late Rev. James Roy, M.A., minister in 1877 of Sherbrooke St. Methodist Church, Montreal.

Mr. Roy, one of the most cultured Canadian ministers of his generation, published in that year a substantial pamphlet entitled *Catholicity and Methodism*.

It was a scholarly exposition of the astonishing catholicity of Wesley (a catholicity, I should think, much beyond that of most Evangelical Churchmen even of our day), and an appeal, earnest, even, at times, impassioned, to Methodism to assert her first principles and become what Goldwin Smith not long before had declared she had the best opportunity of all Churches of becoming,— the nucleus of a re-union of the Church of God.

Read to-day it is a cogent and moving appeal that in the last years of Canadian Methodism would have been received by hosts of Methodists with enthusiasm and, I think, would have been treated respectfully and sympathetically even by those who might have considered it too idealistic. Most of the constitutional reforms suggested have been carried out,

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either before, or through, the Union. But in 1877 it brought swiftly down upon its author a charge of heresy and his suspension from the ministry by a Committee of Trial whose names, it is to be noted, had been submitted to Mr. Roy for his approval and who seem to have done what they felt their painful duty with all possible courtesy and kindness.

It still remained for Mr. Roy's Conference to pass the final judgment, whether of exoneration, reproof, or deposition from the ministry. One can only surmise from the action of the Committee what the judgment of the Conference would have been, for Mr. Roy at once withdrew from the Methodist Church and, with a large following from his old church, proceeded to organize a new Congregational Church.

When my dear and deeply lamented friend, the Rev. Frank G. Lett, as a probationer for the ministry, duly presented, in accordance with the Discipline, at a District Meeting in 1882 or 1883 a list of books read during the year, in which, as was to be expected from one of so deeply explorative a mind, a considerable number of writers not very familiar to orthodox Methodists, and even suspect, were to be found, one of the oldest ministers present, a kindly and sensible but unquestioningly orthodox man, took my friend aside and, after praising him for his studiousness, counselled him not to browse in such doubtful pastures. "You know, my dear young brother," he said in fatherly fashion, "it is your business to preach only what you find in Wesley and

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Watson and Pope." My friend, in telling me of the incident, said that, for the moment, the words had a kind of suffocating effect.

To me, as I recall the atmosphere of my youth and of my earliest ministry, while I remember the earnestness of the preaching, the unwordliness of many of the preachers, the warmth of much of the class-meeting and love-feast fellowship, and the exalted and saintlike beauty and devotion of many lives, there always mingles with my recollections the sense of something imprisoning and smothering. Some may recall with me the address of a delightful and eloquent fraternal delegate at one of our General Conferences within the last twenty years, which exalted John Wesley's Fifty-three Sermons and his Notes on the New Testament as the ultimate and perfect formulation of Christian truth, the supreme illumination of the Holy Spirit. They may recall, too, the gasping surprise with which some of us, at that date, listened to it. But there were many in the audience, even then, who received it with unreserved approval, and a few years earlier the amazing attitude of that brilliant address was widely prevalent.

How Macdonald, George Eliot, Dickens, Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, Emerson, Channing, and even Ruskin and Carlyle, were eschewed or read with jealous and critical eye and cocksure readiness to pounce upon unevangelical sentiments! I can even recall an article by a leading English Wesleyan minister warning (mirabile dictu!) against Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

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This rigid and self-satisfied attitude, of course, was not at this time peculiar to Methodism. Readers of Stopford Brooke's *Life of Robertson of Brighton* will recall the constant yelping of the small fry of Evangelical popes (and popesses) which wore out the too sensitive spirit of that gallant and gifted discoverer of new paths for the human soul. One remembers, too, how in the seventies and eighties the orthodox used to denounce Matthew Arnold, whose essays on St. Paul and Protestantism and the Bible strike most thoughtful orthodox minds to-day as showing remarkable insight and beauty. Lovers of George Macdonald and his conception of God, the most winsome, it seems to me, in imaginative literature, have been amazed when they have learned how deeply he was detested by many of his Scotch brethren in the ministry, and it was Lord Shaftesbury of the great and pitiful heart who pronounced that lovely study of the humanness of Jesus, *Ecce Homo*, "the most pestilential book ever vomited, I think, from the jaws of hell."

So far, indeed, from this attitude being peculiar to Methodism I am disposed to think that Methodism was the least rigid and the least intolerant of all the leading Protestant Churches except, possibly, the Established Church of England, whose truest glory has been its inclusiveness, though even here the name of Bishop Colenso suggests a doubt. One has only to recall the fierce attacks on Robertson Smith, Marcus Dods, George Adam Smith, Henry Drummond, and on Dr. Briggs, D. J. Macdonell, Professor Campbell, Professor Steen and Dean Symonds, to realize

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that no Church can be free from self-reproach in this respect.

Books of homiletic illustrations are, I believe, still published and presumably purchased, but I am sure they have to-day nothing like the vogue they had forty years ago. Methodism, and, I surmise, other orthodox and evangelical churches were steeped in the conviction that the Holy Spirit had nothing more to teach, that what was known as the Gospel plan of salvation was the final revelation of God and the complete expression of Christianity, and naturally it seemed that all that remained for us children of a highly favoured but less glorious day to seek were new and ingenious methods of illustrating truths at once final and familiar. Since we could not improve upon the picture, all we could do was to cull gems from science, history, and biography to decorate the frame.

But while Canadian Methodism at the period now considered only participated, and, perhaps, least markedly, with the other Evangelical churches in a theological temper, narrow, set, and eventually to be found confining and asphyxiating, it had its own distinctive and peculiar narrowness in regard to the Christian mode of life. An attitude towards amusements and the artistic side of life in general, obtained, though not universally, in the period we are considering, which must seem incredible to Methodists of to-day.

I remember forty years ago a genial, human sort of minister who was wont to play croquet occasionally on the parsonage lawn, and who in the summer

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time would slip down on Monday morning to a neighboring lake and catch a salmon. And I can recall how severely this behavior was criticised by an old Methodist who did not hesitate to question the thoroughness of this minister's consecration and contrasted him very unfavourably with one of his predecessors who boasted he had never taken a holiday. And I can even now recall quite a few who, I feel sure, felt the same disapproval.

Another story goes farther back, but still is relevant. I have been told that when the late Chancellor Nelles, so beloved and revered by students of "Old Vic," was a probationer for the ministry, his character was arrested at a District Meeting on the ground that he had participated in a baseball match and had desecrated his ministerial character still more flagrantly by taking off his coat (presumably a clerical frock) and playing in his shirt sleeves.

Mrs. Detlor, of North Bay, daughter of the Rev. James Spencer, editor of the *Guardian* from 1851 to 1860, told me a year or two ago, how her grandfather and grandmother (she a member of the Methodist Church, he not) sought admission to a love-feast, some time in the first half of the last century. The lady had a little decoration on her bonnet, a ribbon bow, I believe it was. The husband was informed he might enter, but his wife, on account of the ribbon, was barred. "Well," he said, as he turned on his heel, "if she cannot enter neither will I, for she is a better Christian than I am."

Another venerable lady, once of Quebec, but in her later years of Toronto, amid a host of interesting

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reminiscences, has told me how, when she was a girl in Quebec, Methodist young women could be distinguished by the plainness of their dress. Her step-mother, however, who had been reared in another communion did not share this severity of view, and when one day this lady, then a young girl, heard her mother give an order for new bonnets for herself and her sisters she anticipated that the bonnets would have the floral adornment fashionable at the time, and when an older cousin, a very strict Methodist, upbraided her for such a departure from Methodist ways, her tender childish conscience was moved to such a pitch that she went to the milliner and said, "Please Mrs. Dunn, don't put any flowers on my bonnet." The milliner inquired, "Did your mother tell you to give this order?" "No, I just felt I should not wear flowers." "Well, run away, child," she was reassured, "it will be all right." On Saturday night, when the basket of bonnets arrived, her heart was in her mouth. She feared her mother's, and still more her father's, displeasure at this countermanding of parental orders, and was greatly relieved, and in truth, despite her conscientious compunctions, a little rejoiced when her bonnet came out of the basket with a charming little cluster of roses and rosebuds on each side.

I am going a little farther back, sometime probably in the second quarter of the last century, when I refer to an episode that occurred somewhere on the Niagara peninsula, related to me fifteen or sixteen years ago by one of the then oldest ministers of the Methodist Church. A Methodist having prospered

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decided he could afford to build himself a better house, and he had a plain but substantial stone house erected. The heating arrangements called for only one chimney, placed at one end of the oblong building. When the house was finished he decided it looked odd, and he directed the mason to build a false chimney at the other end to give symmetry. At once criticism arose among his fellow members. "Brother —— has put up a vanity chimney." The criticism even went to the length of a formal charge, presumably, of "doing what we know is not for the glory of God"—the only evil specified in the Methodist Rules which would seem to have been involved. A bitter church trial ensued and the neighborhood was rent and inflamed.

I know that these were, some of them, rather extreme examples, but they were, at the same time, every one of them more or less typical and could easily be multiplied. A chain of tiny islets in the ocean may mark a submerged mountain. It must not be overlooked, on the other hand, that this intense moral earnestness which magnified slight offences or created offences where there were none, was the temper which also helped to make the Methodist Church the pioneer and ardent champion of the temperance reform when most other Churches were lukewarm or stood aloof. Still, it was in some of its aspects a mistaken temper, and I can still vividly recall its overstrained and unwholesome influence upon me in my youth, even though it had then begun to relax.

It was this crust, still encasing a good deal

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of Methodist thought and life when Henderson began his ministry, which, it seems to me on a complete review of that ministry, it was his distinctive mission to help to break up or, rather, to use a more fitting word, to dissolve.

In his affectionate appreciation of the late Dr. William Sparling, Henderson mentions that the latter, towards the close of a life cut off, as it seemed, with tragical prematureness, told him that it was his sermons in Montreal, when Sparling was a student there, which "helped to break the chrysalis of his old dormant self and give him the use of his intellectual wings." He tells too, how on leaving Huntingdon, Mr. Robert Sellar, the well-known author and editor of *The Canadian Gleaner*, said to him that under God he had broken the chrysalis of Huntingdon Methodism and given it wings.

That phrase seems to me more fittingly than any other to express a still greater service Henderson rendered. In his measure, and that no small measure, he was one of the instruments God used to help Canadian Methodism to emerge from the chrysalis stage.

CHAPTER IV
SHANNONVILLE AND SHERBROOKE,
1873-1875

IN June, 1873, at the close of the Conference year the young probationer was called in from pioneer work in the north country, and sent to an old circuit of four preaching appointments, the head of which was Shannonville, a village on the Grand Trunk Railway, twelve miles east of Belleville.

Little record or recollection has been discoverable of this year. My father, then minister of Bridge St. Belleville, and still Henderson's Chairman, regarded him as a young man of promise, and more than once brought him into Belleville to fill the pulpit of Bridge Street Church, one of the leading churches of the Conference. Walking down with my brother Will, under the glorious maples of Bridge Street, to the class meeting before the morning service, I recollect the visiting young preacher joining us, and I noted curiously the high color of his cheeks and that he wore what we used to call prunella shoes, a circumstance which, somehow I recollect, seemed to me unusual for a man. I thought, too, he seemed unusually grave and reserved even for a minister. As far as I can recall, these were my first impressions of my friend of half a century.

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That the Conference generally shared the estimate of his Chairman was manifest in his next appointment, when he learned the vigor and sweep of the wheel of the Itinerancy which flung him more than three hundred miles, almost from the centre of Ontario to the centre of Quebec. He became colleague of the Rev. Daniel Connolly, a blunt but warm-hearted and competent man, in the important circuit of Sherbrooke and Lennoxville. Sherbrooke might be called the capital of the Eastern townships, the then English-speaking district of the province of Quebec. Lennoxville was smaller and commercially and industrially less important, but it was an educational centre, and its aristocratic consciousness was probably quite as marked as that of its greater sister.

In 1875 the circuit was divided, and an ordained minister stationed at each church, but during Henderson's pastorate he and Mr. Connolly shared the work, the former boarding in Lennoxville with Mr. and Mrs. William Hall. Services were held in Lennoxville Church at 11 a.m. and in Sherbrooke at 2.30 and 7 p.m. The young minister was popular with everyone, especially with the young people, and often afterwards spoke of his happy stay, though one of his friends writes of his being depressed occasionally. This may have been caused by rather poor health, from which he had suffered since his hard work and exposure to cold on the mission field of North Hastings.

The church at Lennoxville was burned in 1874, and Henderson refers to this in his letter of March,

SHANNONVILLE AND SHERBROOKE

1924, to Rev. F. R. Matthews, minister, and Mr. Harold Bassett, Recording Steward:

“My Dear Brethren:

Your letter of congratulations and good wishes for me on the return of my birthday filled me with feelings of gratitude and gladness. Fifty years have rolled away since I preached my first sermon in Lennoxville, and I had well-nigh concluded that my name had faded from the annals of your quiet neighborhood.

It was in your town that I first tried my pulpit wings as a preacher stationed in such an important appointment. And though I admit that those wings were somewhat singed as the result of passing through the great fire which laid Lennoxville, for the most part, in ashes, yet we passed through the furnace the better and the brighter for the burning. Both preacher and people were fired with a greater desire and determination to plant Methodism on a firmer foundation than ever. I might say, I preached the funeral sermon of the old church and stood by the baptismal font of the new. So you can understand that the people of Lennoxville have always had a first place in my thought and esteem. They measured up to the demands of the lurid hour, and I believed spiritually reached high flood as the result of that disaster.

Would you please convey to your dear people this feeble expression, dictated on a sick bed, of my appreciation of their courtesy in remembering me, notwithstanding the great space of time that has intervened since I ministered to them. Also accept my very sincere thanks for your words of good cheer, and wishing you every success in the great work in which you are engaged,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

JAMES HENDERSON.

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At the same time he writes to Mr. E. S. Stevens, Recording Steward of the Sherbrooke Methodist Church:

“My Dear Brother Stevens:

I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your very kind letter under date 27th ult., conveying to me the greetings and congratulations of your congregation on the anniversary of my natal day.

My heart was much touched, not only with the vote of your people, but with the manner in which it was given. The congregation of the Methodist Church, Sherbrooke, has a large place in the calendar of my pastorate. Indeed, I may say that Sherbrooke was the cradle of my ministry. I can vividly recall the faces and forms of those who from Sabbath to Sabbath worshipped in the old church on the hill, amongst whom were your honored father and mother, Colonel and Mrs. Morehouse, Doctor and Mrs. Dowlin, the Hyndman family, the Bryants, the Gordons, with many others.

‘Still o’er those scenes my memory wakes
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.’

To the day of my death I shall cherish the memory of the great kindness shown to me as a young minister in your church and city.

Please convey to the congregation my high appreciation of their good wishes for me and mine, and if ever the angel of health returns and gives me strength for the journey I shall be happy once more to visit Sherbrooke and stand in the pulpit where so many of my illustrious successors have stood, and preach to the people who occupy a large place in my thought and affections. May God’s blessing rest upon you all!

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES HENDERSON.

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Once during this winter my recollection is, that my father, who was now Chairman of the Quebec District, to which Sherbrooke and Lennoxville belonged, brought Henderson to supply for him in Quebec city. I recall that he was evidently suffering, as he did frequently in those years, from a severe cold, and on Monday morning a quiet, retiring, little man with a big heart, whom every pastor of Quebec in those years gratefully remembers, Joseph Louis, took the delicate-looking young preacher into the famous fur store of G. R. Renfrew and Co., as it was then known, and presented him with a fine coonskin coat.

It was during this year that a lifelong friendship sprang up between the young minister of Lennoxville, and the still younger minister of a neighboring circuit, Richmond, Samuel Dwight Chown, later to be so well-known throughout Methodism as the first secretary of Moral Reform to be appointed by any Church and, eventually, as General Superintendent.

In a message to Mrs. Henderson after her husband's death Dr. Chown says, "I am sadly mourning the passing of my oldest and best friend in the Methodist ministry. I was very intimately associated with him during many years of his ministry and always highly prized his glowing friendship. I regarded him as one of the most profound and brilliant thinkers and accomplished preachers within the range of my knowledge."

CHAPTER V.

QUEBEC AND LEVIS, 1875-1877; COOK-SHIRE, 1877-1879.

IN July, 1875, Henderson came to Quebec as minister in charge of the little Methodist Church in Levis across the river, and possibly, though I am not sure, to be in some respect assistant to my father, then stationed at Quebec. For the first year he became an inmate of the parsonage, No. 7½ Ste. Ursule St., the substantially built, old-fashioned, characteristically Quebec house which shortly afterwards was discarded for a more spacious parsonage, 30 Esplanade, facing Kent Gate, but which quite recently has been purchased by the Quebec Methodist Church and restored to its ancient dignity.

Henderson at once, as all who knew him would expect, became a member of the family. Especially, a very close relationship sprang up between him and myself. I was ten years his junior, but, I fancy, bookish and mature in some respects beyond my years, and he always understood and loved, and was loved by, young people. We shared a room under the roof, with sloping ceiling, the southeastern of the four tiny attic rooms. With the bed, the dresser, the washstand, his trunk, and two small study tables there was left just enough room to get from one piece of furniture to the other, but the view from



DR. AND MRS. HENDERSON, ABOUT THE TIME OF THEIR
MARRIAGE.

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the dormer window gave compensation. It opened on the tin roofs of nearly half Upper Town and, beyond, on the estuary of the St. Charles, the seven miles long village street of Beauport, the glorious Laurentians, the Montmorenci gorge, and the beautiful Beaupré shore, growing ever more ethereal and dreamlike till the vista was closed by the eyrie-like village of St. Tite des Caps and massive Cap Tourmente on guard like a lion couchant. And always for our ears was the pealing and the musical jangling of church bells.

What delightful and intimate talks we had in that high upper room, echoes of which still float in my memory! Life was just beginning to unfold the magic and mystery with which it is invested to a romantic youth of sixteen. I confided in him with complete unreserve, and he in me, perhaps, as freely as the difference in our ages and experience permitted.

As I recall that happy and, to me, memorable year together my recollections do not present him as specially studious. He was necessarily on the other side of the river a great deal, especially in the winter when the ferries did not always run regularly, and he enjoyed and heartily entered into the social life of the young people of the Quebec church, then a quite large and delightful circle. Two things I recall as illustrating a power of mental concentration that impressed me, his habit of reading a book while walking along a frequented city sidewalk, and once, while writing a sermon, his lifting his head and looking directly at me a yard away quite unaware of me and the grimaces I was making to attract his atten-

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tion. But I do not recall him as addicted to much more than necessary study. What did strike me, however, as remarkable and unusual was the way he constantly bubbled over with theological speculation. Being still myself (in Kantian phrase) locked in my early "dogmatic slumber" I sometimes regarded his boldness of thinking with a touch of disapproval. Whether at twenty-six or as he impressed his colleague, Mr. Young, at seventy-six, "his was a restless mind," and as my father, though progressive and open-minded, was thoroughly orthodox and not speculative, the dinner table was the scene that year of much keen and abstruse theological discussion. I can also vividly recall an evening a few years later, on one of Henderson's visits to Montreal, where we were then living, when I invited my two especial friends, Robert C. Smith (afterwards the well-known barrister) and John Dugdale, to meet this unfettered thinker, and how almost intoxicating we found the high and enchantingly free-ranging discourse.

It was in this year, moreover, that he became acquainted with, and eventually engaged to, the lady who early in the next year became his wife. This, no doubt, for the time tended to eclipse his intellectual interests. I am disposed to think, too, that this period constituted in his mental history a kind of interregnum. The outfit of religious ideas with which he had begun his ministry had disclosed some limitations, and he had not yet found the system of ideas which was to be the inspiration of his later ministry. At Cookshire and Huntingdon he be-

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came a dweller in a new world of theological thought.

At the Conference held in Quebec in June, 1876, having completed his years of probation and disciplinary studies he was "received into full connection" and ordained by the President of the Conference, the Rev. William Scott, D.D.

The five examination certificates of his course are all marked First-class with the exception of one Second-class certificate. The subjects on which he took highest marks were the theological, Rhetoric, and Logic. His Preliminary certificate is signed by W. Morley Punshon, M.A., President of Board of Examiners, and by G. R. Sanderson, Secretary; the First Year's certificate by Samuel D. Rice and G. R. Sanderson; the Second and Third by G. R. Sanderson; the Fourth by J. W. Sparling—all names still remembered.

Of that year in Quebec he wrote in 1924 to the Rev. William Stevens, then minister of the old church:

Your letter of February 29th opened still more widely the door of my affection for dear old Quebec, which fifty years have failed to close. Quebec is the Mecca of my life. It was there that I met the woman who has all these years ministered to me in health and suffering, and to whom I owe, in a great measure, the success which I may have attained in the Church. Words fail to express the gratitude and gladness which my birthday greetings and congratulations from your congregation have brought to me. If Quebec is proud of me, I certainly am proud of old Quebec. The memories of my stay there come back to me now like Beth-

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lehem angels to solace me with their songs in the solitude of my retirement and during the many wakeful hours of night.

I can remember with what fear and trembling I stood in your pulpit and dared to preach to a congregation which at that time very often filled the entire space both in auditorium and gallery. Like a moving picture I can see the faces upturned to the pulpit of those who are no longer with us. Old Mr. and Mrs. Louis, the Renfrew family, the Baldwins, the Websters, the Holts, the Jarvises, and many others who now form that great cloud of witnesses that hover over and around you every Sunday you preach. Your unseen congregation outnumbered by far those to whom you now minister. They were the salt of the earth. No more loving and loyal people I ever met. They were worthy of the best men in the Conference, and, indeed, a long succession of bright lights, some of the greatest that ever illuminated a pulpit or entranced a people, stood where you now stand.

On August 14th, 1876, he availed himself of the privilege more strictly conditioned on ordination then than now and was married in the Little Metis Methodist Church, of romantic history and surroundings, to Mary Gillespie, widow of the late Peter Le Rossignol, Esq., a merchant of Quebec and of Levis, and thus began a most happy married life of nearly half a century. Mrs. Henderson was a woman of most excellent judgment and of the most selfless and untiring devotion. Her husband's acknowledgment in the letter quoted of the debt he owed her was amply justified. He could not have had a wife of greater helpfulness. The marriage was not without elements of uncertainty, for there were five

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children by the first marriage, and it says much for Dr. and Mrs. Henderson and for the children, that the relations from the first were so harmonious and affectionate. It is true that the children were unusual and gifted children. The three boys and the younger daughter, Mary, all studied at McGill University and were described by Dr. Johnson, Dean of the Faculty of Arts, as "the most brilliant family that ever attended McGill," a distinction, I should imagine, shared only by the three sons of the late Rev. Theodore Lafleur, Eugene, the famous counsel, Paul, the brilliant and charming Professor of English, and Henri, the distinguished medical specialist.

James, the eldest son, was Dux of the science side of the Montreal High School in 1884, and graduated from McGill in 1888 as Logan gold medalist in Natural Science. Later he received from the University of Leipzig the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. After a distinguished career in American universities he is now Dean of the College of Business Administration in the University of Nebraska. In 1922 he received from his Alma Mater the degree of LL.D., *honoris causa*. He has published much on economic subjects and some charming fiction, *Jean Baptiste* and *Little Stories of Quebec*.

Walter, the second son, had a still more brilliant record in High School and College, winning many prizes and honors including the Murray Gold Medal as Dux of the High School, the Prince of Wales Medal in Philosophy at McGill, and the

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Sutherland Medal in McGill Medical. He is now practising medicine in Denver, Colorado.

Peter, the third son, though rather frail in body, was equally successful at school and university, but soon after graduation was obliged on account of ill health to give up his work as assistant chemist at the Dominion Experimental Farm, Ottawa, and died in 1894.

Mary, the younger daughter, followed her brothers to High School and University, but her course at McGill was limited to two years on account of the removal of the family to Toronto, and in the summer of 1893 she was married to Mr. A. O. Dawson, of Montreal.

Annie, as the eldest, was indispensable in the home while her brothers and sisters were young, but with a fine persistence she took later the Arts Course at Victoria, where she upheld the family reputation and graduated in 1896.

The quality of the relationship between Dr. and Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Henderson's children cannot be more truly expressed than in the high tribute paid to him by James:

It was a great pleasure and privilege to have him with us for so many years, for he was an inspiration to us all. I have always been proud of him, and in later years I have come to think of him more and more as a friend and elder brother. He has helped us in every way, and we shall always have him in grateful remembrance.

His sermons were wonderful, but I enjoyed even more his ordinary conversation in the home. He had a most vivid imagination and was so full of fire that

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every subject that he touched seemed to glow. There was in him far more than a spark of genius—it was a veritable flare and flame.

He was interested in everything and everybody, had a most retentive memory and a vast fund of information, on which he could draw at any time, while interpreting and illuminating it all in his own inimitable way. He was a great reader, but not what we call a bookish man, for his book knowledge was closely related to the facts and problems of the common life. With Terence he could truly say, "*Humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

A catalogue of his books would be far too long a list, although he had read most of them, and some several times over. There were volumes of sermons by Robertson of Brighton, Maclaren of Manchester, Newman, Norman McLeod, Guthrie, Phillips Brooks, Beecher and others. Beecher was his favorite preacher and one of the chief models of his own unique style.

There were of course books on theology: the old standards and the new. And still more on philosophy: Kant, Mill, Hamilton, Lotze, Spencer, Watson, and many more, for he was more than an amateur in that subject. Science, too, was well represented: Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and more recent writers, for there was no real conflict, to his way of thinking, between science and religion. Then there were many works on history, economics, biography, and general literature, old and new.

As a Scot he was a great lover of Bobbie Burns and Sir Walter, and could repeat long passages from their poetry and prose. I remember well the arrival of a complete set of the Waverley Novels. With what delight they were read, every one, and how we used to talk of Flora MacIvor, Jeanie Deans, Meg Merrilies, Grahame of Claverhouse, Balfour of Burley, Rob Roy,

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Edie Ochiltree, Dandie Dinmont, Dominie Sampson and the other characters of these immortal tales!

Then, later, Dickens arrived, and Thackeray, and, still later, Edward Eggleston, Robert Louis Stevenson, James Barrie, Rudyard Kipling, Grant Allen, Gilbert Parker, Ralph Connor, and many more, all of whom gave their interpretation of life by portraying things as they were and as they might have been.

And, last summer, when I was often with him, I found him reading the best books of the day, viewing the old problems in a new way, and conversing with much of his former interest about things new and old. His strength was failing, his lamp was growing dim, and we knew that we might not meet again in this world. Yet we spoke of the thoughts, feelings, and deeds of men as though we should all live forever.

So it was good to have such a companion and friend, to read his books, to talk with him, and to have the benefit of his wise advice and noble example. In my time I have known many great and good men, but never yet his equal, nor one with whom I had rather spend my time in this world or the next.

Through the second year Henderson resided in Levis.

The little church on the hill had been built some years before for the sake of a few resident Methodist families and summer visitors who did not feel quite at home with the Anglicans or Presbyterians. So at that time there were three feeble groups where there might have been one strong church. Now there are but two as the Methodist Church was eventually sold and has become a primary school to which the few remaining Protestant families send their children to prepare for the High School in Quebec.

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The Methodist families could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand: the Le Rossignols, Powells, Davys, and a few others. The morning congregation was very small, and there was little of the inspiration that comes from numbers. One stormy morning there were only eight people present: four Powells, three Le Rossignols, and Gershom Davy. But in the evening many Presbyterians and Anglicans used to come to hear the young Scotsman, and the little church was often crowded to the doors.

The inspiration of noble scenery was present in fullest measure. The view from the heights of Levis surpasses even the view from Dufferin Terrace. There is the romantic city itself, the Edinburgh of America directly opposite—Citadel, Terrace, towers, and spires sharply defined against the sky, and the great cliff, not then dwarfed as it now is by the sky-scrapers of Lower Town and the mighty bulk of the new central tower of the imposing Chateau Frontenac. The view up the river reached as far as Cap Rouge, past the coves and miles of wharves where scores of ships then lay in summer loading deals and square timber, and where great timber rafts ended their journey from the headwaters of the Ottawa and from Collins' Bay and Garden Island. The wharves are now deserted and decayed or swept away by the construction of the railway, and it is in vain that

“The old, old sea, like one in tears,
Comes murmuring in with foamy lips,
And knocking at the wooden piers,
Calls for his long-lost multitude of ships.”

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Eastward the eye swept over the estuary of the St. Charles, dotted with schooners and barges when the tide was in, and over the picturesque and comfortable St. Charles valley sloping up to the guardian mountains and the border of the vast northern wilderness. In winter ships and steamers were gone and great ice floes moved majestically up and down with the tides, through which the ice-breaking ferries skilfully found narrow lanes or, if they dared, charged them and opened a passage, except when though rarely, King Winter was too strong for man and even the mighty tides and spanned the shores with his bridge of ice.

In June, 1877, Henderson was appointed to Cookshire, in the Highlands of Canada, the lovely Eastern Townships, where he had charge of an old-fashioned circuit with four other preaching places, Johnsville, Bulwer, Island Brook and Eaton's Corners—villages and hamlets beautifully situated in the valley of the Eaton River, a tributary of the St. Francis, in the midst of rolling hills and groves of oak, birch, maple, remnants of the forest that was being rapidly cleared away.

Dr. James Le Rossignol gives a charming account of the Cookshire pastorate:

These were the settlements composed partly of old country people and partly of Americans from Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, for the 'line of forty-five' was not far away. It was a fine region for apples, plums, and other hardy fruits, and a land of maple sugar, baked beans, and perpetual pie. So when the minister and his wife dined out, or when a church social was held, there was abundance of pie, doughnuts and

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cake of various kinds, with all the other good things which the country supplied.

The minister's salary was not large, as salaries go to-day, but every dollar was worth two or three of ours. Those were the days when excellent beef could be bought for 8 cents a pound, butter 12 cents, eggs 10 cents a dozen, apples \$2.00 a barrel, hardwood \$2.00 a cord, maple sugar 7 cents a pound.

Then, too, the church members often brought gifts to the Lord, like the tithes of old: vegetables, fruit, home-made sausage and cheese, maple sugar and syrup, a quarter of beef, a leg of lamb, a bag of oats, a load of hay. So the minister's family lived on the fat of the land, like Goldsmith's parson, 'passing rich on forty pounds a year.'

He kept a horse, of course, with a buggy for summer and a cutter for winter use. The summer roads were good and the scenery beautiful, so that driving to church or making pastoral calls was one of the chief pleasures of life, especially in the autumn, when the oaks and maples were in their glory.

The winter roads, as every Canadian knows, were wonderful when the snow was well broken down, but after a storm they were like the waves of the sea, and woe betide the hapless horse and driver that got off the narrow track that ran up and down through billows of snow. Yet the white fields, the snow-laden trees, the blue sky, the frosty air, the creak of the runners, the tinkle of the sleigh-bells, made the young minister's heart rejoice and often did he say in winter as in spring-time, 'God's in His heaven, all's right with the world.'

The work was hard, but his strength was more than sufficient. Usually he preached in Cookshire on Sunday morning, and in the other places in the afternoon and evening. More than once he preached four different sermons in a single day, as people would follow him from place to place. Then there were pastoral

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visits to make—not ordinary calls, but veritable visitations, as the friends usually expected the minister and the minister's wife to take a meal in their home.

Yet the minister found time for much study and writing, laying broad and deep the foundation for his later career. And he had a number of stimulating and helpful friends, especially the county Registrar, Mr. E. S. Orr, the schoolmaster, Mr. Mayo, and the village physician, Dr. A. Hopkins, a graduate of the University of Dublin and a man of broad scholarship and culture, with whom he spent many an hour in high converse.

All in all, it was a delightful period, and the young minister, in the hey-day of life, was active, hopeful and happy. Let him tell it in his own words in a letter to the Rev. W. P. Wornell, Pastor of Cookshire nearly half a century later:

It is time I acknowledged your letter conveying the greetings and good wishes of your Board on the celebration of my seventy-fifth birthday anniversary. There cannot be many more of the old guard left, as it is now forty-eight years since my name was announced by the Secretary of the Conference as the pastor of Cookshire.

Cookshire, I may say, was to me the morning star that ushered in a new era in the style and substance of my preaching. There were three great lights in my theological sky at that time; these were Channing of Boston, Robertson of Brighton, and Beecher of Brooklyn. It was while I was where you are now that I came under the spell of these great souls. Of a spring or summer morning I would go out into the fields and pore over the pages of their reported sermons until they became a part of myself. They changed entirely my viewpoint, gave new direction to my thought, and a new coloring to my preaching.

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It was during my stay in Cookshire that two events took place which filled your church to overflowing. The one was when the pastor of the Anglican Church challenged me to show my certificate as a properly ordained minister of the Gospel. I picked up the gauntlet thus thrown at my feet, and a duel between him and myself was waged which lasted for weeks, and drew to our church more than it could accommodate.

The other outstanding event of my ministry in Cookshire was the revival which swept a large circle and created intense enthusiasm. People from every point of the compass came in crowds; and the work was so revolutionary that an outstanding politician wrote urging me to desist and close the doors of our church for a season, as such a revival threatened to smash his party. I had the assistance of Mr. Jordan, who had just returned from the Moody and Sankey meetings in Boston and whose preaching created a sensation.

Our memories of Cookshire are very sacred. It was our first married-man's appointment and the work prospered on every hand. On Sunday mornings I preached in the village church, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon at Johnsville, at 4 o'clock at Bulwer, and again at Cookshire in the evening. It was hard work, but oh! it was glorious.

CHAPTER VI

HUNTINGDON, 1879-1882

AT the Conference of 1879 Henderson was put down for Huntingdon, a village some forty miles south-east of Montreal and ten miles south of Lake St. Louis, in the midst of a fine farming country, and forming with Hendersonville (now Kensington) and three other preaching appointments a large and important circuit.

Dr. Henderson's daughter, Miss Annie Le Rosignol, gives some interesting reminiscences of the pastorate here, which seems to have been as successful and happy as any minister could wish.

Huntingdon was awkwardly situated as far as transportation was concerned, there being at that time no railways in the district, and to go to Montreal or to the west one must drive to the St. Lawrence and take the steamer, or, in winter, cross the ice to the Grand Trunk Railway on the north shore.

On one of these trips Henderson narrowly escaped a ducking or worse. Driving with a party from Huntingdon he thought when they reached the ice it looked rather dangerous and suggested that they should give the lead to a team with a load of hay following closely behind. When only a short distance from the shore the load broke through, and the horses were saved with great difficulty.

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Between seasons there was a forty mile drive to Caughnawaga and the ferry to Lachine. But the people still remembered the days when they had to walk all the way to and from Montreal, and did not mind what would now be considered a hardship. Moreover, they could reach New York by driving to Malone or Fort Covington, and in these fine towns were good bookstores. Many families subscribed for such magazines as the *Century*, *Scribners*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Concerts were given by artists from "across the line" or from Montreal; Montreal ministers came out from the city to preach on special occasions; and there was a well-worn road from the Academy to McGill University. The sons of the farmers, of good Scotch or north of Ireland stock, were ambitious and, though they entered the Academy in their late teens or early twenties, they made up for it by working hard under the stimulating teaching of the Principal, James MacGregor, and easily held their own at the university with the younger boys from the city. They won scholarships, prizes, and medals, the Prince of Wales Gold Medal in Mental and Moral Philosophy being one of their special trophies year after year, and to be known as a pupil from Huntingdon Academy at once gave a boy a standing for scholarship among McGill students.

In the village were five churches,—Roman Catholic, Anglican, Methodist, and two Presbyterian. Presbyterians and Methodists were on friendliest terms, ministers and people interchanging courtesies on anniversaries and at tea-meetings. Forty-five

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years ago there were no theatres or "movies" in the village, no dances or bridge parties, so that the social life of the community centred largely in the churches.

Altogether, Huntingdon was a stimulating field of labor with appreciative congregations and inspiring opportunities. It proved too, eventually, to be the gateway to a city charge. Mr. J. J. MacLaren, Q.C., of Montreal, afterwards Mr. Justice MacLaren of Toronto, was a brother of the Secretary-Treasurer of the Huntingdon Church, Mr. W. S. MacLaren, and when he came out on business he used to listen with pleasure to Henderson, and it was he who, a little later, proposed him as successor to Dr. E. A. Stafford, in Dominion Square Church, Montreal.

The great achievement of the Huntingdon pastorate was the building of the new church. Some were content with the old site; others desired a much better but more expensive site occupied in part by a large stone store. It was Henderson's faith and courage which won the better site. So in regard to other proposals for improvement at which some demurred because of cost. One of the two survivors of the original Trustees, Mr. Alex. Chalmers, writing of these days adds, "It was thus in all matters; there was no means of withstanding his cheerful and forcible way of putting things. We all loved him much."

During his first year Henderson had full charge of the large circuit, and the multitude of regular services and the extensive pastoral visitation nearly broke down his health.

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In June, 1880, the strain was lightened by the appointment of the Rev. F. G. Lett as colleague, a man after Henderson's own heart in his passion for "deep-sea soundings" in theological waters, and between whom and Henderson there sprang up a warm regard.

"No minister" it was said by a press correspondent chronicling his departure, "has ever left this place amid such general regret, and this not only on account of his eminent pulpit talent but of his geniality and noble qualities as a man."

It is interesting that his old Huntingdon charge brought him back for the anniversary services of 1883, 1885, 1886, 1909.

During his pastorate in Huntingdon a vigorous effort was made to prevent the granting of liquor licenses in the village, which was in a measure successful. It is interesting to note that the Methodist minister, though the newcomer, was appointed spokesman of the deputation which presented the petition to the Council, and that after his impassioned appeal, recorded in the *Gleaner*, it does not seem to have been thought necessary or desirable that any other should speak.

It was not Huntingdon Methodism only during these years which emerged from the chrysalis stage and found its wings. Henderson's references to Cookshire as "the morning star" and Huntingdon as "the sunrise" of a new era confirm the very marked impression he gave me in our occasional meetings during those years that he had experienced a kind of new birth. I felt in him a new intellectual and

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moral energy. I do not remember that we ever spoke of this, but I distinctly remember that the genial and sociable friend of Quebec days seemed to have grown to larger stature. One conversation, in particular, in which he spoke with striking warmth and tenderness of a pastor's relation to his people did much to bring to a head my vague inclinations to the ministry. I do not know that he has left any explanation of the change. It may have been due, in part, to his marriage, or to the more exacting demands and heavier responsibilities of these pastorates, or that, like a growing plant, his roots had reached a peculiarly congenial and rich store of nutriment. I would think that the intense but narrow religious beliefs of his early ministry had come to be felt as inadequate and that, after a period of comparative slackness, his soul had found its true food and a new and inexhaustible energy in such interpreters of Christianity as Channing, Robertson, and Beecher, who kindled a fire in his heart which never died down even through all the physical frailty of the last years.

In the last year of Henderson's life the Quarterly Official Board of Huntingdon sent him congratulations on his seventy-fifth birthday. In reply Henderson wrote:

My Dear Brother Stephen:

Your favor under date of February 28th brought with it memories of the past that are too sacred almost to place on record. Huntingdon pastorate forms, so to speak, the sunrise of a new era in my experience as

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preacher and pastor. Mr. Robert Sellar, editor then of the *Gleaner* told me, on leaving for my new appointment in 1882, that under God I had broken the chrysalis of Methodism and had given it wings to rise to higher levels of efficiency than it had ever attained. It was not I, but the people to whom I ministered, who made that achievement possible. Two events in my ministry while in Huntingdon are of outstanding value. It was then that I adopted the spiritual method of interpreting nature and history. It was then I first preached the progressive nature of revelation and created quite a sensation one Sunday morning by saying that revelation was not confined to the Bible, that the discovery of every great truth affecting the well-being of the world clasped to the heart a new-born thought of God. I said, "All history, at bottom, so far as it records the spiritual evolution of the race, is a divine revelation." I also said that I owed more to Channing of Boston and Beecher of Brooklyn as divine teachers than I did to any of those writings that form the subordinate standards of our church.

The other event to which I have referred was the building of the present church edifice. The anxieties which that undertaking cost me I cannot put into words. Until the building was completed and the cost provided for by the great appeal made at the dedicatory service I undertook the main burden of financing the enterprise. But I was abundantly rewarded. The people rose heroically to the demands of the great movement and gave Methodism a status in your village which evoked congratulations from press and pulpit. And I can never forget the handsome manner in which the people treated me as their pastor at that time. How very much I would like to visit your town and stand once more in the pulpit I occupied forty-five years ago!

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In the resolution of sympathy sent to Mrs. Henderson by the members of the church on the death of her husband are these words:

We desire to place on record our appreciation and esteem of the late Dr. Henderson—a pastor loved beyond measure by his congregation when here. We bless God for his noble work amongst us, for his clear and earnest unfolding of God's truth, for his sympathetic visitation in trouble, for his untiring labors in bringing our splendid church edifice to a successful completion. Not for these alone do we give thanks, but for his unselfish ministrations elsewhere in our land, and for the great work he accomplished for the Church and for the Master when he held the position of Associate to the General Secretary of Missions. He has gone to his reward, but he yet lives in the hearts and memory of all who were privileged to come under his benign influence.

CHAPTER VII

PRESCOTT, 1882-1883

EARLY in July, 1882, the Henderson family bade farewell to the kindly folk of Huntingdon and journeyed *via* Malone and Ogdensburg to Prescott, a pretty little town at the head of the St. Lawrence rapids, once an important junction on the Grank Trunk Railway and noted for its brewing and distilling industries, but in later years in both these respects less active.

The residents were for the most part well-to-do and well-educated, many of them of United Empire Loyalist stock, and Methodism, despite the un-Methodist nature of some of the town's chief industries, was strongly represented. There were two churches, one of the Methodist Church of Canada, and one Methodist Episcopal, a little later merged into one in the Union of 1884. Presbyterians and Methodists had much friendly intercourse, both socially and in their church life, the congregations uniting during summer.

Dr. Henderson's daughter writes of the Prescott days:

We spent a very happy year there. I well remember the first Sunday how, after the evening service, I walked home with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hillyard, and seated in the garden he said to me, 'What a wonderful sermon! Does Mr. Henderson always preach like

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that?' and how I proudly made answer, 'He does, and sometimes better.' . . . I remember a series of sermons on "The Prodigal Son" which attracted large congregations. The hymns were carefully chosen and the choir sang appropriate anthems. . . . It was a pleasant place to live in, especially in summer, when one could row across the river to Ogdensburg, or down to Chimney Island where some grassy mounds marked the site of an old French fort captured by General Amherst in 1760, or take an excursion amid the enchanting beauty of the Thousand Islands. A mile or two up the river was the home of George Heck, a grandson of Barbara Heck, whose dust lies nearby in the churchyard of the 'old Blue Church,' under a monument bearing this inscription, "Barbara Heck put her brave soul against the rugged possibilities of the future and, under God, brought into existence American and Canadian Methodism."

We often walked out to the quaint little church and would stand under the murmuring pines that wave over her grave, and then enter the spacious stone house built on the site of her old log home, look at her Bible, teaspoons, and china, and sit in her arm chair. Mr. Heck and his family were members of the Prescott Church, with other descendants of Barbara Heck and Philip Embury, and there were other families in the congregation not less devoted to Methodism, like the Coates' family, to which belonged the distinguished and veteran Japanese missionary, Dr. Harper H. Coates, and the wise and genial and humorous manager for many years of the Methodist Book Room at Montreal, Mr. C. W. Coates—a family which in the class-meeting, the psalmody, the ministry, and the mission field of the church has made a notable contribution.

During the year Henderson received an invitation to Dominion Square Church, Montreal, then

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regarded as one of the leading churches of the Conference, and the Prescott people, though deeply disappointed at losing their pastor so soon, unselfishly refused to stand in the way of what might seem to be a still more widely useful ministry and very generously released him. Of this pastorate Dr. Henderson wrote in 1924 to the Rev. Thomas Scott, then pastor of the church:

Don't think I am indulging too much in the picturesque when I say that Prescott was the porch which led me into the enchanted palace of my dreams. As a young missionary to the settlers of North Hastings, the acme of my ambition was to become a city preacher, and Prescott placed in my hands the key that opened for me the door I feared had become forever closed against me. My only regret, however, is that I did not remain in your present charge until I had completed a three years' pastorate there.

The year I spent in Prescott was one of great activity and enjoyment. Our congregations so increased as to overtax the seating capacity of the church. Quite a ripple of interest in the services swept the town and surrounding country, and that was not altogether due to the preaching. The choir, under the leadership of the late Robert Hillyard, was a great attraction. Their singing was the Gospel on the wings of popular music. It might not always be high-class music, but it found its way to the hearts of the people, and after the sermon the anthem proved an echo of the spiritual note that had been struck in the preaching. For instance, one Sabbath evening I preached from the text, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," and no sooner had the last word of the sermon fallen from my lips than the whole choir rose and sang, with heart and voice, 'Knocking, knocking, who is there?' The effect was

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magical. The people sat still as statues and remained sitting for some time in their pews even after the benediction was pronounced.

Let me assure you, you stand on historical ground. It was in your vestry that the great movement which culminated in the union of the various sections of Canadian Methodism was launched. That was before my day. But it was while I was where you are now that the first prophetic cable, I may call it, was thrown across the gulf between Presbyterianism and Methodism. Dr. Stewart of the Presbyterian Church and I each preached a sermon on what we announced as 'The Coming Union of the Protestantism of Canada,' and we followed it up by an interchange of pulpits. The result was the kindling and diffusion of such a spirit of fraternity and good will as contributed, though in an infinitesimal degree, towards paving the way in the direction of what is now about to take place.

CHAPTER VIII

MONTREAL: DOMINION SQUARE, 1883-1886

PERHAPS of all the transitions which Henderson experienced during his ministry through the revolutions of the great wheel of the Methodist itinerancy no appointment stirred in him such deep and mingled feelings of fear and hope as the appointment to the Dominion Square Church, across the street from Montreal's newest and stateliest hostelry, almost in the centre of Montreal's most aristocratic quarter. After the greeting at the wharf and the welcoming supper at the parsonage (and it may be noted that of all the officials and friends who met him only two now survive, Mr. Justice Maclaren,* who had initiated the invitation, and Mr. George H. Bland, both now of Toronto) his daughter writes that she and her father walked around the square and up Windsor Street past the palatial Windsor Hotel and said to each other, "Isn't it wonderful? We are in Montreal at last. Shall we measure up to the demands?"

At no point within the city to-day is the stateliness of Montreal, perhaps, so impressively displayed as on Dominion Square,—and it would at that date be

*Full of years and honors Dr. Maclaren passed away July 3rd., 1926.

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only a little less imposing—the Windsor Hotel, the Sun Life Building, the mighty St. James Cathedral, only less majestic than the great St. Peter's of which it is a replica, and the Canadian Pacific Station, massive and towering as a Norman castle, background of all, the glorious Mount Royal behind which the sun would be setting as the two newcomers paced the Square, glad and hopeful and yet diffident and apprehensive.

Some diffidence was natural. It was only seven years since Henderson's ordination. These years had been spent in country work except one year in a small town, and though some of these congregations had been markedly intelligent and appreciative, he felt that this one would be more critical, accustomed as it had been to the most eminent preachers of Methodism and composed of professors and students of the theological college, lawyers, medical men, teachers, prominent business men, and cultured women. Recalling the memories of these days in his letter of March, 1924, to the Rev. S. E. Marshall, then pastor of the transplanted church in Westmount, he says:

It is now over forty years since in much fear and trembling I ascended for the first time the pulpit of the old church which still stands in Dominion Square. The members of that so-called aristocratic centre of Methodism knew little of me as a preacher, and indeed, I might add, I knew less of myself. It was in that old pulpit I first tried my wings as a city preacher, and at the close of every service I was painfully conscious that I had failed to come within sight of those transcendent heights reached by some of my predecessors. The dear bro-

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ther who announced my advent told the congregation that they must prepare for a drop in the scale of sermon excellence, as the coming pastor was a young man from the country and would need all their sympathy and moral support, which was quite true. Indeed, he was not to blame, as the Conference itself hesitated much about sending a young man so inexperienced to such an important centre. All this, however, stimulated me to rise to the top of my best endeavour, and I had three years of the most enjoyable and active service of my life.

It was not only the critical standards of the congregation but the standards of the surrounding churches that might daunt the young preacher. The old church which still stands on the noble Square, though now dismantled and hidden behind little shops, then stood almost in the centre of, perhaps, the most brilliant galaxy of preachers any Canadian city has ever known. In the adjoining Anglican Church of St. George was the beloved Canon Carmichael, with his rich and eloquent Irish brogue. One block away, in the American Presbyterian Church on Dorchester Street, was Dr. George Wells, who held the steadfast affection of his congregation with his warm heart and his wide and untiring intellectual interests. Almost across the street from the American Presbyterian Church Dr. MacKay preached the old gospel of Spurgeon with a Spurgeon-like directness, homeliness, and humor. Only one long block to the north was Emmanuel Church, the church of one of the most richly cultured preachers Canada has ever known, the late Dr. J. F. Stevenson. Just across Dominion Square to the east was the wealthy and aristocratic

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St. Paul's, whose minister, Dr. Barclay, was a distinguished representative of the stately ministers of the Established Church of Scotland. A little farther east, in St. Andrew's, was another fine type of old Scotch minister, Dr. J. Edgar Hill. On the other side of Beaver Hall Hill from St. Andrew's the Rev. Dr. Barnes was sustaining a ministry in the Unitarian Church charming in its breadth of culture and sympathy and in its Christlikeness of moral character. Below the hill in historic and glorious old St. James Church, Dr. Potts was showing himself the master of popular assemblies by his fine presence, the music of his voice, and an evangelical warmth and earnestness that captured every heart.

The young preacher from the country might well feel somewhat dismayed. Nevertheless, from the very first Henderson was able to hold his own congregation and to attract many strangers.

Of these early days Mr. J. S. Eagleson, of Ottawa, writes:

It was in the Fall of 1884, over forty years ago, when a "freshie" at Wesleyan Theological College, that I first met the Rev. James Henderson. Thereafter during the two years of my stay in Montreal, owing largely to a comradeship between his brother Andrew and myself, I was favored more than most of the boys with the hospitality of his home and the privilege of his company, and learned, not only to admire him very much for his qualities of heart and mind, but to love him very dearly as a friend and brother.

He was then in his early thirties; a man in his prime, a man of striking appearance, as he always continued to be; a man whom you would pick out in a crowd and

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turn to look at a second time on the street. The brilliance of the mind flashed in the eye and shone in the countenance, marking him as a man apart and capable of high achievements.

Although the other pulpits of Montreal were well manned at that time the brilliant young pastor of Dominion Square was the loadstone that attracted the students of the city, and his church was the Mecca to which they flocked. There was an originality about his thinking, a freedom and fearlessness about his statements, a beauty and appositeness about his diction, and a freshness and vigor about his presentation of truth that appealed to the students and drew them and others to his church in such numbers that even in the early days it might have been said, as he somewhat playfully said in later years, "If you want to find my church just follow the crowd."

With some of these brilliant *confrères* Henderson enjoyed a very enriching fellowship. A ministers' club, numbering Doctors Wells, Stevenson, Barnes, Lafleur and others met frequently for the discussion of current questions in theology and philosophy. He often spoke in after years of a paper on "The Nature and Attributes of God" given by Dr. Theodore Lafleur, of the French Baptist Church, father of that distinguished trio of sons, to whom I have already referred, as most scholarly and illuminating.

Under these stimulating conditions Henderson's thought, always eager and open, rapidly matured. The sermons of the first Sunday in Dominion Square were strikingly characteristic. The text in the morning was John XIX, 18, "And Jesus in the midst." A brief newspaper report says "the preacher showed that this circumstance of Christ's crucifixion was

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prophetic of the position which Jesus should occupy as the central figure of human history, of literature, of science, and even of politics, and declared that his aim was to exalt that Name in all his ministry. Not relying upon human strength he looked to Christ for the prosperity of the church and asked the Christian sympathy and prayers of the people of his new charge in his efforts to exalt the name of Jesus." "In the evening" (I quote from the same report) "he preached from the text 'What is man?' dwelling upon the endowments that raised humanity above the material world, especially the power to know and that nearest approaching to divinity,—the power to love. In an earnest appeal he urged his hearers to live up to this highest privilege, that of holding communion with the deity. The sermons were listened to with marked attention and evident satisfaction by the large congregation."

The two sermons illustrated his supreme passion—the desire to exalt Jesus Christ and that human nature which the Son of God became incarnate to redeem and the lofty possibilities of which the incarnation revealed.

There was also a passion for philosophical speculation which possessed Henderson to a degree unusual even in a Scots minister, and which finds some illustration at this time in what seems to be an able though brief report of a lecture on modern scepticism given before the Theological Union of the Montreal Conference at its session in Quebec in 1886. The alleged impossibility of knowing the infinite, the alleged immoralities of the Bible, the diffi-

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culties alleged to inhere in prayer and in the miraculous and in the Godhead of Christ are frankly and fairly and ably met.

Henderson was fortunate in his first city charge. The congregation of Dominion Square Church had little in it of what would to-day be considered wealth, but it was a family church, and the families were comfortable. They lived almost entirely within easy walking distance of the church and had, much more largely than any congregation of to-day, the habit of attending both the morning and evening services. There was a large number of young people of a very fine type. The Sunday School Superintendent, Dr. Alexander, who succeeded Mr. J. J. MacLaren, Q.C., on the latter's removal to Toronto, was a man of great energy, who threw himself into the work with irresistible and contagious enthusiasm. He rallied the young people to his help in the work of the intermediate and primary departments; new scholars crowded into the school; and soon an annex had to be built to accommodate the expanding classes. Another noteworthy worker was Mr. Robert Irwin, Superintendent of the Primary Department, beloved by young and old, unwearying in his sixty years of devotion to the little folk.

The pastor of a well-to-do church in these days can only wonder at the regular Sunday services—class-meetings (not one, but a number) at 10 A.M., Public Worship at 11, Sunday School at 3 P.M. Young People's Prayer Meeting at 4.15, evening service at 7 P.M., frequently followed by a congregational prayer meeting.

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The social life of the young people centred largely in the church, and they seemed to enjoy themselves as much as they do to-day. Saturday afternoon might be given to sport but Saturday evening found them in the Young People's Meeting. "It was at this time," writes Henderson many years later, "that a great spiritual awakening swept over the younger element of the congregation. Will Louson came to me at the close of a Sunday evening service and said, 'My heart is full of love for Christ, and I want to tell everybody.' I said, 'Go and tell every young man and woman in the congregation what you have told me.' He proved a live coal from off the altar; a fire was kindled which spread into a conflagration and gave such an impetus to the young people's meetings all over that Dr. Withrow wrote, saying that Dominion Square Church was the cradle of what was afterwards known as the Epworth League."

In those days, it is interesting to recall, the "foot-note" prohibiting dancing, card-playing, and theatre-going had not been eliminated. It was not even challenged, and very few Methodist young people, if members of the church, indulged in any of these amusements. Henderson at this time was in thorough sympathy with the law of the Church on these matters and even preached against the use of tobacco. I have been told that very few of the younger or older men of his three Montreal Congregations smoked. The ubiquitous cigarette had not yet made its appearance, and smoking among women was unknown. Henderson's strictness in regard to amuse-

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ments and Sabbath-keeping (for he was averse to travelling on Sunday or even to writing letters on that day) was saved from Puritanism by his love for fun and his great sympathy with young people. In the first year of his Dominion Square pastorate he joined the Mount Royal Toboggan Club, and people still remember how well he looked in navy blue blanket suit with red tuque and sash, as he dragged his toboggan up the mountain slope.

The minister and his wife kept open house for the young people, especially for students far from home, and many of the church members followed their example, so that men and women all over the Dominion have spoken of the help such hospitality was to them in times of loneliness. W. J. Messenger, Recording Steward of Douglas Church, wrote to Mrs. Henderson after her husband's death:

As I left St. James on the day of the funeral I felt there was one thing that had not been stressed as it deserved to be, and that was Dr. Henderson's sympathy and affection for young men. How well I remember the old days when I was attending McGill, and how kind you were to this homeless boy! No one understood so well as Dr. Henderson what it meant to one who was shut up in the four walls of a room and got his meals where he could, to be invited into the midst of a happy family of young people and treated as one of them. Amidst all the changes that come to us such memories belong to the things that abide.

This tribute came from Dr. C. E. Manning, once Secretary of Home Missions of the Methodist Church of Canada, and now of the United Church:

It was my good fortune to become acquainted with

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the late Dr. James Henderson when I was a student in Montreal. He was pastor of one of the city churches at that time, and, being an outstanding preacher, the students were always in evidence in his congregation. Many of us had the freedom of his home, and often as we might do so, without trespassing too much on his time, sought an interview with him on some of the problems on which we needed guidance. To us, as to most people, he was a big man but always approachable. He was very human in his sympathies, a warm and abiding friend and a great preacher. The close friendship I formed with him in those student days remained unbroken to the end, and when he passed on the former Methodist Church lost its greatest orator and one who has no successor of his type.

CHAPTER IX

MONTREAL: SHERBROOKE ST. CHURCH, 1886-1888

FROM the well-to-do and thronged Dominion Square Church the law of the Itinerancy transferred Henderson, in June, 1886, to a little church in difficulties. Sherbrooke Street Church, never a strong church, had been almost wrecked in 1877, when half the members, all the choir, and half the Sunday School had followed their pastor, the Rev. James Roy into a new Congregational Church. From this disaster it had not recovered, and Henderson's acceptance of its invitation was not without courage and self-disregard. Nevertheless, the two years in Sherbrooke Street were no exception to that unbroken series of happy and successful pastorates which made Henderson's career, but for the unusual measure of physical suffering which it was given him to bear, almost a triumphal march.

Of this pastorate Henderson wrote in 1924, in reply to birthday congratulations:

I was still in the forenoon of my ministry when I became the pastor of Sherbrooke Street Methodist Church. So far as my health was concerned there was scarcely at that time a cloud on my horizon. The exuberance of vital energy was there at high flood, and it was a joy for me to throw myself into the thickest of the battle. I put more of myself into those two years

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than I have done in any pastorate. Indeed, I had to do so, as affairs had reached a painful crisis in the history of your church. It was Dr. Douglas who urged me to accept the invitation I had received from your Board rather than that of a church in the West. He expressed to me the fear that if something special were not done soon to save the situation the property must go under the sheriff's hammer. I have always been glad that I took his advice. I brought with me the promises and prayers of the leading Methodist laymen of Montreal, and was thus enabled under God to accomplish what otherwise I should have failed to do. The floating debt was all cancelled, a very heavy encumbrance on the church removed, and other obligations reduced to manageable proportions, so that the catastrophe we dreaded was averted. The attendance at our services reached high-water mark and the building was crowded to capacity every Sabbath evening.

While I say all this I want you to observe that I take only a minimum of credit to myself for such a victory. Every member of the Board rallied to the rescue in the most heroic fashion. The people, as a whole, stood by us loyally and contributed of themselves and their substance to a degree that compelled admiration. I organized the classes into visiting groups, every member of which became a publicity committee that canvassed the whole community in search of non-churchgoers, inviting all such to our services. Money came in from outside to renovate the interior, rendering it more attractive to the eye, and giving a new interest to the services. A great enthusiasm, tantamount to a revival, swept the congregation so that the church became, not only the visible symbol of a new-born faith, but the centre of a new spiritual life. All this, of course, reacted upon myself. It opened my way to St. James, and St. James opened my way to that class of work in which I have ever since been engaged. So that

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I have always felt that I owed more to Sherbrooke St. Church than it did to me. In this sense Dr. Shaw was right when he declared publicly that while James Henderson had done much for Sherbrooke Street, Sherbrooke Street had done more for him. No wonder, then, that I should cherish the most grateful memories of my pastorate there.

The young people of the church were as active as the older members, and the pastor's relations with them were most cordial. As evidence of this we quote an appreciation from J. W., a member of the Young People's Association and a teacher in the Sunday School:

At that time I was not so much concerned with his eloquent preaching as I was with his eloquent friendship. I loved the clasp of his hand. I loved the merry smile that wrinkled up the corner of his eyes. I loved the atmosphere of his home where hospitality flowered without stint. The evening of the saddest Christmas of my life was spent with his family where I was made to forget for awhile the sorrow and trouble that seemed more than I could bear.

I always came away from a visit to Dr. Henderson inspired to be better and do better. Not that he flattered me, but that he expected the best of me, and I was anxious to deserve his approval. Perhaps, that was one of his ways of teaching what God expects of us.

Of Henderson's work in Sherbrooke Street, Mr. J. H. Carson, then Recording Steward writes:

His first undertaking was to plan and carry through the complete renovation of the interior of the church, painting, decorating, furnishing, transforming it into a most attractive and comfortable auditorium, and this

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without any expense to the officials and members. His preaching soon attracted large congregations and it became necessary to open up the gallery to accommodate the crowds that thronged to hear him. He took a deep interest in the Sunday School, teaching a large congregational Bible class, and the week night services were also seasons of great interest and profit. Our church soon became the centre of social activities of which he was ever the inspiration. He was beloved by every member and regarded as a true friend as well as a faithful guide and counsellor.

At the end of June, 1887, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson sailed for Liverpool, his first visit to the old land since he left Glasgow in 1870. They went direct to London where they greatly enjoyed the sights of the metropolis but, more than all, the opportunity of hearing Gladstone in the House of Commons and great preachers such as Dean Liddon of St. Paul's, Canon Farrar of St. Margaret's, Charles Spurgeon of the Tabernacle, and Joseph Parker of the City Temple, the last of whom appealed to Henderson more than any other. Lecturing on his trip on his return, he said:

The greatest preacher I heard in England was Dr. Parker. It was wonderful how he read the hearts of his hearers and how he brought his audience to feel the presence of the unseen and the eternal. No man combined in his preaching so much of the intellectual, the emotional, the imaginative, and the dramatic as did he. In the pulpit he was a master musician, his audience was to him a great musical instrument, and seldom did he leave a key or chord of my nature untouched.

From London they went north to visit a cousin, Rev. Wm. Henderson, of Barnard Castle. Then on

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to romantic and storied Edinburgh. There they heard Dr. Alexander Whyte of Free St. George's, and Dr. George Matheson of St. Bernard's, great men and great preachers. The remainder of the holiday they spent in the Highlands, Glasgow, and on the Ayrshire Coast visiting relatives. The return journey brought them back to Montreal for the first Sunday in September, when Henderson took up his work in Sherbrooke Street church with renewed energy.

CHAPTER X

MONTREAL: ST. JAMES CHURCH, 1888-1891

IN May, 1887, Henderson accepted an invitation to become pastor of the new St. James Church, in process of erection, on St. Catharine Street.

The corner stone of the new church was laid on June 11th of the same year by the Honorable James Ferrier who had been one of the original trustees and Chairman of the building committee of the old church on St. James Street, erected in 1844—probably in its day the most famous Methodist Church in Canada—and who now, though nearly ninety years of age, was giving strong support and sympathy to the new project. Addresses were delivered by Mark Guy Pearse, England, a fragrant name throughout the Methodist world for his homely and tender and deeply devotional addresses and books, Dr. W. I. Shaw, President of the Conference, Dr. Antliff, James Henderson, and Senator Ferrier.

The closing services of old St. James were held on June 3rd., 1888. It seemed a singular co-incidence that Senator Ferrier, the last survivor of the original Board of Trustees and Superintendent of the Afternoon Sunday School during the whole life

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of the church, should be buried from it on the Saturday afternoon before.*

In the morning the pulpit was occupied by a former and much beloved pastor, the Rev. Hugh Johnston, M.A.; in the afternoon the Sunday School was addressed by Mr. Johnston, Dr. W. I. Shaw, and James Adams Matthewson, Superintendent of the Morning Sunday School, perhaps of all Montreal laymen of his generation the most esteemed and beloved, a man of remarkable generosity, of unstinted and untiring service for the souls and bodies of his fellowmen, unsurpassed among all the men I have known in steadfast and thorough-going adherence to principle—all in all, the noblest exponent I have known of old-fashioned Methodism, with few of its limitations and all its splendors.

In the evening the pulpit was occupied by Dr. John Potts, then in the full tide of his warm-hearted and commanding Irish eloquence.

Their old home closed to them, for a few months the congregation met in Queen's Hall, a rather trying time for the new pastor just installed, for neither he nor his people felt at home in the new surroundings. However, in the early autumn the lecture hall of the new church was ready for occupation and

*Tribute here should be paid to Senator Ferrier's son-in-law Mr. John Torrance, Recording Steward of St. James, who filled, and even more than filled, his father-in-law's place. Mr. Torrance showed himself a true son of his ancestor, Philip Embury, the founder of Methodism in America, by his unremitting devotion and his princely generosity to the new church, especially through its years of struggle. A former pastor of St. James has told me that Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, though not wealthy according to modern standards, must have given at least \$100,000 to the support of St. James and the extinction of its debt. His grandsons represent the fifth generation actively engaged in the work of St. James.

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proved commodious and comfortable. It seated 1,000 and was filled every Sunday morning and crowded every Sunday evening through the winter and following spring.

In June, 1889, the largest and most beautiful Methodist Church in Canada, and one of the noblest in world Methodism, was completed and is still one of the architectural ornaments of Montreal, a city of stately churches.

The story is told of a visitor from a land where members of all churches, save that by law established, used to be called "Dissenters" and their places of worship "meeting houses," fittingly of mean architecture and on mean streets. He was being shown the notable sights of Montreal and, in passing St. James Church, was so struck with its cathedral-like proportions that he enquired its name. On being told that it was "only a Methodist Meeting house", he ejaculated, "The impudence of such people!"

The auditorium was seated for 2,350 with draw-seats for 350 more, and 3,000 have been crowded into it when the gallery steps were occupied, yet its acoustics were so perfect that speakers could be heard in it to better advantage than in much smaller buildings. A wonderful sight was this vast audience room when filled from floor to topmost gallery seat, and a mighty inspiration to the preacher. Henderson used to think something was wrong on a fine Sabbath evening, if the gallery steps were not used, and the magnetic influence of the great congregation drew out of him his utmost.

At the opening services of June 16th, 1889, Dr.

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George Douglas, the blind orator and king of the Canadian pulpit by his stately, if occasionally florid, eloquence and his majestic triumph over infirmity and pain, preached the sermon, and the Dedicatory service was conducted by the President of the Conference, the Rev. James Kines, M.A. At 3 p.m., Dr. Geo. H. Wells, beloved and brilliant pastor of the American Presbyterian Church, preached; at 7 p.m., as on the evening of the closing Sunday a year before, Dr. John Potts. On the following Sunday the preachers were the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, one of the glories of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, and Dr. Hugh Johnston; and on June 30th, Dr. William Briggs, gifted preacher not less than successful business manager, and the Rev. John Philp, affectionately remembered as one of the former pastors. All these preachers have now passed beyond the veil, James Henderson being the last.

In a letter written in the last year of his life, Henderson spoke of a new day having dawned on him in Cookshire and Huntingdon. It was there that he found himself theologically. Naturally speculative he had, nevertheless, not learned till then to be at home in the world of religious thought into which Channing and Robertson and Beecher had guided him.

A second enlargement or liberation of spirit seems to have come to him in the pastorate of Sherbrooke Street and St. James. If I may judge from some newspaper reports that have been preserved, his preaching became markedly bolder and of wider range. The reports are brief but they reveal the

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preacher dealing faithfully with corrupt politics, a debauched press, the theatre, the dance, lewd and profane speech. His farewell sermon in St. James was bold both in its theology and in its social teaching. He spoke, as reported, of "the eternal bond that bound every soul to God", and expressed the belief that "no sin, however heinous, could sever this bond." Again, "Did it ever occur to them," he asked, "how revolutionary Christ was? He was the greatest socialist who ever lived. This great doctrine of the brotherhood of humanity had done more to upset tyranny than any doctrine ever taught by human lips, and, he believed, the great social upheavals of the present day came about from that idea. There was a socialism that was of God, and it was manifesting itself as a cry of protest against high-handed tyranny. There was a great deal that was divine in Nihilism and it was not the Russians that were sinning against the Czar, but the Czar that was sinning against the Russians. There was a revolution coming even in this country that would manifest itself in a levelling up instead of a levelling down. The churches had too long sat with folded and gloved hands, and outside the church there were societies at work bridging the chasm kept up between the poor and the rich." (It is to be remembered these are newspaper reports.)

This frankness and fearlessness of social applications of Christianity was to become even more marked in the Toronto pastorates.

The work of the next two years was onerous, two sermons on Sunday, each one carefully prepared for

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congregations which expected much and received of his best. There was also a congregational Bible-class in the afternoon which was largely attended and interesting, but told on his reserve energy. Yet he enjoyed it all, and the happiest hour of the week was after the Sunday evening service when with members of his family and a friend or two he would talk over the day's work, enjoying consciousness of faithful service and the assurance that some souls had been helped on their upward way. Then he would go into his study and choose two sermons for the coming Sabbath or subjects for new ones which he might write during the week. He did not sleep well after the day's work, and would occupy the wakeful hours reading some favorite book.

During the week he had the Wednesday evening service to conduct, class-meetings and Young Peoples' Association to visit, besides the pastoral duties of a large church which he never neglected. Also there were many official meetings at which questions of great moment, connected with the new church and the difficult problem of the disposition of the old, had to be settled, all of which told heavily on his strength, and at the end of the second year he felt he must have an assistant. Rev. R. P. Bowles, now Chancellor of Victoria University, was invited as associate pastor, and during the third year shared the work of preaching and visiting most acceptably, thus enabling the senior pastor to finish his term without taking a prolonged rest.

During the summers of 1888 and 1889 Henderson and his family occupied an old stone house on the

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hill at Carillon overlooking the Ottawa, with a fine stretch of woodland at the back. He used to go down to Montreal every Saturday in July to take the Sunday services, then return on Monday, greatly enjoying the pleasant trip on the old *Prince of Wales* with Captain William Shepherd in command. August was his holiday month when the fine air, the freedom of country life, driving and boating, berry-picking with the young folks, and other amusements helped to revive his flagging energies.

In the summer of 1890 Mr. and Mrs. Henderson enjoyed another trip across the Atlantic, this time only to Scotland, where they again visited Mr. and Mrs. Robert Love of Glasgow, with excursions to the old home at Airdrie and to Girvan on the Ayrshire coast. In Edinburgh they were joined by James Le Rossignol, who was studying at Leipzig, and spent a very enjoyable fortnight there. They heard Dr. George Matheson again, also Dr. James MacGregor, the great preacher of St. Cuthbert's, who had been ill when they were last in Edinburgh. After another visit to Glasgow, they sailed from Liverpool towards the end of August,* arriving in Montreal in time to make arrangements for entertaining delegates to the General Conference, which was held in St. James Church in September.

*My father and I had the pleasure of returning with Mr. and Mrs. Henderson and I recall that both of them suffered from sea-sickness long and severely. It illustrates the chronically theological bent of his mind that on the first call I made on him I found them both prostrate in their cabin, looking inexpressibly miserable, and Henderson's first words were, "Salem, surely punishment cannot be eternal. God would make no man suffer forever as I have been suffering these last days."

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Some account of these years is given by Mr. A. O. Dawson, Vice-President and Managing Director of Canadian Cottons, Ltd.:

I suppose there is a tendency, as one grows older, to cast a glamour over the days of one's youth, and to feel that that period was better than the present, and yet, I think, it is beyond dispute that those first years in the new St. James under the pastorate of Dr. Henderson were days that have never been eclipsed.

The church was filled to capacity at every service, and the people were inspired by the wonderful messages delivered from the pulpit by this Prince of preachers.

At that period, too, the work among the young people reached high water mark. The Sunday School was under the Superintendency of Mr. George Vipond, who proved himself to be an ideal man for this important position. Mr. Vipond received the full support of the Pastor who, in addition to preaching Sunday morning and evening, led a Bible Class in the afternoon which was regularly attended by from 150 to 200 men and women. Very often, too, Dr. Henderson gave an inspiring address to the boys and girls of the School after he had led his own group from three to four o'clock.

Dr. Henderson early in his ministry came to realize that the future of the church centered in the young people, and, therefore, while fully meeting the demands of a great pulpit like St. James, where he preached from Sunday to Sunday not only to the citizens of Canada's Metropolis but also to visitors from every part of the globe, yet he appeared to feel that his very best efforts had to be expended on the work among his young people. Young men and women coming as strangers to the city found in him a real friend. The parsonage was truly a "house by the side of the road,"

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and daily it was thronged by those who needed just the counsel and help that the Doctor knew so well how to give.

These personal conferences meant an entirely different outlook upon life by those who were privileged to come under the spell of this magnetic personality. This essential part of Dr. Henderson's work was made possible by the hearty co-operation of Mrs. Henderson, and his step-daughter, Miss LeRossignol.

At the very beginning of Dr. Henderson's pastorate in St. James he organized a Christian Endeavour Society, which proved to be of such interest that the Church Parlors could scarcely accommodate the number of young people who attended the weekly services. Out of this congregation have come many of the outstanding professional and business men of the country.

CHAPTER XI

TORONTO: CARLTON STREET CHURCH, 1891-1894

HENDERSON'S health was not good during his last year in St. James, so that he felt some anxiety in regard to the invitation from Carlton Street Church, Toronto, which he had accepted in July, 1889. He wrote explaining the circumstances and asking to be released from the promise to go there in 1891, but the officials were willing to take the risk and offered to grant him two months vacation, if that would help in his recovery. As by rest, careful diet, and skilful treatment he was beginning to gain control of the malady that threatened to be serious, he agreed to withhold his resignation for the time being. The people of Carlton Street acted throughout in the most sympathetic and generous manner, not without its reward. It was arranged that Henderson should preach on the first Sunday in July and then return to Carillon until the beginning of September, when the family would move to their new home.

St. James was crowded to its utmost capacity for the farewell service on the last Sunday in June, with a congregation not only of its own but largely augmented by old friends from Dominion Square and Sherbrooke Street. And on the last day of the

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month Mr. and Mrs. Henderson left Montreal on the steamer *Ocean* with all their household goods. This proved an unlucky trip as while off Port Union, a few miles from Toronto, about 7 p.m. the vessel struck on a sandbar, and all efforts to get her off proved unavailing. As a storm was brewing, it was thought advisable for the passengers to get into two of the steamer's boats and be rowed to shore, fortunately not distant. They took their hand baggage with them and landed at Port Union without accident. The station was not far away, and they were able to catch a late train for Toronto. The minister and his wife were thankful when they reached the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thompson in Rosedale, where they had been anxiously awaited for some hours.

The storm which broke that evening lasted for two days, and, before the freight on the *Ocean* could be salvaged, much damage had been done to the household effects. Some of the boxes had fortunately not been damaged; some of the books not irretrievably; but many of the books and other valued possessions were ruined.

This was not an auspicious beginning of the new pastorate, but more unwelcome experiences were to come. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson joined their family at the Carillon Hotel, where they spent July and August. In his impaired condition of health Henderson must have fallen an easy prey to malaria germs, for shortly after his return to Toronto, early in September, fever developed and he was confined to bed for several weeks under the care of his kind

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friend and physician, Dr. Uzziel Ogden. It was a very untoward experience, but lightened by the sympathy and kindness of the officials and congregation. As soon as possible he was at his post, though the first Sunday he had to sit while he conducted the service.

Carlton Street auditorium was most homelike and comfortable and acoustically perfect. Prior to the union of the three Methodist denominations in Canada in 1884, it had been the leading church of the Primitive Methodists. A large number of families who had worshipped in the old Bay Street Chapel fifty years before, or their descendants, were still actively identified with it, and a very strong family feeling existed among them, although there were also in the membership influential representatives of the two other uniting churches, among them Dr. William Briggs, eloquent preacher and genial, shrewd and universally liked Book Steward, and the family of Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the United Church and formerly Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, keen, indefatigable, decisive, the ablest presiding officer of his generation in Canada.

In Carlton Street schoolroom had been held the meetings of the Committees appointed by the three churches to formulate a Basis of Union.

Much of the old time Primitive Methodist fervor still survived. The Wednesday evening service was well attended, with an active participation of the members. There were several flourishing Society classes. The Sunday School, under the superinten-

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dency of Dr. Emory and Mr. J. W. L. Forster, the painter of the inspired portrait of Wesley familiar to all Methodists, was a constant feeder of the church. The Young People's Association was notable in its enthusiasm and spirituality. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. D. E. Cameron, with Mr. W. H. Hewlett as organist, was a valuable auxiliary, leading the service of praise inspiringly, and giving occasional musical services on the Sunday evening and much appreciated Saturday afternoon concerts.

With these sources of strength, the central situation of the church, and the congregation living for the most part nearby, it was not wonderful that the congregations were good. Henderson used to say Carlton Street was one of the easiest churches to fill in which he had ever preached.

Of his pastorate here, Henderson wrote to Mr. B. N. Davis, K.C., a few months before his death:

My Dear Brother Davis:

I was more than pleased to receive the birthday greetings of the Carlton Street Methodist Church and congregation. Your kind letter reminds me of the three happy years I spent with you as pastor, and though the personnel of your congregation has changed much since my day, yet I am glad to find in the list of signatures subscribed in your letter a palpable evidence that some of the old guard still remain.

Carlton Street forms the key-stone in the arch of my ministry. I was then midway between youth and age, and I can never forget the wonderful services that we had there. Carlton Street was a centre of attraction in the Methodism of your city. We had families

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coming for the evening service from every point of the compass. I think it was then that church attendance reached high-flood. There were many circumstances that contributed to such prosperity. The land boom had spent its force, the speculative bubble had burst, the tide of fictitious fortunes had receded and left many families high and dry on the sands of insolvency. And, as usual, when adversity comes the people begin to think of higher things and long for the permanent and spiritual. I can see the streets on a Sabbath evening leading to our church thronged with people hastening to be in time to get a seat. And one feature of our service then was that the majority of our evening congregation were young people.

Your letter revives memories of a series of incidents and accidents that attended the opening of my ministry in Carlton. It was on my way to Toronto that I suffered shipwreck on Lake Ontario, and my precious box of sermons was soaked by its waves. I remember my friend, Mr. Thomas Thompson, referring to that accident long afterwards, made the remark that ever since my manuscripts passed through the flood I had never been known to preach a dry sermon.

Your letter recalls another incident more amusing. The week after I had been officially invited by your Board to become its next pastor, one of your officials, on a visit to Montreal, called to see the interior of St. James Church. It was on a week day, and I was in my non-clerical suit. He had never seen me before, and as I was sitting all alone in one of the pews he came forward and asked whether I knew much of the pastor of that church. I answered in the affirmative. Then he asked me what I thought of him as a preacher. I said that I did not regard him as much of a preacher. "But," said he, "perhaps you have not heard him many times." I said, "I have heard every sermon he has given from that pulpit, and not one of them has ever reached

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my ideal of good preaching." He was shocked, and declared, "Just what I expected. I told our Carlton Street people that they had bought a pig in a bag." However, he found out who I was before we parted and was profuse in apologies.

Hanging in my library is the illuminated address presented me by your Board on my leaving for Sherbourne Street, and, according to its reading, I am still the pastor elect in perpetuity of Carlton Street Methodist Church.

Would you please convey to your Board and congregation my grateful acknowledgment of their remembrance of me in my retirement. I appreciate such expressions as yours all the more now that I realize that with me it is towards evening, the day is far spent, and the night is at hand. Yet it is twilight that brings out the stars.

May God bless you all is the prayer of

Yours sincerely,

JAMES HENDERSON.

In June, 1894, Henderson received the degree of D.D. from Victoria University.

CHAPTER XII

TORONTO: SHERBOURNE ST. CHURCH, 1894-1896

IN July, 1892, an invitation came to Henderson from a neighboring church, Sherbourne St., to become its pastor in 1894; so again his future appointment was arranged two years ahead. A little later he was approached by a member of the Metropolitan Official Board to learn if he were free to accept an invitation to that historic church. For many reasons he would have liked to become pastor of "Punshon's Church," but fate seemed to be against him as on other occasions similar overtures came too late. Overtures from other churches, such as Sydenham St., Kingston; Centenary, Hamilton; and First Church, London, were sympathetically regarded by him, but his appointment as Associate Missionary Secretary in 1896 closed these doors. On several occasions efforts were made to secure his services for Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal churches in New York, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago, but though in some of these cases the financial considerations were much beyond Canadian standards, he always declined to desert his own Church and the "old flag."

Henderson greatly enjoyed his two years' pastorate in Sherbourne St. Church, a handsome stone

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building on the corner of Sherbourne and Carlton St., centrally situated at the convergence of three tram lines and near the homes of the congregation.

Most of the members were young or middle-aged; the congregation was well-to-do, cultured, and distinguished for its interest in the Mission work of the church. This was not surprising, as Dr. Alexander Sutherland, General Missionary Secretary and one of the most powerful personalities of his generation in Canada, the Honorable George A. Cox, Lay Treasurer of the Missionary Society, and Mr. H. H. Fudger, President of the Robert Simpson Company, who succeeded Senator Cox in the same office, and a number of ministers were members, including the Rev. Dr. Dewart, Editor of the *Guardian*, who for a generation wielded a pen of power in advocacy of Methodism and in earnest contention "for the faith once delivered to the saints."

One of the finest society classes in the connexion was led every Sunday morning by the late Mr. J. O. Henderson. Under the devoted superintendency of Mr. J. W. (now Sir Joseph) Flavelle the Sunday School was probably surpassed by no school in Canada in the steady and earnest effort to lead the scholars to personal decision and church membership. The annual Easter reception of new members from the school was a great event, systematically and enthusiastically prepared for through all the year. It was my privilege to participate in one of these services, and I was much impressed with the careful preparation and the deep and widespread interest of

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the whole church. Many men to-day gratefully testify to the personal interest the Superintendent took in them and its influence in leading them to unite with the Church. Worthy of note, too, was the devotion of Mr. Fudger, one of the ablest and most intellectual business men of Toronto, to the Primary Class of which he was content to be teacher through his thirty years of Sunday School service—something, one would think, very pleasing to the Great Friend of little children.

The choir here, as in Carlton St., was a great attraction and special musical services were held during the winter months. University professors and students followed the preacher who had attracted them elsewhere, and steady advance was made all along the line. During the year 1894-95, 230 new members were received, 115 on profession of faith, many of whom were from the Sunday School.

The work was enjoyable but arduous as the membership was large, the pastoral claims which Henderson always strove to meet engrossing, and there were many social and official meetings besides the regular services and the two fresh sermons every week. Before the end of the year Henderson had to ask leave of absence to recuperate at the famous sanatorium of Clifton Springs where he and Mrs. Henderson spent three weeks. Part of the summer of 1895, as that of 1894, was spent at Cleveland's, Muskoka. It was a small hotel at that time, the guests were congenial, and Henderson was a great favorite amongst them, as he was always jolly and entered into the fun of the young folks as much

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as possible, though he could never resist the call of the morning study hours. He would row over to one of the islands and sit under the trees while Mrs. Henderson read aloud one of the recent books on Economics in which he was then specially interested, or dictate part of a new sermon to his daughter. Then would come dinner and a nap, and the rest of the day would be spent in recreation, an excursion up the lake, a walk through the woods, a game of ball, a row by moonlight, or a mock trial in the hall where he sat as judge and pronounced sentence on the culprit convicted of breach of promise. The following rhyme shows how he declined an invitation to a card and dancing party given by the young ladies of the house, "Cleveland's Jolly Maidens"—

In great tribulation I must forward a negation
To your cordial invitation for this evening's jubilation.
Such an occupation would be out of all relation
To my present avocation and my early education.
It would cause some consternation amongst my congregation,
Who might beg my acceptance of a permanent vacation,
Despite your kindly mediation.
Such in brief's the situation.

Henderson returned to his work with renewed energy and the expectation of carrying it on until the end of the three years' term in June, 1897, when he expected to become pastor of Grace Church, Winnipeg. But the death, early in 1896, of the Rev. John Shaw, D.D., Assistant Secretary of Missions, made it necessary to appoint someone to take his place and

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the choice of the Missionary Executive fell upon Henderson. He was strongly urged to accept the position. An effective pulpit and platform orator was needed to advocate the cause of Missions and he was considered the right man for the place. This placed him in a difficult position; Sherbourne St. was depending on him to carry on the work until the Rev. James Allen could leave the Metropolitan in 1897, and Grace Church was depending on his going there in the same year. By accepting the position of Missionary Secretary he would be disappointing both churches, and would also be making a considerable financial sacrifice. His salary as Secretary would be much less than what he was then receiving, or would receive in Winnipeg, and he would have, in addition, to provide his own house and furniture, meet taxes and repairs, and forego the perquisites that come to a minister in the way of gifts and wedding fees. Moreover, he would have to be away from home a great deal and travel over the country preaching largely on one theme, which, however important that theme might be, would tend to narrow his outlook. But the call was pressed upon him as one to a higher sphere of service, the whole Dominion instead of one church, and he decided to accept it if the churches to whom he was committed would release him. This both Boards most courteously did, but with a regretfulness that enhanced their courtesy.

It was in these two Toronto pastorates that Henderson, in one respect, perhaps, reached the high-water mark of his ministry, and that was in the bold-

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ness with which he proclaimed the social implications of Christianity.

Attention has been called to the prophet-like character of his last message in St. James Church, Montreal. Apparently from the first the same note was distinctly marked in his Toronto preaching. Much newspaper publicity was naturally drawn by sermons on such themes as "Christ as a Revolutionist," "The Present Distress," "The Coming Social Crisis," though it must never be forgotten that these sociological addresses were only occasional expositions, borne along on the tide of full and rich evangelical preaching.

Among other radical leanings he showed a strong sympathy with Henry George's theory of the Single Tax on Land Values, and it is interesting that, though during his long residence in Toronto he had tempting opportunities for investment in city properties, he steadily refused to take advantage of them, holding that values created by the community should not be absorbed by the few.

I question if from any orthodox pulpit in Canada was such a full and many-sided Gospel preached at this time as by Henderson, and with, as far as I know, no disapproval—a fact which reflects credit on his congregations as well as on the preacher.

This aspect of his ministry seems to me to demand fuller consideration when his message and the elements of his pulpit power are being discussed.

In later years Henderson grew, I think, more conservative. Indication of this is given in the letter which he wrote in the last winter of his life to the

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Recording Steward of Sherbourne St., acknowledging birthday greetings.

C. D. Daniel, Esq.,

Recording Steward,

Sherbourne St. Methodist Church.

My Dear Brother Daniel,

Your telegram brought with it a glad surprise. I am the happy recipient of congratulatory letters and telegrams from every point of the compass.

There are one or two experiences connected with my ministry in your church which rise to the surface as I pen these lines. It was in your pulpit that I experienced the break-down which proved a break-up. It was on an Easter Sunday; the audience in numbers out-taxed the seating capacity of the church. The sight was inspiring, but, strange to say, no sooner had I got through my introduction than the whole body of my prepared discourse disappeared like a submerged island, and my mind became a complete blank. I felt as if the ground had gone from beneath my feet. I was like one poised on airy nothingness. I thought I would have to sit down. But at the sight of that great, expectant audience I could not beat a retreat. I called on God to help me, and He did. Thoughts that had never occurred to me in the preparation of the sermon came as if from above, and I had the time of my life. I seemed to experience the birth of a new power, and never since have I preached a sermon in any pulpit just as I had prepared it in my study.

When I came to Toronto the theological pendulum was swinging from one extreme to the other, and I resolved to do my little best to bring it back to a normal beat, that is, to conciliate between the old and the new and keep as near the centre of Gospel truth as I could. But a more acute situation has been created since then. The thinking world has been moving around the circle

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and now occupies a new point of view. And the pulpit must adapt itself to the new orientation. I believe that wherever the pulpit proclaims a Gospel for the twentieth Century the world will take pause and listen. God save us from converting the pulpit into a rostrum for the discussion of economic nostrums and sociologic quackeries! We are told the pulpit must be more sociological these days than spiritual. That were an inversion of the divine order. The pulpit is primarily a spiritual agency; the spiritual always leads to the sociological; we cannot say that the sociological leads to the spiritual. We can raise the whole man only as we reach and raise the spiritual in him. Look at the great spiritual revival under the preaching of Wesley and Whitfield; the results registered themselves in every department of human life. Apart from its spiritual results, that great revival enhanced the economic value of the meanest laborer, added millions to the wealth of the nation, conciliated capital and labor, saved Britain from the horrors of the French Revolution, and paved the way for most of those great industrial and social reforms which have practically given us a new England and America. I do not say we must preach just as Wesley did; but I say we must preach the same old Gospel in terms of the evangelical thinker of today.

CHAPTER XIII

AT LARGE AS ASSOCIATE SECRETARY OF MISSIONS, 1896-1907

IN the spring of 1896 Henderson bought and furnished the house, 51 Rosedale Road, in which he and his family lived for eleven years and which they greatly enjoyed. It was his "ain fireside," the spot above all others to which his heart turned when far out on the prairies or down by the sea travelling thro' fog and rain from one appointment to another in Newfoundland or the Maritime Provinces. There he was always surrounded by young folks whom he loved. When busy at the office during the spring and autumn months, in which there were no outside appointments, a daughter and niece would meet him at the car, and with one on each arm he would come gaily along Crescent Road laughing and joking like a boy. In the evening, after the studies of the young folks were over, there would be reading in the big library and living room, *Lorna Doone*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Fair Maid of Perth*, *The Little Minister*, *Sentimental Tommy*, or Ralph Connor's latest, by the mother who was always ready to respond to the cry, "One chapter more, auntie," "Oh, please, Mother."

Even the venerable grandfather, Mrs. Henderson's father, of an ancient strictness of walk and con-

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versation, would become interested. Miss Le Rossignol has laughingly told me that he did not approve of reading "lies," and, bye and bye, would slip away to his room and pray for forgiveness for himself and the misguided minister and his family.

On Sunday evening when Henderson was away, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun" was always sung by the family because he would give it out as the first hymn wherever he might be, and to the tune, "Warrington."

In the year 1896-7 he did not take any long trips, but in the autumn of 1897 he went down to the Maritime Provinces and across to Newfoundland where he was entertained at the home of the Honorable J. J. Rogerson and preached at St. John's, Harbor Grace, Carbonear and other places. He used to tell some amusing stories of Mr. Rogerson's coachman, an Irishman and a noted character in St. John's. On his arrival at St. John's Henderson had a rather severe cold and "Old Michael," as he was called, said to him, "Don't worry, dochter, I'll bring you something that will cure that faverish cowl'd in no time." So he brought a glass of pretty stiff hot toddy. "Oh, but I can't drink that, Michael, you'll have to throw it out." "Never fear, dochter, I'll see that it's not wasted."

Mr. Rogerson was an intensely ardent and pronounced enemy of the liquor traffic, and a plebiscite was being taken on a Permissive, or Local Option, Bill. Mrs. Rogerson met the old coachman in the course of the day and said to him, "Well, Michael, how did you vote to-day? You know if this Bill

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passes you won't be able to get anything for your 'faverish cowlids.'" "Oh, well, ma'am," Old Michael answered, "of course I voted with the masther. But by the help of God, it won't come in my day."

St. John's Newfoundland,
15th Oct., 1897.

My Dear Wife,

At last I have reached the land of the cod alive, I was going to say, and only alive. I left Halifax by steamer *Portia* on Tuesday last in company with the President of this Conference and reached here yesterday evening, occupying over fifty hours in the voyage. I struggled hard against the demands of nature, but very soon had to succumb. I don't know that I ever suffered more to the minute than I did in that sail of 500 miles. The seas were big and rolling all the way, and scarcely a passenger escaped. I am very exhausted as the result. But what a blessed time I had last night in a soft, warm, comfortable bed, and what a comfortable home I have at Honorable Rogerson's! Mrs. Rogerson is a most motherly woman, and Irish at that. God bless the Irish women! If ever the gates of Paradise open as widely and welcomely to me when the last voyage is over as did this glorious woman open her heart and home to me yesterday I shall be abundantly satisfied.

I preach twice next Sabbath, then speak on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. The following Sabbath I am in Carbonear and Harbor Grace. Then I return to St. John's and give a lecture on I don't know what to the students of College Home.

Sydney, Cape Breton,
29th Oct., 1897.

I have just reached this point from Newfoundland per Steamer Bruce, en route for Halifax, and ust in

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time to miss the train. I am in a little bit of an inn, and the rain pours. I feel myself still on board the boat, so that I cannot see with a clear eye or write with steady hand. I had much less of a hard time, however, coming from, than I had going to, the Island. I attended all my engagements there, and had a wonderful series of meetings. Each place was packed, and the response was overwhelming. The last meeting I had they all stood as I passed out, and sang, 'God be with you till we meet again.' The people wept, and I was glad when I got away from the excitement. Poor Newfoundland! A blessed people, but a blighted place. I saw more poverty in the two weeks there than I ever saw in all Canada. I rode over miles of the most barren country and never saw enough land to make a farm. The country is a great wilderness. The whole island seems to have been a mammoth volcano in geologic times. Every height is a Sinai awful in its sternness and solitude. Riding from Blackhead to Carbonear I was on the top of a vast mountain range, and as far as I could see there was nothing but rock piled above rock in the shape of stormy billows. As if at one time it had been a liquid, molten sea of fire lashed with the tempest, and just at the height of the storm some wizard had waved his wand and petrified its waves when they were at their highest. I have been homesick more than once, and am counting the weeks which like milestones lie between me and Rosedale.

When not filling appointments at Missionary Anniversaries, Summer Schools, or Conferences, the Associate Missionary Secretary had a great deal of clerical work to do, especially during the absence of Dr. Sutherland, editing the *Outlook*, preparing the Annual statement for the Conferences or the Quadrennial statement for the General Conference, making abstracts from the Annual Report for wider

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publication in pamphlet form under such titles as "Methodist Missions in a Nut Shell" or "A Year's Progress." There was also much correspondence with missionaries on the field, and during the summer their reports had to be prepared for printing and much proof reading done for the Missionary Report, so that even in holiday time work was sent up to him from the office. But his health was good for the first few years, and he enjoyed being busy. His relations, too, with the General Secretary, Accountant, and members of the small staff were very agreeable. Dr. Sutherland wrote to him after his retirement, "To tell the honest truth, it feels mighty lonesome here; I miss your cheerful company more than I can say," and J. N. Shannon, accountant, wrote on October 3rd, 1907, "This is the day for which in my thought all other days in the year were made, and, as you know, we are now busily engaged in the annual session of the General Board at the Metropolitan Church. I have been thinking of you a great deal lately in spite of the mountain of work I have had to tunnel through, and I know you have been thinking of me. All this morning there seemed to be something wanting here—a familiar form and voice that for eleven years lent such interest to this gathering, at least for me. What a good time we had together! One is apt to feel he did not fully appreciate his blessings when they are withdrawn, but I believe I did to the full and I shall always be thankful for the inestimable blessing that came into my life at the Mission Rooms during those happy years."

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And, after his death, the same friend writes, "As one to associate with, either in or out of business hours, the writer can bear testimony to his amiability, his companionship, his interest in the smaller details of everyday life, his adaptability to the level of the lesser minds he was bound to sojourn with from time to time. He sometimes spoke of being expected to entertain those who, after a missionary meeting, gathered at the home where he was billeted, instead of being entertained by them. The simple-mindedness of his nature was all the more glad to seek relief and occupation among the common, ordinary folk of the office staff, who always looked forward to his return and regarded with rapture the chance walk or talk with him. To have been able to call Dr. Henderson a friend—and a true friend he was—is an endearing memory for all time."

Toronto, 13th May, 1898.

My Dear Annie,

I am a day late in writing you this week. The reason is, I was, as you know, away at Buffalo, and my correspondence has suffered as the result. Talking of Buffalo, I may say I had, upon the whole, an enjoyable time. I spoke three times and had, for me, a good time. There were present two Bishops and some of the great celebrities of the Methodist Church. But I think Canada can compare very favorably with the preaching talent of the United States. The average man there is below the average man here. The people all seemed delighted with my little effort. The papers declared I would have been a bishop had I been a member of one of their Conferences, but I took all that as a little bit of Yankee flattery. No one knows how weak I am but myself.

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We are having great times at home now. I read some of 'The Rifle Rangers' to the girls each evening. It is a book descriptive of the Mexican War. They are thrown into fits of wild excitement every night at supper in anticipating the pleasure of hearing the story, and, while listening, they are convulsed with laughter or entranced with the dramatic or tragic unfolding of the plot. And yet it is not affecting them detrimentally.

In July, 1901, Henderson went out as one of the Canadian delegates to the Epworth League Convention at San Francisco. He travelled across Colorado, stopping off with Mrs. Henderson at University Park to visit her son, Professor James Le Rossignol, and at Rifle, where the other son, Dr. Walter Le Rossignol, lived.

In the great gathering in the Pavilion he responded to the address of welcome to the Canadian delegation.

San Francisco, Cal., 20th July, 1901.

My Dear Wife,

Just a moment have I to give you visible evidence that I have survived the great event. I never saw such a mass of people as assembled in the Pavilion last evening. It was impossible for any voice to carry articulate sounds over the whole of that human ocean. The speakers who preceded me were Bishop Warren and Bishop Hamilton. Their speeches were grand, but such was the physical effort required and such was the ceaseless hum and tramp of the people talking and walking by the thousands in the corridors of the building, that those disposed to listen could not hear.

When my turn came I determined to strike a much lower key than my predecessors had done, and succeeded so much better than I had hoped that the Bish-

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ops declared my voice could float any distance. The people all say they heard me better than the others. But though I am greeted everywhere with hearty congratulations I would not pass through that ordeal again for one hundred dollars, and that is a great deal for a Scotchman to say.

This is a marvellous city is San Francisco. There is nothing like it, I think, anywhere. The forces of society, good on the one hand, bad on the other, obtrude themselves everywhere. I speak again this evening, also preach twice tomorrow. I am billeted at the Palace Hotel, the best and biggest in the city. Dr. Withrow and his daughter, Rev. and Mrs. Crews, Rev. and Mrs. Shore, Brothers Turk, Kerby and W. J. Smith, are all with me here. The brethren feel that justice has not been given to Canada in any of the arrangements, yet Dr. Berry announced from the platform that the Canadian speakers bore away the banner this time. My health is fine; loneliness is the only thing I have to complain of. You are all so far away. I leave here for Rifle Monday a.m., reaching there Wednesday. O the infinite distances that one has to cover here!

A newspaper report reads:—"Rev. James Henderson, D.D., responded to the address of welcome for Canadian Methodism. He is an orator. His sentences had a statesmanlike swing which fairly lifted his audience. Again and again his great utterances were interrupted by applause."

But the effort to make his voice carry to the farthest corner of the great hall was a great strain on his heart, and after his return home he had several rather alarming heart attacks. However, a few weeks rest at home with his never-failing powers of recuperation seemed to bring his health back to normal. In October he attended the meeting of the

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General Board at St. Mary's, then went out for a tour of the West. In December the Manitoba correspondent of the *Guardian* gives the following account of his work:—

The missionary story has found a new setting in the visit of Rev. Dr. James Henderson to the West. The reports of his sermons and addresses recall the days of Billy Dawson and Dr. Newton, when wondering thousands sat entranced under the spell of their eloquence as they told of the victories of peace in heathen lands. At Boissevain the people were charmed with his eloquent presentation of missions and responded heartily to his appeal. At Crystal City, although the night was dark and the attendance somewhat lessened on that account, the address was so highly appreciated that the congregation subscribed more than twice the amount of last year, and the pastor expects to raise \$300 for missions. On the first Sunday of the month the Doctor preached three times on the Deloraine Circuit, and the pastor writes, 'The sermons were masterly efforts, being both able and inspiring. A much greater interest is felt in the cause of missions, and the Doctor's visit will long be remembered.' There was a fine missionary Sunday spent at Souris. Although the missionary contributions advanced 20% last year, the doctor's visit there brought a further increase of 75%. Roland reports a large advance and Carman an increase of over 80%. There have been some long drives over the prairies, with addresses every night, making an average of seven sermons or addresses every week, but there has been a blessed compensation for the hard work. There have been good congregations, increased interest in missions, and splendid contributions. The man with the silver tongue has been stepping westward with the stride of a conqueror, and arousing enthusiasm as he spoke of the modern knight-

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errantry, until the quivering lips and eyes suffused with tears have been the response to the touch of his eloquence, and now there abide glowing memories of the day that is gone.

Virden, Man., 21st Nov., 1901.

I am somewhat stormstaid this morning, that is, the snow is falling, so that I cannot get out before train time. I have been kept on the move a good deal of my time, and as the country is not very well organized the railway branches are rough riding. I have been for the last two days up in the Territories and have been jolted and jarred, shaken and swung about as if I were enclosed in a huge shuttle cock. Still improvements are all the time being introduced, and in the villages and towns I find the people are possessing themselves of many of the conveniences and comforts of life. The juvenile element here is everywhere in evidence, and the enthusiasm and enterprise of youth are pushing the country rapidly to the first and foremost place among the Provinces of the Dominion. Never was there such animation and adventure witnessed here as now among the young men. One young man at the meeting last night who has been in the country for some years got \$6,500.00 for his wheat, and he has the produce of another 100 acres of land yet to sell. There is a kind of intoxication in the very air, not only because of the ozone, but because of the great amount of money in circulation. We have run up from 50% to 80% over all former years at almost every meeting I have addressed. We shall go some thousands in this Conference ahead of last year.

Brandon, 19th September, 1902.

My Dear Wife,

By the heading of this letter you will see that we have got through with the General Conference and are about to begin the meeting of the General Board. I

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am hoping to get home in time to spend Sunday, the 28th, with the family before I start out on the tour East, which will necessitate my absence from home for about two months or more.

The General Conference has signalized itself in authorizing the formation of a Special Fund for Missions of \$250,000 in commemoration of the bi-centenary of the birth of John Wesley, 17th of June next. This will mean that next year we shall have to raise over half a million for missions—in fact, nearly \$600,000. Another feature of the Conference was the appointment of four Superintendents of Missions for the Western Conferences. Methodism at last has waked up and is determined to keep her place in the front as an agency for the gathering in of the masses and the moral up-building of the country.

Another event of the Conference was the proposition for union on the mission field by the delegates from the Presbyterian Church. I never heard Presbyterians push and press the question of union between the two churches as did Dr. Patrick, Moderator Bryce, and Ralph Connor. They were most enthusiastic and aroused the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the vast congregation present to hear them.

In September, 1902, the Associate Secretary attended General Conference at Winnipeg, then went down to Montreal and Quebec, took a tour through the Eastern Townships, and preached again in Montreal on the way home.

On February 1st, 1903, he was preaching in Ottawa, the guest of his dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Coates. To quote a newspaper report, "Rev. Dr. James Henderson, of Toronto, Associate Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church preached two eloquent sermons in the city yesterday. Dr.

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Henderson is a striking figure in the pulpit, his stalwart frame and reverend appearance lending much to the almost invincible eloquence of his voice and argument, which is nothing if not logical. He spoke in the morning in Dominion Church on 'The Gospel of God' and closed his sermon with an eloquent description of the 'Transformation of Lachlan Campbell' in 'Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush,' which brought tears to the eyes of many in the congregation. In the evening in the Eastern Church Dr. Henderson was again brilliant and effective. He gave a luminous sketch of the mission work in Japan and China."

Early in June he attended the London Conference, preaching and giving addresses. On the 10th he wrote to his daughter then away from home,—

My Dear Annie,

I have just returned from our London Conference. Sunday there was a high day. I never witnessed such a jam as I did at the Sunday morning service. The people came from the East and the West, the North and the South. There were buses and all kinds of vehicles from ten circuits within a radius of twenty-five miles; they actually ran a special train through from Teeswater on Sunday morning. The people sat on the window sills, they sat on the floor, they stood wherever there was an inch to stand on, and then it was estimated that there were about one thousand who could not get in doors. Four ladies, of course, swooned and had to be carried into the vestry. This was in the midst of my discourse, but the people did not withdraw their eyes from the pulpit. Old women and men were standing supporting themselves as best they could on the ends of pews and canes and crutches, and they never

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moved during the whole hour of the sermon. I don't know that I ever noticed such a death-like stillness as that which pervaded the whole assembly as I told them the story of the lost "Flora Campbell." On Monday we had a lively time over the Bi-Centenary fund. For about half an hour there was firing and cross-firing from every part of the Conference. However, they afterwards expressed themselves as absolutely satisfied, and passed a resolution strong, sweeping, and splendid—they arose to their feet and applauded when it was passed. So far this great Connexional movement has been launched with flying colors.

I cannot at present write to you, so I am getting Miss McGuffin to catch from my lips these few lines and send them on. I leave tomorrow for Winnipeg, where I shall preach twice on Sunday, speak three times on Monday, and leave if possible the same night for the East. If steam and electricity can carry me fast enough, I shall be in Sydney, N.S., on the following Sunday, and thence to Newfoundland. I may not be able to carry out this programme; but if I do I shall have covered more land than Caesar did in his campaign, or Philip of Macedon when he undertook to conquer Greece,—Ahem! You have to stay in Montreal just as long as you can. No more at present. Love to you and all others.

After a couple of days at home he went on to the Conference at Winnipeg. On June 18th he writes from his brother's home at Manitou, "I am here enjoying a little rest and retirement after the great battle," and a few days later occurred an accident which might have proved fatal. He was driving with his brother and family near the railway at La Rivière when the horses became restive at the unloading of a car of rails, and he advised his brother to have his

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wife and children alight and wait by the roadside until their return. A little further on the horses began to plunge and kick, and Andrew Henderson jumped out to seize them by the bridle, but they had got beyond his control. Henderson turned his back as an old minister had advised him years ago to do under similar circumstances, and attempted to climb over the wheel. But the near horse saw him and landed a vicious kick on his hip which knocked him to the ground. Both shoes struck him. Fortunately, the amount of firm flesh covering the bone prevented any fracture and the skin was not broken, but there was severe contusion of tissue and muscle, and he lay all night in agony in a shack by the railway attended by two doctors. Subsequent examination showed that a calk of one shoe missed his spine by only the fraction of an inch. Next morning Sir William Whyte, Vice-President of the C.P.R., sent a special car to take him to Manitou in the care of sympathetic trainmen. For two weeks he lay at his brother's home tenderly nursed by the family and by kind friends in the town, among them Mrs. Nellie McClung, the authoress, her husband, and a clever young Scotch doctor. Again pure blood and a strong heart brought him through a serious crisis, though he suffered intensely for some time and never recovered from the aftermath of the accident.

Manitou, 1st July, 1903.

My Dear Wife,

This is the first effort to write I have made since the disaster. I have been wishing to give you some evidence of my being yet alive more direct and assuring

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than telegram, newspaper reports, or even Carrie's letters. It is too bad that you had to wait and bear the worry and heart pain of so much uncertainty during the first few days which elapsed before the doctors could make up their mind that I was not going to die. I thought of you all, and longed to do something to prevent the news reaching you in the cold, cruel way it did. But I was absolutely helpless. Could not move a muscle or a limb to help myself for some considerable time after I received the blows. The first thing I clearly remember was a crowd of sad, inquisitive faces around looking down on me, apparently unable to help me in any way, and waiting for some one, I did not know whom, to come and pronounce me dead or alive. Then I saw Andrew holding my hands in his, crying and with Gethsemane painted on his face. Then I strove to speak and, sure enough, my tongue was the first to recover from the shock. I said, 'Gentlemen, to say the least, this is rather an undignified position for the Associate Secretary of the Methodist Church to be found in.' There was then a way opened in the crowd for a gentleman with business on his face and a valise in his hand—it was the doctor. He gave me a heart stimulant, as he found my heart weak, then he tried to move my legs, and I almost screamed with the pain. He then ordered a stretcher, but the anguish I endured when they raised me on that mattress only Omniscience and myself know. I was carried to a little cabin of a house near by where I remained all night, the doctors staying with me, using opiates to deaden the pain, and arsenic and digitalis to urge the heart to do its work and pull me through. Next morning they got me on the stretcher again and carried me to the train for Manitou. I never thought there was so much kindness, and even tenderness, in men—hard-looking men. And when I was in the railway carriage, from the engineer down, every man was so careful not to

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have me shaken or jarred in any unnecessary way that the train pulled out of the station and over those long eleven miles as if it had been an invalid's chair or baby carriage.

How relieved I was to get home to Manitou! Then came the ordeal of examining my wounds. I won't harrass you with particulars. My whole right side was paralyzed. At first it was feared the spine was badly injured. Then the doctors thought there were symptoms of internal hemorrhage. My pulse and temperature were high and they feared peritonitis, and really the poor doctors were at their wits' end. I kept perfectly calm and only required them to let you folks know at once if they decided I was going to die. Beyond a desire to live long enough to see you all I felt my mind quite at rest, because from the first I was sure such a succession of blows could not be other than fatal in their consequences. My nerves and heart behaved wonderfully well during the examination, and I stood it better than I expected. Though I have suffered much, the doctors say I shall surely be well in a few days. The marks of the horse shoes are plainly visible upon my back on each side of the spine, but that escaped and not a bone was broken.

I feel exceedingly thankful for the prospect of meeting you and the family again, and believe that the result of all this will be in every sense I shall be a better man. I am tired out now and must not write any more.

To his daughter after the accident:—

Manitou, 2nd July, 1903.

I have had a good night, pain is gone, paralysis passing away. In good spirits, can sing, 'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath' and other of my morning songs, even if I have to do it on my back. Altogether I am happy without the inspiration of morphine. My heart is working like a trip-hammer. The doctor

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thinks if I lived here I would have no trouble with my heart. Oh! it is a glorious country this; old Canaan 'dressed in living green' wasn't in it with Manitoba. Yesterday was a great day here—Dominion Day—trumpets blaring, drums beating, bands playing, bunting flying, crackers exploding, and the boys and girls sparking. Au revoir.

To his wife:—

July 6th.

I have been experimenting again this morning, testing my strength a little by walking around the room. The first walking I have done since the tragedy. But oh! how weak! I feel as if a passing mosquito could throw me over with a flap of his wing. The broken muscles and torn tissue are, however, healing up fast. There are marks of the kicks on the skin, but that was not lacerated, and the mischief was subcutaneous. Now, as to the time of my departure for the east, as the Scotch would say, "I am in an unco swither." There is still a large swelling on my side which makes it painful for me to sit very long. Also my locomotion is weak and wretched. I cannot stand without support. Of course, I might manage to get along with a crutch or two staves, but I do not wish to appear in Toronto as if I had just returned from Magersfontein or Paardeburg; it would look a little too theatrical. And yet I have set my heart on the Thursday Imperial Limited, which, I think, would land me at 51 Rosedale Road about Saturday afternoon. I am securing a lower berth to-day in that train, and if, at the eleventh hour, I find I have been a little too previous and that weak nature rebels I shall just have to cancel the engagement. The folks here are more than ordinarily attentive, but oh! "My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here." I can never forget the kindness of Mrs. Nellie McClung and of her husband, the druggist, who with a few strong

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men of the village took their turn to watch with me at night and thus obviated the necessity of sending either to Winnipeg or Toronto for a nurse. 'All's well that ends well,' but it was a close call.

On July 7th he left for home, and, though partially incapacitated for some time, he was down at the Mission Rooms again in September and preaching throughout Ontario during the late fall and winter, returning from one town just the day before undergoing an operation which was necessary to relieve some troublesome effects of the accident. His clerical work was sent up from the office, so he lost no time even when confined to his room, and in a few weeks he was travelling and preaching once more. In August he addressed the Missionary Convention at Kincardine. In October he attended the meeting of the General Board at Lindsay, then went out to Winnipeg again, his fourth and last visit to the west.

In the issue of August 31st., 1904, the *Guardian* has this paragraph about his work:—

It is not necessary to tell any one of our readers that that important office has been filled since 1896, and well filled, by the Rev. James Henderson, D.D. Dr. Henderson is as widely known throughout our connexion as any minister of the church, but, perhaps, there are not many who have any conception of the vast amount of work that he covers during a year. Not excepting the holiday season, he travels continually, preaching and lecturing two, three and four times a Sunday, and three and four evenings during the week. The amount of physical and nervous energy required to keep up a programme such as that, year after year, would soon wear out anything else but a piece of tough

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Scotch stuff, such as Dr. Henderson is made of. It would be superfluous to speak of Dr. Henderson's splendid advocacy of the missionary cause before our people during these years. The church that he serves may well pray that he be long spared to give his splendid talents and noble enthusiasm to leadership in Christian missions. After the meeting of the Mission Board Dr. Henderson will go west, spending several weeks in attendance at missionary conventions. Even now his plan for 1905-6 is almost entirely filled in, and every possible date for this season is arranged for.

To his daughter Annie:—

Toronto, 26th Jan., 1904.

The storm of the season is upon us; a regular blizzard has been raging all night, the mercury down below zero. It has taken me about one hour and a half to get down to the Rooms. The trains are all tied up, and much suffering among the poor. Our house is very comfortable, thermometer in library, as a rule, near, and sometimes above, 70 degrees. I tell you it was a fine stroke of economy and forethought to get the heating system put in when we did.

Well, I have not had the operation yet. Last Friday night I spent the long and lonely hours in nervous apprehension of the coming day that was to see me stretched on the operating table submitting to the surgeon's knife. But when morning dawned the nurse telephoned that Dr. Bruce had been called away out of town to attend a critical case of appendicitis, and when he returned, I could not accept him as Dr. Sutherland's illness requires me to be down at the Rooms. As it now stands, the operation has been indefinitely postponed. Meantime nature is going on with her operation, and I feel so much better in the region of the injury that, at this rate, I may yet escape a painful ordeal. I am now practising the Christian Science cure, and

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with all my powers of imagination I am trying to convince myself that the pain, the discomfort, the sciatica, the existence of lacerated tissue, in fact, my possession of a material organism, is all a delusion and a dream. And do you know, I think I have succeeded to a degree. I can walk now quite a distance and not feel the pain. But perhaps the walking and the absence of the old pain are themselves the chimera of a distempered brain. After all, are we not at best but phantoms floating across the world which is itself only a bubble, a tuft of illusive foam on the great sea of the Eternal and Unknown, a shadow in pursuit of shadows, soon to vanish into the world of Reality or Unreality and be forgotten. A better and brighter genius has said:

“We are such stuff

As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.”

To the same.

Toronto, Feb. 29th, 1904.

Your letter of congratulation arrived a day ahead of time, but was none the less welcome on that account. I thank you much for your kind wishes and trust that I shall prove worthy of them for the brief time I may have to spend with all my loved ones.

Your prophecy of a great storm in honor of my birthday is now being fulfilled. It has blown all day from the east, a regular blizzard. We are of the opinion that it seems the greatest storm that has passed over Toronto in our time. We are storm-staid; none of us have been able to go out of doors, not even Robert, so we are without our evening paper. Still we are very cozy in our library, and I have spent the evening reading aloud a story of Weyman's to Mother and Mary B. It is now about ten o'clock, and the wind without is lifting the snow in great swirling clouds, and sounding like an express train; indeed, sometimes it has the voice

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of thunder. We are thinking of the dear ones away from home, wondering what Annie is doing at Rifle and what Nellie is doing at Whitby.

Dear old Mrs. Harcourt was carried to the Necropolis this afternoon with great difficulty owing to the drifts and blinding storm. Miss Harcourt is terribly crushed. They were so essential to each other—mother and daughter. What a pity that such bonds have at last to be severed! Why should we be torn apart from those we so much love and cannot afford to lose? Some day we may know. Meanwhile we must make the best of our present opportunities for love and service. One thing is certain, I have reached the top of the hill, and it will not require as many years to go down the shady side as it has done to get up the sunny side. Oh! I want to divest myself of everything that might prove an encumbrance in another life. I want to get away from the low, earthly self to the higher and spiritual life. A few more revolutions of the planet round its centre, and I shall be done with all that has engaged and engrossed me all these years. And what then?

In the summer of 1905 he preached the ordination sermon at the Conference in St. John's, Newfoundland, and addressed the missionary meeting there, then filled several appointments in Nova Scotia, attended the Summer School at St. John, N.B., and got back to Toronto on August 22nd., in time to get reports, etc., ready for the Board meeting at London in October. In November he was east again, preaching at Quebec and Montreal.

The conviction had been growing upon Henderson that he could not continue the strenuous work of travelling from one end of Canada to the other and preaching Sundays and week-days without injury

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to his health. The lure of the pastorate, too, was drawing him back, so he decided to send in his resignation as Missionary Secretary and accept the invitation which came to him in November, 1905, to become pastor of Dominion Methodist Church, Ottawa, in June, 1907.

Of his eleven years in the Mission Rooms he wrote to Dr. James Endicott in 1924:—

The next time the Mission Board laid hands on me was in 1896. It was then I left Sherbourne St. and put aside invitations from two of our leading churches to become an advocate of Missions, which I continued to be for eleven years. That may, or may not, have been to the detriment of Methodism, but it was certainly to the injury of my health. I was in labors superabundant, often preaching four times a Sabbath and each evening during the week except Saturday. Dr. Stephenson and Mr. Shannon can give you some idea of the writing I had to do on my travels. I do not regret it, as I have the satisfaction of knowing that for once I exceeded my abilities. So much so, that I jokingly said to Dr. Sutherland after my accident, "If I should die as the result of this disaster you can write over my grave, "He hath done what he couldn't."

Two tributes to Henderson's work as Associate Missionary Secretary may here be given.

One was from the Mission Rooms after his death:—

The recent death of Rev. James Henderson, D.D. (at Montreal, November 22nd, 1924), recalls to the staff at the Mission Rooms the eleven years from 1896 to 1907, in which he placed his great powers at the service of the Missionary Society as Associate and Field Secretary, devoting his time and energies to advocating

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the cause of missions throughout the Dominion and in Newfoundland. His entry upon this distinctive line of work soon left its mark upon the missionary income of the time, which grew from \$230,000 to \$445,000 during the period of his incumbency. It left an abiding impress on the Methodist constituency. We are safe in saying that his cultivation of missionary interests during those years of unwearied and incessant effort laid the foundation for the larger growth of these later years. For the Society's income, which nearly doubled through his 'labors superabundant' (to use his own words), has since then gone far beyond the million mark.

He was much sought after both for missionary addresses and sermons on special occasions. The pathos of his voice, the tender touches in illustration, the humor and sympathy, that warmed the heart and brought preacher and people wonderfully near together, will never be forgotten by those who had the privilege of sitting under the charm of his eloquence.

His appeal for missions, undertaken at the call of the Church, was carried on at great sacrifice to his personal comfort. Exposure to cold, long trips in bad weather, and a series of unfortunate accidents, brought about his return to the pastorate, and no doubt were the cause of the weakness and suffering which marked the last years of his life. Through it all, however, and down to the very last, there was the cheerful submission of a man of supreme and heroic faith.

The other tribute is from Dr. S. P. Rose:—

Nothing in Dr. Henderson's public life compels my admiration so much as the years he gave to the Church as Associate Missionary Secretary. He was minister of Sherbourne St. Methodist Church, Toronto, when the opportunity came to enter the Mission rooms. Sherbourne St. was at the height of its career. The

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church was crowded every Sunday. Its minister's popularity was at full tide. He served a generous and loving people, and his hold upon the public was apparently increasing. Upon all this and more Dr. Henderson turned his back to accept a salary much smaller than the pastorate secured him, to give up his study for almost constant railway travel, to resign his home life for the inconvenience belonging to lengthy journeys and no little occasional hardship; and this he did, not only uncomplainingly or with the air of one making a sacrifice, but with an enthusiastic self-forgetfulness and abandon upon which it is now pleasant to reflect. It is impossible to measure the value of his services as Field Secretary. He did not preach in the large churches only, nor on Sundays alone. He visited humble missions and addressed small audiences. Nor were his most carefully prepared or best delivered sermons and speeches reserved for special occasions. I heard him quite often during that period, and recall with particular delight addresses to meagre audiences gathered under conditions far from inspiring. Indeed, it was then that he excelled himself. I remember, especially, one thoroughly disagreeable week night when, in a small building partly filled, he spoke with a fervour and force that thrilled us and left upon my mind, at least, an indelible impression. The influence of hundreds of such addresses is incalculable. His were no official utterances by one who claimed deference as an ecclesiastical dignitary; they burned with evangelistic fire and aroused missionary zeal in countless hearts. And it is much to his credit that he enjoyed to the fullest the affection and confidence of his chief in office, Dr. Alexander Sutherland, who possessed an uncanny insight into character, and whose good opinion was a guarantee of merit.

CHAPTER XIV.

DOMINION CHURCH, OTTAWA, 1907-1911

AT the end of August, 1907, after spending the summer at Cap à l'Aigle, Henderson came with his family to Ottawa, where he received a very warm welcome from the office-bearers and members of Dominion Methodist Church, preaching his first sermons on September 1st. The four years spent in this charge were most successful and enjoyable. The congregations were often so large in the evenings that the indefatigable secretary and head usher, Mr. W. C. Bowles, with his assistants, had great difficulty in seating them, and on some special occasions hundreds were turned away. One evening walking up Metcalfe St. with Sir Frederick Borden the minister tried to enter by the front way. The door-keeper said, "Keep back; there's no use trying to get in; there isn't even standing room." "Well," he replied, "if I don't get in there'll be no show to-night," so the usher let him and his companion in.

The different departments of church work were well organized and well manned; there was enthusiasm in every society; and money came in freely. The social life was most enjoyable, the people being hospitable and generous toward their pastor and his family.

Henderson's health was fairly good during the

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four years except for some attacks of influenza and one of sciatica which laid him aside for a few weeks. He usually preached twice on Sunday, often visited the Sunday School and Epworth League, led the Wednesday evening service, and made regular pastoral calls. He had many warm personal friends in Dominion, among whom John Coates, Edward Seybold, C. A. Douglas, W. C. Perkins, and W. C. Bowles, predeceased him, as he records in his letter in March, 1924, to Dr. Frank Jones, Recording Steward:—

I am sad to think that so many of my dearest friends have passed into the great Beyond, and one of my sorrows is that I shall see their faces no more. Few, if any, of the brethren who met me at the station in 1907 to welcome me as their pastor, survive.

The memory of my four years in Dominion forms one of the brightest spots in the horizon of my ministry. I never enjoyed preaching in any pulpit more than I did in yours. The pew registered a high plane of intellectuality and my preaching, though unsatisfactory to myself, was always highly appreciated. I regard Dominion Church as one of the strategic points of Methodism. Indeed, in some respects, it is the Mars' Hill of Protestantism in this country. Its influence is felt throughout all Canada and, indeed, touches other points far beyond. I remember I announced for a Parliament Day, and my audience was formed largely of members of the Commons and Senate. The Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, was there incog., and three bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, U.S.A., came forward at the close to thank me. Another Sunday morning I had the honor of preaching to one of the greatest writers of the Empire, Rudyard Kipling, and more than once we were honored by the pre-

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sence of their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Grey, and their suite. I envy Dr. Brown the privilege of standing where he stands each Sunday and congratulate him on the success he has already scored.

I am still confined to the house, and spend most of my time in bed. If ever the angel of health revisits me and gives me strength to travel I shall strike for Ottawa.

Please convey to your Board and congregation the assurance of my warmest thanks for their kindness. Their congratulations are all the more welcome now that with me "the day is far spent and the night is at hand."

From the letters of his friend, Mr. W. J. Topley, the well-known photographer, we quote the following appreciation:—

Great as were his spoken words, his silent influence like a perfume pervaded his work and words, exerting an uplifting power that was an inspiration.

He seemed to depend on his power as a leader, avoiding direct argument or antagonising people, being satisfied to find the smallest amount of truth to which he added from his richer stores of knowledge and experience, thus leading his hearers. Even today we stand in his presence, he having joined the Choir Invisible, for he lives in the souls of all who have heard him. His influence has been to us a force, a power beneficent, uplifting to an expressible experience.

I think there is no proof of continuity of life more convincing than a review of such a life as his, which proves the divinity of the soul. That which we call death is the means of permitting the soul to claim its destiny, its home.

Dr. Henderson was interested in every phase of life, and treated all subjects without prejudice, willing to get the views of all, past or present, especially of things

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spiritual. He lived a truly spiritual life, in which, when possible, he made use of everything, even materialistic thought, to serve his spiritual needs. Certainly, the aim of the spiritual ought to be to take every advantage to feed the spiritual. For, after all, if we make it so, this is the spiritual life, this is Eternity.

Towards psychic phenomena, which so many pooh-pooh, he was very open-minded and loved to investigate the operations of the human mind, objective and subconscious, and its never ending activity. Once, when conversing with him on this subject, he told me that when of an evening in his reading he found a subject suggesting a sermon, the next morning he would find the sermon all worked out, that evidently while he slept the subconscious mind kept on working.

Early in June, 1908, Henderson went to Baltimore as one of two fraternal delegates from the Methodist Church of Canada to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was held in the Lyric Hall of that city. Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., represented the laymen of the Canadian Church. Of the addresses of these delegates the *Christian Advocate* said: "Dr. Tipple formally presented 'The Cicero and the Demosthenes of Canada Methodism.' Dr. James Henderson, the leonine pastor of Dominion Church, Ottawa, and Newton W. Rowell, Esq., K.C., of Toronto, delivered addresses which had nothing in common except the note of Christian fraternity. Dr. Henderson entertained the receptive audience for nearly an hour with his varied eloquence, while the King's Counsel represented with compelling earnestness and keen wit the zealous missionary spirit of the present generation of Canadian laymen."

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From *Zion's Herald* we quote: "Dr. Henderson spoke in a voice that reached the farthest corner of the hall, and with impassioned oratory held the great audience spellbound to the closing sentences."

The *Guardian* of that date says of the impression Henderson made at Baltimore:—

Like Caesar of old, the Rev. Dr. James Henderson, the Canadian Fraternal Delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now in session at Baltimore, "came and saw and conquered." He took the vast assembly by storm. At the close of his address 10,000 people leapt to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and broke forth into singing, "Faith of Our Fathers." It was indeed a great demonstration.

Dr. Henderson was to preach in one of the city churches on Sunday evening, but at the request of the Bishops the Committee in charge of the afternoon service in the great Lyric Hall, which seats 10,000 people, arranged that Dr. Henderson should take that service instead, that all might hear him. This was a laurel placed on the brow of Canadian Methodism through the person of their distinguished delegate.

To Mrs. Henderson, Henderson writes of the extraordinary enthusiasm his address awakened. Of his farewell words to the Conference he says: "As a mark of appreciation they all stood while I spoke; many were in tears. When I sat down they sang as only Methodist preachers can, 'God be with you till we meet again.' Mrs. Warren, the Bishop, and their daughter said they would never forget my sermon in the Lyric on Sunday. I feel sad to leave them, they have been so appreciative."

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Writing to Henderson shortly afterwards the late Rev. J. V. Smith congratulates him on the Baltimore address and adds, "I had Bishop Berry with me last Sunday. He was telling me all about the iridescent splendor it flung over the occasion."

On May 16th, 1911, his daughter Nellie was married in Dominion Church to J. H. Henderson Scott of Dundalk, Ireland, and went to live overseas.

On Sunday evening, May 27th, 1911, at the close of an exceedingly hot day Henderson had a faint turn in the pulpit. After a few minutes rest he finished his sermon, but the nervous shock was such that he was unable to preach again during the remainder of his stay in Ottawa.

After spending a few weeks in Montreal, Dr. and Mrs. Henderson and their daughter, Miss Le Rosignol, sailed on August 8th by the *Teutonic* for England.

Mr. J. S. Eagleson of Dominion Church, whose affectionate tribute to Dr. Henderson was cited in the chapter on Dominion Square Church, Montreal, which Mr. Eagleson was then attending while a student, describes the ministry in Dominion Church:

In 1905, at my suggestion, he was invited to assume the pastorate of Dominion Church, Ottawa, which he did in 1907, and I again came into close and intimate relation with him while for four years he served that church with rare distinction and devotion. His physical health had become somewhat impaired, but not so his mental or spiritual force. By sheer dominance of the will he kept under his body and its handicaps and threw himself into his preaching with such energy that his pulpit power was multiplied many times. He drew

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to his congregation people from all over the city and the surrounding districts, so that the large building was often crowded to the doors and scores had to turn away, unable to gain an entrance. Thus he ministered not only to his own people but to his city and to the surrounding country. It was a wonderful sight on Sunday evening to see that vast congregation representing all classes and creeds sitting as if spell bound by the witchery of his imagination and the exquisite beauty of his style, as with a real passion for souls he proclaimed the words of life. There was a new note discernible in his preaching in those later years. He had grown beyond the stage of theological speculation and controversies and confined himself to the verities.

What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

seemed to be his motto. He felt that his time was short and his opportunities growing fewer, and so he aimed in every sermon to sound the evangelistic note.

While Dr. Henderson was preeminently a preacher and loved above everything to preach, his work was not altogether confined to the pulpit. He was a faithful pastor as well as preacher and, so far as his strength would permit, visited his people, especially those who were sick or in trouble or shut in through age or infirmity, and many a heart was cheered, comforted and inspired with new hope by his sympathy and prayers. It was also his delight to have people gather in the parsonage of an evening, and no one enjoyed himself on such occasions more than he, though many a stranger in the city or young man or woman away from home will recall these social evenings as real events in their lives.

He recognized also his responsibilities as a citizen and his influence was felt in the state as well as in the

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Church. I know that many times he was called into consultation by men high in the councils of the nation, and his advice was sought, and no doubt heeded, by men in places of power and authority. Thus he served his country as well as his Church—rather he served his Church by serving his country,—and Methodism owes more than she knows to James Henderson for its place and prestige with those in the seats of the mighty at Ottawa.

The keen interest in social questions which was so marked in the pastorates in Montreal and Toronto had not been smothered by Henderson's absorption for eleven years in the missionary work of the Church. It took its old place in his preaching. Two typical sermons I find reported in the press. One was entitled, "Can Socialism Save Society?" A report in the *Westmount News* of December 24th, 1909, reads as follows:—

Dr. Henderson showed, in his masterly analysis of the Socialism propounded by Karl Marx that he and the great majority of his anarchical followers hate the Church founded by Jesus Christ—the greatest Socialist that ever lived—with a burning hatred.

The preacher took for his text, St. Paul's dictum, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good" (I. Thess. 5:21). Without any exordium, Dr. Henderson showed that the fundamental doctrine of Socialism, that "labor created wealth" is false. He showed that the great increase in national wealth is due not to manual labor as understood by Socialists of the Karl Marx type, but to labor superintended by ability; to the inventor and the organizing capacity of the great captains of industry. Not to hewers of wood and drawers of water do we owe modern industrial progress, and our enormously increasing national wealth, but to the

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inventive genius of men like George Stephenson, who made the locomotive a success; to Morse, who invented the telegraph; to Gutenberg, who invented the printing press; and others, backed by the magic power of capital. This thesis, supported by apposite illustration, driven home by convincing logic, and set forth with a moral elevation worthy of the grand argument, held the great audience spellbound. One Socialist, however, could not stand it; for amid the breathless silence a voice rang out from under the gallery in stern protest. It was a startling and strange experience in a church. A lady sitting next to me said that the innovation got on her nerves so intensely that she could have screamed. But having denounced in scathing terms the destructive Socialism which flaunts the red flag, Dr. Henderson declared that there was a Socialism in which he did believe—that which would nationalize our railways, our telegraphs and telephones, our forests and water power in the interest of the general good. He even had sympathy with those in the “Old Country” who were struggling to change the effete land system there. This led an exuberant Englishman in one of the pews to lose his head entirely, for he thought he was in a political meeting, and shouted Hear! hear! These two unusual interruptions show that the popular Ottawa minister is attracting into his church men who are unused to the self-control and reverent attitude which regular attendance cultivates. And a good thing this is, too, for not one present could have listened to the Doctor’s noble peroration, in which he showed that Christianity provided the only true Socialism, without being influenced for good. Jesus Christ, by his life and teachings, said he, had done more to bring about the universal brotherhood of man than any other agency in the world, and the triumph of the Cross among the nations was due to the fact that, unlike anarchical Socialism, it proclaimed not only the brotherhood of man, but the Fatherhood of God also.

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The other, of which no date is given, was on "Christian Socialism," and is reported by one of the Ottawa papers:—

Some pertinent and outspoken statements were made by Rev. Dr. Henderson last evening in Dominion Methodist church during the course of his sermon on Christian Socialism.

At the outset, he said he considered the most important resolution passed at the General Conference in Montreal* was the one expressing sympathy with those who were attempting to reform society and to place the political and industrial world on a New Testament basis. The action of the conference had been criticized by people who said the radical resolution was a dangerous concession to Socialism. Rev. Dr. Henderson said he did not agree with this view but thought it was rather an indication that Conference at last had awakened to a sense of the situation and its duty to the industrial and social world. There were two kinds of Socialism. One type was outside the church and worked along purely materialistic and secularistic lines. The other from the first was operating within the pale of the church. The first undertook to improve moral conditions by improving the material and social surroundings, the second by the regeneration of the individual.

The duty of the church was to aim not only at the individual units of society but at a re-organization and reformation of society as a whole. It was impossible for the individual of society to be morally right while society was ethically and economically wrong. The individual was more the product of the society than society was the product of the individual. There were men "thoroughly converted" and yet more under the ethics of society than they were under the ethics of the

*In 1906.

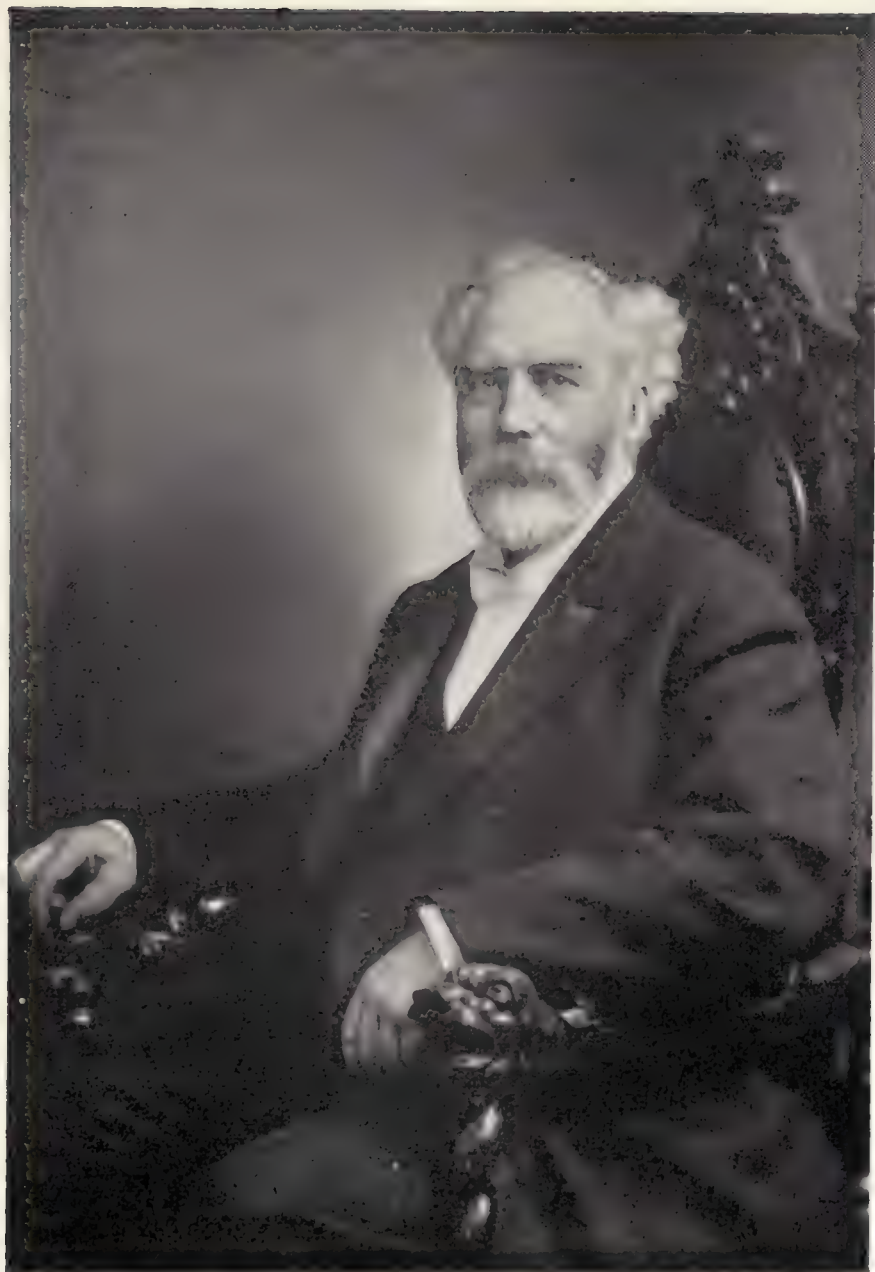


Photo by Park Bros.

REV. JAMES HENDERSON, D.D.

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New Testament. "What business man was there who paid more wages than competition demanded?"

Some people said the church should keep its hand off politics and society, as its exclusive function was the conversion of individuals. This was a great fallacy. Slavery would never have been abolished if the sentiment of Christian brotherhood had not been crystallized into public opinion and law. The church had to see that the Christian principles of equity and brotherhood passed into the legislation of the land. Every preacher had to emphasize the social ethics of the New Testament. Jesus Christ came not only to heal the breach between God and man but the breach between man and man as well. It was time to have less divinity and more of humanity, in a certain sense. A religion which could not enable men to live agreeably here could not enable them to live harmoniously hereafter. Love was the only test of orthodoxy. Too much had been made of theology in the abstract and too little of humanity in the concrete. The business of Christian Canada was run not on Christian lines but on the principle of every man for himself. If the Golden Rule were adopted by Christians in business there would be one of the greatest upheavals in history. And yet business men were as relatively honest as were preachers. There was no use saying business men were extortioners, and pouring the vials of wrath on one man. All would be millionaires if they could. The trouble was that society was absolutely without public conscience. People talked of the injustice and horror of the sweating system and yet when they went to buy they did not worry as to whether or not they were paying a fair value for the goods but wanted to get them for nothing if they could. If the Golden Rule were applied to purchasing, it would make it easier for the merchant to pay proper salaries and would go a long way towards reconciling capital and labor. And organized labor was one of the worst

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tyrannies under the sun, with no conscience and not much heart.

Then there had to be created a public sentiment that would make it forever impossible for a political self-seeker, a political juggler, or a political Judas to breathe the air of Canadian politics or to sit in parliament. The duty and demand of the hour was to put the teachings of Christ in society. The resources of the country should belong to all, the laws which ennobled wealth and discounted manhood should be abrogated. Every human being should have an opportunity of living and a reasonable hope of life hereafter.

A series of sermons given in Dominion Church on the future life aroused remarkable interest. "Is there a Material Hell?" "Science and the Future Life," "Is Heaven a Place or a State?" and "Is Probation Limited, or will God Save the Lost in Eternity?" were the subjects. The sermon on "Hell" packed the church, and thousands were unable to find entrance. A newspaper report reads:—

Whether there be a material hell for the punishment of the impenitent would appear to be a matter of concern judging by the number of persons who vainly sought admission to Dominion Methodist church last evening to hear the eloquent pastor discuss the question. The congregation began to assemble at 6.30 and ten minutes before seven the church was full as it could hold, and those who came later, and they were thousands, were obliged to retrace their steps homeward, unable to gain admission. The preacher bluntly rejected the doctrine of a material hell, while admitting that John Wesley and the early Methodist preachers taught it. "Hell is sin, and sin is hell," expressed the preacher's view of the subject. Whether sin is eternal,

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and therefore hell eternal, was a phase of the question reserved for a future discourse.

Rev. Dr. Henderson took for his text the words "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" (Matt. xxiii, 33). He said:—

My subject tonight is one of the saddest and most solemn that can engage the thoughts and attention of rational and responsible beings. I have to answer the question, "Does Jesus teach the doctrine of a material hell; does Jesus teach the doctrine of a future hell for the wicked at all?" I do not believe that he teaches the doctrine of a material hell. I know in saying so I place myself at variance with the teachings of John Wesley. He taught that an immaterial hell was no hell at all. We occupy a standpoint today which John Wesley could not possibly do in his day. I know that I am at variance with the teachings of certain popular evangelists on this doctrine. One of these gentlemen whose name is known throughout Canada, when in Toronto painted hell in such material and realistic colors as to send one good man I know into confirmed insanity. And were I to believe such a doctrine I know that I would have been mentally unhinged.

What would you think of any human tyrant who would deliberately construct on a colossal scale any instrument or apparatus for torture, who, if the power were given him, would scoop out of darkness a hell of liquid fire into which every moment he would hurl thousands of wretches, there to rise and fall upon the tide of burning lava, enduring unthinkable torture, and not only that, but leaving them without a moment's pause from pain, not allowing even a drop of water to cool their parched tongues; not only so, but by a physical miracle would so perpetuate their existence as to inflict upon them eternal suffering for no other object than infliction of such pain? If your neighbor would treat a dog in that way what would you say of him?

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My friends, if your God be capable of such monstrosity, then all I have to say is that your God is not mine, and not the God of the Bible; your God is my devil.

What did Jesus mean when he used the word hell? As every scholar knows the word is a translation of "gehenna." That was a term used to designate the Valley of Hinnom which bounded Jerusalem on the south. In this valley Moloch, the God of the Amorites, had been worshipped with that horrible and inhuman rite of offering children in the fire. When Josiah overthrew the Amorites, in order to prevent the continuance of the shocking system practiced there, he caused the valley to be converted into a cemetery and cesspool. To the thought of the Jew this valley which had been for generations the receptacle for the bodies and bones of the dead, became the very symbol of all that was odious and obnoxious. Jesus saw in that mass of decomposition and in those quenchless fires which burned there and in the rioting worm a repulsive picture of a repulsive fact. His object was to fling upon the screen of the world such an image of the hideous deformity and defilement of sin as would provoke man's antagonism and arouse his deepest abhorrence, and he has succeeded as no other moral teacher has ever done. But behind this repulsive imagery there was a repulsive fact in the moral world. While I cannot believe in such a material hell as medieval theology has taught or poetry portrayed, yet I believe that here and hereafter such a moral hell exists as Jesus had depicted and so sadly deplored.

Wherever sin is there is hell. Sin in essence is hell and hell is sin.

To sever the connection between sin and suffering would be to introduce anarchy into the universe of God. God would have to unmake the universe and unmake Himself. Infinite love has decreed that wherever sin is there shall be suffering, and that for the sake of the

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sinner. But when suffering ceases to be remedial then it becomes cruelty and barbarism.

That there is a possible hell for the wicked in the future is evident from the study of the law of cause and effect in its relation to moral character. You are at present just what your past has made you. Your mental condition is the sum total of all those thoughts you have entertained, desires you have cherished, purposes you have formed, and deeds you have done. Nothing that a man thinks or desires or cherishes or does ever dies. It enweaves itself into every fibre of his being and becomes a robe of glory or of gloom. You are tonight what yesterday made you, brought forward in the great ledger book of God, and you have to be in eternity what you are tonight, plus what you are becoming, perpetuated and projected into the unknown future. All the materials of the present heaven or hell are now shaping themselves within you; all the elements are there, the judge is there, the great white throne is there, the books of life and doom are there, angels are there to bless, and demons are there to ban you. No wave of oblivion that ever shook the soul can wipe out every trace of your past record. I think that hell enough. What awful revelation may be enfolded within you! What ghosts of dark deeds and guilty moments may come trooping from the dark, deep vaults of the past to confront the sinner in the other world!

Character is heaven; character is hell. The question is not where the man is but what the man is. Hell is not a question of locality. What may be heaven to one man would be hell to another.

To say that a man is lost because he stands upon the verge of some lake of literal fire, about to plunge into its lava surf, and to say that he is saved because God stretched forth his almighty hand to snatch him from the fire is a representation as fallacious and pernicious

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as it has been popular. Salvation is not God lifting the soul out of one place and putting it into another; it is the taking it out of one condition of character and putting it into another.

Show me a man here tonight, a man who is intensely selfish, who is low, mean, malignant, miserably avaricious, who is possessed with the demon of hate and who is poisoned in every faculty and fibre of his nature, and I will show you a man who is now in hell. You must take heaven with you from this world if you will find it in any other world. And the man who does not take hell with him out of this world will not find it in any part of God's universe. Heaven and hell are alike subjective and within.

In the course of his remarks Dr. Henderson observed that he was not dealing with the question of eternal sin or eternal suffering. He could wish that hell itself would pass away and leave its dark mansions open to the peering day. But as to whether sin would be eternal, and therefore suffering would exist forever, that was a question he would discuss at some future time.

The sermon on Heaven is reported as follows:—

“Heaven is, first, a state and, secondly, a place,” said Rev. Dr. James Henderson, of Dominion Methodist Church last evening, continuing his series of sermons on the future life. As to where that place is, the preacher said:

I am not a spiritualist, and do not want to be denounced by the newspapers as an infidel, but I believe that Heaven is all around us and within us; that matter is only a curtain woven in the loom of God and dropped to screen our eyes from the glory behind it. If our eyes were not so gross and our senses so heavy we would see this glory all through the material universe. We are not far away and our dear ones are not far

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away. It is only a breath, a sigh, a groan, and we are at home. This is only a speculation, but since my sickness I have believed that, wherever and whatever Heaven is, if we could catch but the faintest glimpse of its glories, our bodies would be too frail to withstand the outbursts of the soul.

To most (said the preacher) the conception of Heaven was either very vague or very material, depending on whether it was conceived of as a state or a place. If the viewpoint was purely subjective and spiritual, the impression was shadowy; if otherwise, very sensuous. He described with flashing eloquence the conceptions of Heaven as a city of precious stones and gold and eternal praise, as a country where there is no day nor night, and as a Valhalla where the most sensuous delight satiated the drowsy senses.

That is the Heaven that captivates and charms most people, he continued, and we have to hold the Bible and the poetry that has grown out of the Bible responsible for it, but I believe that behind all this imagery there are the beauties of an external glory that no seer has ever seen or poet dreamed.

And yet one may have such an external Heaven as that and be in hell for, after all, it is the person and not the place that makes Heaven or hell. We do not live in our surroundings but in ourselves; not in places but in persons or, rather, in persons first and then in places. What the man is determines essentially where he is. And so Heaven is a state and then a place. It is a place where there is serenity within and without, with peace, music, Christ within and without. Wherever love is, there is Heaven.

Dr. Henderson dismissed briefly the conception of Heaven as being a series of existences through which man passed until he reached the highest peak of Heaven, situated in the centre of the material universe.

What shall be done in Heaven? First, worship,

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answered the preacher. Man had never got to the core of what that was or meant. One true act of spiritual worship must change a man forever. One could not adore any being without being assimilated to the being adored. But it was not meant that man should sing forever or fiddle forever on one string of his nature. Could any one conceive of the genius of Newton or Shakespeare spending eternity playing a harp? For himself Heaven must be a place of intense activity, a place for the exercise of every energy belonging to man's spiritual nature, else it was not Heaven.

From the final sermon on Probation after Death we cull only a significant paragraph:—

I would be forever thankful to any exegete who would prove to me that somewhere and somehow every soul will come to a knowledge of the truth and be saved, and, when looked at from the philosophic or sentimental viewpoint, there are reasons for believing that such will be the case. When I look at God in the light of Gethsemane, in the light of Calvary, in the light of the Cross, sometimes I say, "O God, perhaps, perhaps!" But that is only philosophy and sentiment, and when we are talking as man to man there is one barrier to that belief, and that barrier is the Bible. I defy you to show me there one passage where the doctrine of universal restoration is taught. Nowhere does the Bible explicitly teach that somewhere and some how all men shall be saved. On the other hand it does teach that somewhere, at some point, probation ceases and destiny begins.

So spoke, in part, Rev. Dr. James Henderson in Dominion Methodist church last night to a congregation that filled the building. It was in the series of sermons on the future life begun a month since. As to where the point of probation is, he would not say further than that the Bible teaches that men will be

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judged by things done in time and not in eternity, in the body and not out of the body; that the time will come when every impenitent soul must raise the cry of the text, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." He would not discuss how long the period of probation would last, but an eternal probation would be no probation at all.

To the Rev. David Rogers.

Ottawa, Dec. 11th, 1907.

Dear Brother Rogers,

I was pleased to receive yours of the 20th inst. and somewhat flattered with its contents. So you missed me when in Toronto last. I suppose that we shall have fewer talks together, and that for the future our spheres of labor will be far apart. I shall always remember the many laughs you gave me with your inimitable rendition of Graham, Dewart, Potts, and others.

Yes, our great lights are setting. Potts was the last to disappear beneath the horizon and, certainly, he leaves behind him a radiance that will glow for a long time before it fades away into night. Briggs and Sutherland are about the last of the stars belonging to that constellation, and I fear that we shall before long witness their departure too. Sutherland came in to see me the other day and I was sad to see the effects of old age so noticeable upon him. In some respects he is the greatest product of our Canadian Methodism. Who are going to take their places? Do you see anything big enough to fill the niche they have so long occupied? What we want now is one or two great leaders who will blaze a new path and who will lead the church out into a larger place.

Lately I have been ill; a wave of influenza has been passing over this city and I was caught in the very fore-swell. I have seldom had such a trying spell. Am bet-

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ter now, however, and am preparing to put on the armor anew. I love my work here very much. Congregations exceedingly large and marvellously attentive.

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I wish you could slip in some morning or some evening, even if you had to stand in the gallery to listen, as I remember you did in the long ago when first you heard me in Toronto. I am sure your presence would lend me inspiration.

With kindest regards,

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES HENDERSON.

To the same.

Ottawa, Sept. 20th, 1909.

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Well, notwithstanding my health, I may say I am having the time of my life in Ottawa. So far it has been one of the happiest pastorates I have had. I never had an audience to register higher in the intellectual scale, and I never had more pleasure in preaching. I only regret that I am now in my third year, and already I begin to anticipate the knell of the parting hour, which will be one of the saddest in my pastoral life. Preaching is the greatest thing in the universe. I would rather be in the pulpit of Dominion Church than sit on the throne of England. I would rather have the perfect command of those powers brought into play by the great preacher than sway the sceptre of the British Empire.

I must stop, for I see the smile spreading o'er your face as you read these words.

Au revoir,

Yours sincerely,

JAMES HENDERSON.

DOMINION CHURCH, OTTAWA

Many years after he left Ottawa a lovely echo of his ministry there, which must have given him great pleasure, came to him in a letter from Dr. C. E. Manning, congratulating him on his seventy-fifth birthday. Dr. Manning went on:—

“You have had a great ministry. Few men in any Church had such crowds to listen to them as flocked to hear you preach. You are remembered and revered all over Canada by many people whom you may not have known, who have been helped by your sermons. I heard of one on the Prairie, at whose home some travellers called to get a meal. She told them that there were no religious services held near her and that since she went West she nourished her soul on the sermons she heard you preach when in Ottawa.”

CHAPTER XV

IN ENGLAND AND CANADA, 1911-1914

AFTER a few days in Liverpool Dr. and Mrs. Henderson and their daughter, Annie, spent a delightful week at Wykham Park, Banbury, the country home of Sir Robert Perks, Bart., between whom and Henderson existed a high mutual regard. Thence they went to Leamington with excursions to Stratford-on-Avon, Kenilworth, and Warwick Castle, and on to Edinburgh by the cathedral route, from Edinburgh through the Trossachs to Glasgow and, after a few weeks at Glasgow and Girvan, to Belfast. He was most cordially received by the Belfast Methodist ministers, addressing their Association and preaching in University Road and Donegal Square churches. Of the latter sermon the Belfast *News-Letter* said: "In the opinion of many present no such sermon has been heard there since the days of Morley Punshon."

It was charming that they were entertained in Belfast by Dr. Will Story and his sister, Marian, whom Henderson had known as young people in Quebec thirty-five years before, and by Mrs. Shillington, niece of the late Rev. "Willie" Hall, of all Canadian Methodist ministers of his time probably the most beloved.

After a stay of two months in Dundalk with Mr. and Mrs. J. Henderson Scott and two weeks in Dub-

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lin they returned to England, going directly to London, where they settled in lodgings at Abingdon Road, Kensington. Here it was a pleasure to meet a number of old Canadian friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Junkin, formerly of Montreal and Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. John Coates, formerly of Ottawa, and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bland, old Montrealers, who helped to make this visit pleasant. Mrs. Henderson suffered from an attack of pneumonia, but after three weeks was able to be out again. Henderson preached in Quex Road Church and in Prince of Wales Road Church for the Rev. John Goodman, whom he had met at Baltimore as Fraternal Delegate from the British Conference. The *Methodist Recorder*, in a very eulogistic account, characterized the Canadian visitor as a great preacher of a type fast disappearing:—

“His prayer was marvellously comprehensive. . . The lessons were read with a sympathetic power of interpretation that illumined them. But the great thing was the sermon. No analysis, however refined, no quotations, however accurate, can give an impression to those who did not hear it, of the qualities of the sermon. Without any note to aid memory he preached, not a sermonette of seventeen minutes, but a sermon of forty-seven minutes, and yet the spell-bound listeners took no note of time. . . . As with the orations of Dr. Morley Punshon, so with those of Dr. Henderson, you must have all or none. With a logic as keen as that of the late Joseph Cook, with imagination hardly inferior to Henry Ward Beecher’s, with knowledge of science akin to Dr. Watkinson’s, with familiarity with the most recent literature as illustrative of the oldest Scripture, he sweeps on amid the awed attention of old and

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young. Those who may at times find the intellectual atmosphere too rarefied are compelled to attention by his masterful passion. His voice rings out like a trumpet and yet it is under perfect control. Aided by graceful and natural gestures, he expresses scorn of meanness, pity for weakness, delight in the beauty of the world, wonder at the complexity of life, and a feeling of tragedy as the dark side of life turns to view."

Henderson greatly enjoyed hearing the Rev. R. J. Campbell at the City Temple. He heard also the Rev. Campbell Morgan at Westminster Road Chapel and Dr. W. L. Watkinson at the same church when he was much impressed by his originality and epigrammatic style. In the vestry afterwards he met Dr. S. Parkes Cadman and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Jun., who remembered having heard him at St. James, Montreal, many years before. Mr. Morgan said to Dr. Watkinson, "If you promise to preach that sermon in New York I will take you over in my yacht," but the Doctor humourously declined the offer.

Towards the end of April, 1912, Henderson entered a nursing home and underwent a serious operation at the hands of a well-known surgeon. He came near the gates of death, but his good constitution and his unfailing courage, by the blessing of God, brought him back to convalescence, and at the end of a month he was able to take lodgings at Swiss Cottage, near Finchley Road. His brother John, who had come over with his family for a motor trip through England and Scotland, was on hand to drive him to his new home. Soon afterwards he was able to hear the "Messiah" at the Handel Festival, ren-

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dered by a chorus of 4,000 picked singers and an orchestra of 400, and was moved to tears at several of the great choruses and when Clara Butt sang, "He was despised."

To his daughter, Annie:—

Hampstead, N.W.,
18th June, 1912.

I enjoyed your letter; the spirit of inspiration was evidently with you when you indited it, and he was with you a long time. You occupied as much space as I do, or used to do, in writing a sermon. However, it was good of you to spend so much thought and time on a fellow like me.

We had a high time on Sabbath evening. The congregation must have thought we were "It" when we came in. We were driven by a liveried servant in a new suit, a new carriage, and a high-stepping horse. Mrs. Medlock and some officials met us at the door as if we were royalty and showed us into a central pew. The minister paid reference gracefully to my preaching in his sermon. At the close I was invited into the vestry where Dr. Smith and other officials expressed the honor and happiness they felt in my coming to their evening service, etc., etc. Dr. Smith invited me to come next Sabbath to take tea at his house and meet the great Dr. Watkinson who preaches at Prince of Wales Road on the occasion of their Sunday School anniversary. Of course it all hinges upon whether Dr. Watkinson can come to tea at that time, just before the public service. We had an enjoyable time at supper. Mrs. Medlock and family were so cordial, and we had a fine conversation.

Rev. John Goodman is a great favorite with the family and certainly he grows on one. I like him better the more I get to know him. He says if I were preach-

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ing around the Methodist Churches here I would make many friends. I am sure we would enjoy ourselves very much if we were living in London for a time.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Coates were with us Sunday night. What true friends they are! I shall never forget the pleasure he took in introducing me to the Canadian Club at their dinner on March 10th, nor how he enjoyed my enjoyment of *Buntz Pulls the Strings* when he treated you and me to my first visit to the theatre since the days of my youth. How fortunate for us that they and other kind friends from Canada should have taken up their residence in London in time to make us feel at home in this great city!

We are getting ready to go to hear Dr. Jowett this evening. Mother is very anxious to hear him, and I think I shall risk it. I expect there will be an immense crowd and that every foot of space will be at a premium. I have chosen my subjects for the City Road Chapel and Westminster Central Hall, and have a pretty clear plan for each sermon outlined in my mind. So you see, as usual, I am anticipative.

Mother joins me in love and best wishes for a continued good time in Oxford.

In July he and his family went down to Southsea, then to Bournemouth where they remained till September, returning to Adamson Road, Swiss Cottage, for the winter. The operation had not been as successful as was expected and from this time on he suffered increasingly, conditions being aggravated by the damp climate and lack of central heating in the houses. He was able, however, to preach at one of the opening services of Central Hall, Westminster, in which Sir Robert Perks was so deeply interested.

Almost all that winter he was confined to the

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house, suffering greatly. In March they moved to a furnished house in North End Road where they remained five months. In April he went to another nursing home for treatment by a second surgeon which was quite ineffective, causing him added suffering.

In January he wrote to Mr. Rogers:—

Your letter under date of July 12th at last reached me and was none the less welcome because of the delay.

You have a very good memory for sermons, at least for texts. It is quite a while now since I preached that sermon on, "Ye shall know the truth." It is not much of a sermon. Certainly, I would not like to preach it as I did then. But there must have been some sticking plaster about it, for others as well as yourself have reminded me of it more than once.

Since coming here I have suffered a good deal. I had expected to be in the sunshine after undergoing a very serious operation, but I have been somewhat disappointed. I have been confined to my bed a great deal of the time, but not without hope of ultimate recovery. I have preached only seven times on this side the sea, and could have preached over seventy times in the first pulpits of London and England had my health permitted. I expect, however, to be restored in another year and to be able to take my pastorate in Toronto in the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church.

I have, though ill, not been idle, and as strength would permit, have been making some preparation for that important pulpit.

There are not many great preachers here now. When I was in London twenty-five years ago there was a bright constellation of star preachers, but alas! they have not yet found their successors. Campbell of the City Temple has captured London, and I should like

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while here always to be found sitting at his feet. He is poet, mystic, seer and orator all in one. He is the only man who can thrill me and give me new thoughts to feed on.

I expect to return to Canada next summer. We have formed a great many fine acquaintances here, and some of our old friends from Canada drop in to see us frequently.

I should like you to meet Sir Robert Perks, he is in Canada quite frequently. He is a very fine man and a thorough-going loyal Methodist. We stayed at Wykham Park, his country house near Banbury, on our arrival in England, and he has been good enough to call upon me frequently during my illness.

Mr. George Bland, formerly of Montreal, and his family have been exceedingly kind to us all through this trying time, and so have Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Wood of Toronto and Mr. and Mrs. John Coates of Ottawa, all now living in London. And last summer we saw Mr. and Mrs. Edward Seybold of Ottawa several times. It is good to meet old friends in a strange land.

You had better come over before we sail and I shall arrange for you to preach in Westminster Hall.

Give our kindest regards to your wife and family and accept the same for yourself.

Faithfully yours,

JAMES HENDERSON.

But for continued ill health he would have greatly enjoyed his stay in England, as his friends had been arranging a preaching tour for him which would have brought him in touch with Methodism in many of the towns and cities; but all these plans had to be cancelled, and he preached only once more in England, at Golder's Green Chapel, shortly before he left for home.

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Early in August, 1913, Dr. and Mrs. Henderson and Miss Le Rossignol returned to Canada by the steamer, *Empress of Ireland*. On their arrival at Montreal they went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Dawson, remaining there until the end of August, 1914. Henderson soon went into the Royal Victoria Hospital where he spent four months under treatment by Dr. A. E. Garrow. He returned home for Christmas, but after the New Year had a serious illness as the result of a chill and did not venture out again all winter. In April he underwent another operation and in a month was able to return to the home of his son-in-law. Dr. Garrow told him he had had enough operations, accidents, and attacks of illness to have killed a dozen ordinary men, but his good Scotch blood had carried him through, and he expected to be ready by the end of the summer to take up his work in the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, to which he had been invited while in Belfast. The expectation was realized; he rapidly gained his strength, and on the first Sunday in September preached his first sermon in the beautiful Sunday School hall of the Church on the Hill.

CHAPTER XVI

TIMOTHY EATON MEMORIAL CHURCH, 1914-1918

HENDERSON began his ministry here under the most favorable auspices and in one of the most beautiful and best equipped churches in America, erected by Mrs. Timothy Eaton and her son, Sir John Eaton, in memory of Timothy Eaton, the great merchant and noble dreamer, who brought into business a spirit of service to the public and of consideration for his employees much rarer sixty years ago than now. The congregation was composed of well-to-do and cultured people, many of them old friends from Carlton St. and Sherbourne St. Churches, and the new Parsonage was large and beautifully furnished. The Sunday School Hall was filled from the first, and when the church was opened on December 20th, 1914, it also was thronged. There was a rapidly growing Sunday School under the superintendence of Mr. W. V. Ecclestone and Mr. T. G. Rogers, with a crowded primary department led by Mrs. E. A. McCulloch and Mrs. T. W. Miller. The choir was a great attraction, giving frequent special musical services, and the relations between pastor and leader were most cordial. Mr. Dalton Baker wrote after Dr. Henderson's death, "The happy years I

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spent with him at the Eaton Memorial Church will always be cherished in my memory. I missed his kindly sympathy and appreciation more than I can ever say. Canada is indeed the poorer through the loss of such a scholar and gentleman."

The people subscribed generously to all the funds of the church, and all through the four years of the War the Red Cross Society, of which Mrs. T. W. Miller was President, devoted one day every week to preparing boxes for the soldiers and garments and surgical dressings for the hospitals. One hundred and sixty-five young men of the church were on the Honor Roll, of whom twelve had died on the field up to April, 1918.

There were a number of ministers, Departmental officers and others, on the Quarterly Board, who assisted from time to time in the services. The lay members of both Boards were capable business men who appreciated the efficient and tactful manner in which their pastor conducted the meetings, and throughout they treated him with the greatest kindness and consideration.*

For the first two years Rev. Joseph Odery, first minister of the church, acted as Associate Pastor. He then became Pastor Emeritus and Rev. C. L. Applegath, a young preacher of marked individuality, took his place. During the last year Rev. Professor J. Hugh Michael, M.A. became pulpit associate. Of him Henderson writes, "Prof. J. Hugh

*A member of the Official Board told me, and he spoke of it as something unusual and significant, that when Dr. Henderson entered the Board meeting all the members would rise to their feet.

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Michael has placed me under lasting obligation. His solicitude, sympathy, and pulpit assistance have been of unspeakable value, while his scholarly exposition of the Word and the high spiritual tone of his teaching and preaching have proved the most important asset of the congregation."

The cutting off of so many thousands of gallant young lives turned a fierce light on the question of the hereafter. Grieving hearts protested against orthodox dogmas. A soul as sympathetic as Henderson's could not but be responsive to these agonizing questions. He preached a sermon which perhaps caused more excitement than any other of his sermons during his fifty years ministry. We quote from a Toronto paper:—

"We can afford to leave all soldiers who fall and who die for their country in the hands of God," were the concluding words of Rev. James Henderson, D.D., in his sermon last night at the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church on the subject, "Death and the Soldiers' Eternal Fate." He based his sermon on the text found in Hebrews 9:27, the words being, "It is appointed unto men once to die."

A mother had told him, stated Dr. Henderson, that her son, aged only twenty, and always a boy of good habits, had been killed in the war. He did not belong to the Church, and thus, according to its tenets, was lost. She wanted to know if that was so.

"You have just to listen to the beatings of your own heart to be assured that no Church, no creed, no minister, and no book has any authority to say that your son is eternally lost," was Dr. Henderson's reply. The very fact that he laid down his life for his country was much in his favor. That did not say that his death was

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accepted by Heaven as an atonement; no such atonement was needed. There was nothing in the nature of God that had to be pacified. But in laying down his life as he did, consciously or unconsciously, he allied himself with the spirit of Christ, whose whole life was a life for others.

Dr. Henderson touched on the argument put forward that Heaven is a place and Hell is a place, and the dead were in one place or another. That was not so. It was materialism of the worst kind to think so. Hell was not a place. No man would find hell in eternity who did not take it with him.

There is no such hell as the popular theology has so often portrayed, declared the preacher. "It is time we were speaking out of the real convictions of our hearts. If I thought there was some place in God's universe which God had created only for the object of inflicting human torture on millions and millions of human beings, I would go mad. If that is your God, your God is my devil."

Character was heaven and hell. A soul was lost when it was incapable of being what that young soldier was, of doing what that young soldier did. No man was fit to live who was not fit to live for others; no man was ready to die who was not ready to die for others. But if a man chose to sin forever he would suffer forever. While salvation for that man was a subjective possibility, death did not close the door of his redemption. If God could not save a man even from hell, then He is not God.

Many of the city ministers were interviewed as to their opinion of these utterances. A number declined to express any opinion. Some endorsed them. A few thought them heretical. A good many references were made to the sermon the following Sunday, but it was significant that those who declared it

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was contrary to Methodist standards took no action.

Henderson had several attacks of illness during the four years, but by the help of his able associates and the active co-operation and loyalty of the whole membership the church maintained its high state of efficiency. In 1918 the membership stood at 961, many being received from the congregation and Sunday School on profession of faith.

On the last Sunday in June, 1918, Dr. Henderson with deep regret bade farewell to the congregation with whom he had spent four happy years, and during the following week a formal farewell was tendered him in the church parlors. It was a great grief to both pastor and people to sever the ties which had bound them together during the formative period of the church's history and during the trying times of war. The Hendersons remained at the parsonage during the summer and on September 1st. he preached once more in his old pulpit before leaving for St. James Church, Montreal, of which he again became pastor after an absence of twenty-seven years, Rev. C. A. Williams taking his place in Timothy Eaton Memorial Church.

Six years later Henderson wrote to L. F. Monypenny, Recording Steward, and Dr. E. A. McCulloch, President of the Men's Club:—

Dear Friends,

Your telegram of congratulations on the occasion of the seventy-fifth Anniversary of my natal day gave me great joy. Many such messages I have received by wire and letter from every church of which I have been pastor during the last fifty years. None, however, has touched a deeper chord than yours.

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I have been left much to myself of late, and thoughts of you all have been often with me. Memory, that great magician of the mind, has been busy recalling the scenes through which I passed during the eventful years I spent as pastor of your church. Nothing can erase the record that time has written there. When I came to you in 1914 I had passed the peak of power and my life was sloping westward. Often have I stood in your pulpit on the verge of tears, trembling with a great weakness and fear lest I should collapse before the sermon was through. But never can I forget the great love and loyalty of my official brethren and the inspiration that came to me from the upturned faces of the great audience which attended my weak ministry. When I think of it all now one face comes vividly before me, that of the late Chancellor Burwash. Almost every Sunday, after the benediction, he would come forward and out of the kindness of his heart would say, "I am longing to hear another sermon just like that." The only discourse of mine about which he was hesitant was the one I preached on "The Divinity of Man." In the course of that sermon I said that Christianity had its counterpart in human nature, that men had been made in the divine image, and that image was Christ. That meant that we were all constitutionally Christian, and that every human being, however degraded, carried within him a potential Christ.* Peace to his ashes! I regard the late Dr. Burwash as, in some respects, the greatest product of Canadian Methodism.

I congratulate you on having Dr. Trevor Davies as your pastor, and I congratulate him on having you as his officary. In all my long ministry I never had a Board whose members were truer to their pastor and more devoted to the interests of the church.

I am sad as I think of the gaps that death has occa-

*A curious anticipation of the central teaching of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's remarkable novel, "One Increasing Purpose."

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sioned in your Board and congregation. I think of dear Brother Miller whose death was to me a great sorrow. I never knew a man of finer fibre, nor one whose anxiety to do his duty and measure up to the demands made upon him was more evident. They were too much for him to bear. And what shall I say concerning the passing of Sir John Eaton? I shall never forget how he stood by me in a very dark hour and assured me of his constant sympathy and support. Your beautiful church, which I always spoke of as a sermon in stone and mortar, is a tangible expression of his great generosity and a lasting monument to his memory.

Please convey to your Boards and congregation the assurance of my continued interest in them, and, while life shall last, my prayers will ever arise to the Throne on their behalf.

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES HENDERSON.

CHAPTER XVII

ST. JAMES CHURCH, MONTREAL (SECOND PASTORATE), 1918-1920

ON Sunday, September 8th, 1918, Henderson preached once more in St. James Church, Montreal, to which he had been invited in the middle of his final year in Dominion Church and, again, at the close of his pastorate in the Eaton Memorial. How he felt in undertaking the responsibility of this distinguished but exacting charge is told in a letter to Mr. Rogers written soon after the invitation had been accepted:

Many thanks for your postal, which I duly received. Yes, it is strange that St. James of Montreal should look to me and insist upon my returning to my old home. Thirty years ago I was invited there, but the personnel of Boards and congregation is very much changed. It will be a pleasure, and yet an experience tinged with pain, when I stand in the old pulpit and preach the old gospel in a new light, as I tried to do so many years ago. What changes have taken place in our Conference since you and I were first received! It makes me feel old and sometimes very lonely, when I conjure from the past the faces and forms of the many who have crossed the bourne from which no traveller returns. Tell it not in Gath, when I leave here for Montreal I shall be sixty-nine years of age. What an absurdity that a man of my age should tackle the biggest proposition in Canadian Methodism! However, I feel I can preach more easily and effectively today

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than I did thirty years ago. I do not know whether the people are of the same opinion, but they stand it pretty well. I am going down with a great purpose, and that is, by God's help, to have the most successful pastorate at the close that I have had in my whole career. Will you pray for me?

The noble auditorium looked more beautiful than ever. Through the summer the interior had been renovated and re-decorated, after the debt had been cleared off and the mortgage burned through the irresistible campaign of Dr. Henderson's predecessor, the Rev. C. A. Williams, and the generosity of a host of friends throughout Canada. The congregations were large, especially in the evening when the congregation of Douglas Church joined with that of St. James in welcoming an old friend.

The subjects of the sermons of that first Sunday were characteristic—

11 a.m. "He preached unto them Jesus."

7 p.m. "Following the Old Trail."

At the end of the morning discourse, looking over the audience, he said, "I see few here this morning who connect me with my pastorate thirty years ago; most of them have gone hence, but among the few familiar faces I am glad to see my old friends, John Murphy, James McBride, and J. H. Carson."

He missed the old familiar faces, but, as is the way with Methodist ministers, soon made friends with the new. His associate, the Rev. W. Harold Young, M.A., B.D., was a great help in the pastoral and pulpit duties, usually taking one service each

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Sunday most acceptably. He had been the associate of Mr. Williams for one year and had won the affection of the congregation. The relations of senior and junior pastors were most cordial throughout the two years of this association and it was with deep regret that Dr. Henderson parted with Mr. Young in June, 1920.

Of these two years Mr. Young afterwards wrote:

Out of the happy memories of two inexpressibly happy years of intimate association with Dr. Henderson in the work of St. James Church in Montreal, two impressions stand out with ever-growing clearness. The one is the picture of the preacher proclaiming with unique power the messages of a robust Christian faith; the other, the picture of a great soul revealing itself in the richness of friendship and intimate intercourse.

As a preacher who can forget him in those final years? The brief period of his last pastorate in St. James was a time in which it might have reasonably been expected that his powers would have in large measure departed. Age was creeping upon him; the persistent attacks of the disease which was in the end to cause his death had seriously undermined his physical strength. More than once it was only at the cost of suffering undreamed of by any of his hearers that he stood in the pulpit at all. Yet his words rang out with a compelling power that held as in a vise the attention of all who listened, and brought the sense of things unseen vividly to their souls. The picture of the white-haired man, all but broken with pain, yet swaying to his will and thought the vast audiences that gathered to hear his words, is one which none who knew him in those memorable days can ever lose.

His preaching had in it all the characteristics of great preaching. The rich experience of his increasing years

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had given him a breadth of vision which was evident in every utterance and every attitude. Not for him the narrow limits of any parochial conception of things. His interests were as broad as humanity itself, and scarce a problem of the human heart but found its echo and, in a large measure, its answer in the words which he spoke. One scanned with growing interest and growing wonder the audiences which came to hear him. People of all faiths and of none, men and women from the mansion and from the cottage, minds fresh from the cultured atmosphere of the university and, in the next pew, those whose learning would scarce enable them to sign their names—all came and came again to find in his messages something which spoke directly to their hearts and sent them out again to the worn paths of life with a fresh consciousness of the touch of divinity on even the commonest things. Few preachers have discovered the secret, which was so amply his, of speaking directly to the needs of all sorts and conditions of men.

The secret that underlay it all was not, perhaps, so difficult to find. It was in the keenness and kindness of his insight into the fundamental facts and problems of the human heart. Through a long life time of faithful study in the school of the Nazarene he had learned what so many never learn—the secret of piercing through the veneer of life to the inner and ultimate things. He never wasted his time or his strength in dealing with superficialities. The scenery of life's stage never greatly concerned him. It was the drama itself that he cared for, and with unerring insight he seized upon, and dealt with, the inner thoughts and emotions which in their unending conflict make up the problem and tragedy of life for the ordinary man. People spoke with truth of the beauty of his language, of the range of his imagination, of the way in which he marshalled science, philosophy, and literature before them. But his real great-

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ness as a preacher lay in this other thing that many of them never realized—perhaps part of his power lay in the fact that they never realized it—in his ability to reach down into their hearts and reverently touch the hidden, elemental things which make up the riddle of life. It was no mere chance or accident that enabled this veteran preacher to speak most largely in those last years to the hearts of men and women scores of years younger than he. He was less concerned with those who, with him, were facing the sunset than with those who were still in the heat of life's struggle. "He knew what was in their hearts," and they flocked in to listen to him that they might find their own inner lives more fully revealed.

Of his unstinted self-giving as a friend one cannot lightly speak. The very embodiment of kindness, consideration, and interest for all who shared the inner circle of his life, the story of his influence is not easily told. Few joys were greater for him than to spend hours in the discussion of problems of work and heart. Invariably at his touch those conversations would broaden out until details were forgotten in the consideration of large principles. He had an unmatched skill in the fine art of setting the immediate against the ultimate, of placing the trifling in its proper relationship to the really important. His was a restless mind. Where others were content to sit down complacent with the seen, his eye was roaming the horizon for glimpses of the unseen. New thoughts and ways of thinking, fresh conceptions of truth in any realm, new answers to old questions—for such as these he was continually on the alert, and wherever he saw Truth to dwell he did not fear to go. A glance at his library was enough to show that even at the time of life when most men settle down comfortably to live with what they have, he was reaching out to make his own the new best in every field. Scarce was a book off the press before it was in his

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hands, and in the crucible of his mind its conceptions were keenly analyzed. Like Kipling's "Pioneer" he ever felt the lure of the undiscovered and was eager in its quest. All this freshness of interest and maturity of judgment he brought to the enriching of his friendships. Small wonder that as a friend he is gratefully remembered and greatly missed.

In the closing years of his life still active and forward-looking! Those who knew him in the final days of his active ministry will require but small imagination to picture his restless soul in his last hours reaching out eagerly after the new powers of a new life, and facing death as one "who greets the Unseen with a cheer."

It was at the same time,—the Conference of 1920, that he asked for superannuation and retired from the active work, feeling that he was not strong enough to carry the responsibility of such a heavy charge. He felt this retirement keenly. Although he had been in the ministry for nearly fifty years he felt no call to superannuate and would much have preferred to die in harness. But the state of his health made retirement imperative and, after a struggle, he resigned himself to the inevitable. Rev. A. J. Thomas took his place as Minister in charge and he became Pastor Emeritus.

Newspaper reports of the sermons in St. James show him varied as ever, broadly human, keenly sensitive to social movements though, I should judge, more conservative in his views than a quarter of a century before.

I notice a striking address at a great United Thanksgiving service in St. James in which Hender-

ST. JAMES CHURCH, MONTREAL

son was honored as chief speaker. He spoke of the present crisis as one of the greatest watersheds of history, the very pivot to the hinge of a new era:

"No longer are the masses serfs or slaves; they are now masters; the common people are stretching forth their hands and seizing that dangerous weapon, power, which they will in future wield on their own behalf," said Rev. James Henderson at the peace thanksgiving service at St. James Methodist Church last evening. Continuing, he said, "I see before me on one side a grave containing the mutilated remains of autocracy, and on the other side the new-born babe of a new democracy—not Bolshevism, that sinister by-product which spells ruin and disaster, and which, unless we remove the maleconomic conditions, may assume the proportions of a conflagration. What has the church to offer in the greatest period of the world's history, as a solution of the present problem? If the church has nothing to offer, I would say, in the name of God and humanity, let us shut the door and go out of business. The new world cannot spring phoenix-like from the ashes of the old, the church must salvage the drifting wreckage and construct a new world upon a new basis and a Christian foundation. This is no time for liturgies and litanies; the church must fling herself into the fray and strike for victory."

An appeal not yet superfluous!

In another sermon is a plea "for Protestants and Roman Catholics to approach each other with the open hand of brotherhood," and a fine eulogy on a people often maligned and who have suffered at the hands of Canadian people and of the Canadian Government—the Doukhobors of Western Canada. "Dr. Henderson declared that no people had been

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more misrepresented and misunderstood. He had found in them with all their eccentricities, materials out of which may yet be moulded the highest type of manhood and womanhood to be found in Canada."

Elsewhere discussing the secret of national greatness, he is reported as saying:

"My socialism does not contemplate a leveling process from the top, but believes it is now going on from the bottom. I would not begin at the top to make the rich man poor, but begin in a natural way at the bottom to make the poor man rich." It was better, he argued, that men like some famous American money potentates should administer great estates than that this power should fall upon some famous American pugilist who would not know what to do with it. Let every boy and girl and every man and woman be educated to make the best use of their faculties on the productive forces around them, thereby tending to make the monopoly of wealth more and more difficult and the distribution of it more and more easy and equitable.

The school, the college, and the university were the main pillars supporting and stabilizing society and the state. Let the people be educated in Christian ethics and Christian economics and every form of socialism and oppressive capitalism would pass away. The speaker also stressed the essential of reverence and a belief in God, mentioning the church, in this connection, as a great contributory influence in the character building of the Empire.

CHAPTER XVIII

DR. HENDERSON AS PREACHER

THERE are ministers whose ministry may be compared to a group of hills; they are esteemed preachers and also faithful pastors, competent administrators, and, possibly, active factors in the public life of their community. Henderson's ministry was a group of hills with one summit soaring high above the rest. He was, as long as his strength permitted, a sympathetic and faithful pastor. In the details of church management he was painstaking and methodical. At the beginning of the church year the Secretaries of the different funds were called together to arrange dates of anniversaries and to select names of special preachers to be secured. He left nothing to chance. As a presiding officer he had almost a genius for the prompt dispatch of business and great tact in the management of men and in the reconciling of opposing forces. In his conduct of the business of the church he had the respect of business men, and in bold and difficult financial undertakings he revealed a competence that some of his friends might not have guessed. In financial matters generally he showed good Scotch judgment. He was never induced to speculate but once when he put \$200 into a silver mine but refused, when that went, to put more into the hole.

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On two occasions he pled his own case before a judge on a technical question concerning property for which he was a trustee, and won it. It was under his leadership and inspiration that the Huntingdon people carried through an ambitious scheme of church building. In his one year at Prescott he cleared the church of debt and placed it on a prosperous footing. The Sherbrooke St. Church he saved from bankruptcy, renovated, and beautified.

But church business and administrative work never attracted him. He was never Conference Secretary nor President; never, I think, Chairman of a District. And in the public life of the town or city he took even less than the meagre share to which Methodist ministers have generally been restricted by the brevity of their stay.

Henderson lived to preach. The pulpit was his throne. He coveted no other. Preaching to him, as he said in his farewell to the Dominion Church congregation, had always been a passion. I have never known a preacher who so delighted to talk of preachers and preaching, never one who was so keen a critic of preachers, keen in his appreciation of both excellences and defects. Almost inevitably his frankness of speech in regard to contemporary preachers, marked, moreover, by characteristic picturesqueness of metaphor and a touch of playful exaggeration, when not understood or when inadequately reported, gave rise to some misjudgment. It was the unreserve of one who forgot other considerations in his passion to discover the best, make it known, and, as far as he could, imi-

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tate it. If ever he seemed severe in his judgments it was the impersonal severity of the artist.

His letters abound in comments on preachers and thumbnail sketches of them. Channing, Robertson of Brighton, and Beecher were his first masters, and, I think, in the essentials of his thought remained his masters. None of these he had heard but Beecher, and him only twice. Of contemporary preachers, I think, he gave first place to Joseph Parker and his successor in the City Temple, R. J. Campbell.

The keenness of his interest in preachers is illustrated in the letter to Mr. J. H. Carson, Recording Steward of St. James Church, Montreal, in reply to the greetings from the Quarterly Official Board on his seventy-fifth birthday:

My Dear Brother Carson,

Your beautiful letter, breathing in every line the spirit of goodwill, reached me in time to add to the happiness of the seventy-fifth anniversary of my natal day. As you may know, I have been the recipient of greetings and good wishes from every church of which I have been pastor during the last fifty years. But any letter coming, as yours does, from the heart of old St. James, stirs memories that I would not lose for worlds.

When I was a young probationer away in the wilderness of North Hastings, thoughts of "Great St. James" formed a golden haze in the sky of my day dreams. To be pastor of such a church seemed the highest peak in the range of my youthful ambitions. And yet, when I became pastor I blushed at my audacity as I thought of the great preachers who had preceded me. At that time twenty of my predecessors were still alive, to-day there are none, and "I only am left to tell thee."

I am thinking of the first Sabbath I sat in the old

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church over half a century ago. John Potts, then in the high flood of his powers, was the preacher. His mellow voice, personal magnetism, and the simplicity of his preaching made him the Spurgeon of Canadian Methodism. I am also thinking of the scene enacted when Dr. Tiffany and Dr. Punshon met on the platform there. Dr. Tiffany, the first speaker, had it all his own way. When he sat down the storm of applause that followed showed the people's appreciation of one of the greatest orations ever heard in old St. James. But on the following evening Dr. Punshon was the first speaker.* It was evident that he had prepared for the supreme effort of his life. Dr. Tiffany told me years afterwards that Punshon that night strode the platform more like one of the Olympic gods than anything human, and proved himself the prodigy of rhetorical wizardry that he was.

I am thinking of another scene enacted there, when Bishop Newman in the course of a wonderful sermon was so emotionally overcome that he paused, then asked some one to pray. Rev. Mr. Botterell rose and offered a prayer the like of which I have seldom heard. At its close the people rose to their feet and shook the walls of old St. James as they sang, "There are angels hovering round."

*A slight error. Dr. Punshon's diary shows that both preachers spoke on the same evening. The entry is worth quoting as revealing the tender conscience of the great preacher at the height of his popularity and power.

"Nov. 10th, 1871.—Excellent missionary services in Montreal this week. Spirit and feeling very good. Dr. Tiffany spoke so well that it was hard to follow him and I felt worried to prevent the meeting from flagging. Troubled afterwards about it, and had an earnest questioning of motives as to whether, after all, I had not made it a sort of intellectual gladiatorship. I trust the Lord will ever save me from this."—From *Life of William Morley Punshon* by the Rev. F. W. Macdonald.

In his lecture, *Portrait Gallery of Some Great Preachers I Have Heard*, Henderson says that the episode was long known as "the battle of the giants."

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I am thinking of the last sermon George Douglas preached in the old church. That night he touched the zenith of his power. I never was so impressed with his imposing presence, picturesque imagination, marvellous voice, and passionate delivery. It was he who preached the first sermon in new St. James.

And you may remember the day when Henry Ward Beecher stood in the old pulpit and preached from the text, "God is love." I cannot describe my state of feeling while listening to that sermon. To me Beecher was a miracle, his sermons were run in a universal mould, to him all nature was abreath with God. Everything he experienced became new material out of which almost automatically a new sermon shaped itself. You will remember how the people sat breathless as statues, so that at the close they remained sitting long after the benediction had been pronounced.

It was about this time I met Dr. Joseph Parker of London. To my mind he was the greatest preacher of the British pulpit. That day he seemed mediumistic; he possessed the quality of a spiritual clairvoyant. After I heard him I said, "Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did."

But the greatest sermon I ever heard in St. James from the lips of any Canadian preacher was one preached by Dr. E. A. Stafford. That discourse forms one of the high peaks in the mountain range of my sermonic recollections. In his methods Stafford was essentially modernistic, and, more than any I ever heard, he helped to give a new orientation to the Canadian pulpit.

But I must close. These memories crowd upon me in these days as never before. What a brilliant constellation of preachers you have had!

I hear good things concerning our pastor.* Am sorry that I cannot hear him. His many friends assure

*Rev. A. J. Thomas.

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me he has earned for himself a place in the first rank of Montreal preachers.

God bless old St. James! I believe there are brighter days ahead.

Please thank the pastor and the members of the Board for their kind thoughts of me, and assure them of my continued interest in all that concerns their work and well-being.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES HENDERSON.

But Henderson's passion for preaching and his great natural gifts as a speaker never tempted him to relax in the thoroughness of his preparation. He loved the pulpit; he loved, too, his study and his books. He was always reading, and he sought to read the best. Even in his summer vacations, so essential to his vigor in the later years of his ministry, he concentrated his mornings on serious reading and sermonising.

Interesting light is thrown on his favorite authors up to 1896 in a letter to a young ministerial friend:

My Dear Brother Martin,

I have been down with "Grippe" for the last three weeks and was unable to reply to your letter of the 13th ult.

I would like to help you to a choice of books, but my difficulty is, I don't know the books you already have. As to works on Philosophy, I may say I read Hamilton's Philosophy about once a year and find him in style and substance very profitable, especially in those things, such as the Philosophy of the Unconditioned, in which I do not agree with him. For the same reason I like Fiske's "Cosmic Philosophy," also his "Destiny of Man," and his "Idea of God."

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I would also mention here the works of Dr. McCosh, such as his "Method of the Divine Government," "The Intentions of the Mind," "Christianity and Positivism."

All these I have read, have found them helpful, and would recommend them to you.

Have you ever read "The Unseen Universe" by Stewart and Tait? If not, do so. It is the most suggestive along the line of Religion, Science and Philosophy I know of. Read Ruskin, Robertson of Brighton, also Channing the Unitarian, and Henry Ward Beecher until they have become part of you, then you will be an all round and educated man.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES HENDERSON.

Space cannot be found for the many tributes that have come to my hand concerning Henderson's preaching. There are five that cannot be omitted.

His preaching is described by Chancellor Bowles, his colleague in the last year of his first pastorate in St. James:—

"Your coming will be as welcome as the flowers in Spring." So wrote James Henderson to me when I accepted an invitation to be his assistant in St. James thirty-four years ago. I had no personal acquaintance, but had heard of his great gifts as a preacher. The distinct memory of the year associated with him is of a man of singularly charming personality. I doubt if it is possible to analyze his preaching power. It was not the result of any one special gift. There was rhetoric—very beautiful and brilliant. There were illustrations homely and telling. There was philosophic thought, and, at times, epigrammatic defences of the faith. Splendid imagery, interesting and emotional illustration, fresh modern thinking—these do not account for his great popularity as a preacher. There

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was music in his words—there was lyric, charming music, in his voice. He was aglow with high spirits when he preached. His face shone. Every nerve thrilled with exhilarating power. I think the chief effect of his preaching on the large congregations which crowded to hear him was the sense of a new power and joy. He awakened faith and hope. He cheered people struggling with burdens and every-day troubles and fears. Of course he loved to preach. It was his vocation and his hobby. He had no other interest which ranked with this absorbing passion. To him, more than to any other man I have known, next Sunday's sermon was the great end of existence.

Dr. Henderson was essentially social, and was delightful and charming in conversation. He appreciated his friends, and valued highly their appreciation of him. I recall how, when his assistant, he would insist that I should preach as often as he, although I knew the people suffered thereby. He encouraged me mightily, and if I did "have a good time" he praised the sermon extravagantly—giving free play to a natural tendency to superlatives.

Dr. Henderson deserved the place he won in Canadian Methodism. In the good sense of the word he worked for it and earned it, not by any good fortune or special equipment—although highly gifted—but by constant, untiring, unresting devotion to his business as a preacher.

Dr. S. P. Rose says of Henderson's preaching:—

My acquaintance with Dr. Henderson dates back nearly thirty-six years, when he was minister of the newly-built St. James Church, and was regarded by many as the premier preacher of Montreal. That acquaintance, which ripened into friendship, continued, with the necessary interruptions incident to the life of a Methodist itinerant, until the hour of his passing. It is

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therefore not wholly inappropriate that I should respond to the wish of the editor of this memorial volume to pay a tribute to Dr. Henderson's worth and work.

Elsewhere in these pages recognition is made of Dr. Henderson's gifts as a preacher, and I shall not therefore dwell upon this feature of his life service, further than to warn the reader who never heard him preach against judging the effectiveness of his pulpit deliverances by the manuscripts reproduced in this book. It is always the man behind the sermon who can most worthily interpret it; and while Dr. Henderson's printed sermons are of good quality, they are as moonlight to the warm glow of midsummer, when contrasted with his spoken utterances. But this is true of all real preaching. The essay may gain in value because it is read in quiet, but the sermon needs the preacher's personality that it may make its full appeal to the conscience and the emotions.

Emphasis should be laid upon Dr. Henderson's student habits. Diligent and painstaking as he was in pulpit preparation, faithful as his people found him in pastoral relations, responsive as he proved himself to legitimate calls upon him as a public man, he steadfastly pursued a systematic course of reading which embraced books demanding patience and accurate attention. He regularly marked off so many hours a day for hard reading on subjects not immediately available for sermonic ends. He recognized that he must prepare himself. The result was seen in his public addresses. You felt that he had never told you all he knew, that he possessed a reserve of knowledge upon which he could draw when occasion demanded it. Reading made him a full man. The value of this intensive culture was much in evidence in private conversation. To the very last his mind was keen and his grip upon great topics firm. Until within a few days of his final illness he pursued his studies, enriching his

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mind by a growing acquaintance with the world of letters.

Glowing is the tribute of his friend, Sir Robert Perks:—

Dr. Henderson was a mighty preacher and a great Canadian. I wrote "Canadian" first and "Preacher" second; but I have changed the order, for Dr. Henderson was, first and foremost, an ambassador of the Kingdom of Heaven.

I think I got to know him best in the privacy of my own home. It is there that the families of our Church get to know the preacher better than anywhere else; and it is there that the pastor can exert his greatest power. In the pulpit, on the platform, in the home he was always the same—a kindly, tolerant, cultured, Christian gentleman. . . .

It is as a preacher that Dr. Henderson will live in my memory. I have heard him preach to immense congregations at St. James, Montreal, at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and at our great Central Hall, Westminster, which holds 4,000 people. In language of matchless beauty, clothed with illustrations drawn with scholarly art from history and art, from literature, and, above all, from the common life of the people, his theme was ever the same—Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. Never did the most brilliant lawyer plead for a verdict with greater earnestness than he pleaded for the souls of men.

Dr. Henderson was first and foremost a Methodist preacher, and he took his stand on the Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture. In my last long talk with him I thought that he turned his eyes somewhat longingly towards British Methodism, with its class meet-

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ings, its circuit system—with the central town church surrounded by its array of village causes—its great army of 40,000 lay preachers, its huge central Mission Halls crowded with the working classes in our big cities, and our itinerant preachers. I asked him why these characteristics of Methodism seemed to be dying out in Canada.

I remember once when in Ottawa, I think it was in 1908, remarking to Sir Wilfrid Laurier that I was surprised to see so many members of Parliament in the Dominion Church on Sunday. "Yes," he replied, "I sometimes go there myself to hear Dr. Henderson." Whether it was that a look of surprise came over my face or not I do not know, but after a pause Sir Wilfrid said, "I sometimes think that it is not upon the cardinal verities of the Christian faith that the churches differ, but only upon questions of law and order."

Had he devoted to political life the genius and the labour he so lavishly poured out on Methodism Dr. Henderson would have stood in the foremost ranks of Canadian statesmen. He had courage, he had tenacity, he had ever before his eyes a great vision, he put his soul into his work, and he did nobly in a great cause. What more can a great preacher or a great politician want or win?

With these affectionate and discriminating appreciations should be associated the memorial address of the Rev. Professor A. R. Gordon of the Presbyterian College:—

I was deeply moved when I learned that Dr. Henderson had expressed a wish that I should take part in his Funeral Service. I knew him, of course, for a much shorter time than Dr. Bland and Dr. Rose. But during the last few years I saw him often, and learned to honour and love him dearly. So I count this privilege a sad but a very precious one.

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I well remember the first occasion on which I saw Dr. Henderson. It was in this pulpit, on Armistice Day, 1918. The platform was filled with distinguished visitors. But he towered above them all as a king among men. And when his silvery tones rang out, aglow with the flame of his patriotism, he kindled the whole gathering. I heard him on several other occasions, notably at the Centennial Celebration of the Bible Society, when he bore such eloquent testimony to the Book which he delighted to study and delighted to expound. And the effect was always the same. His words rose from the depths of his great heart, and winged their way to the heart of every hearer.

Dr. Henderson was truly a prince of speech, the last among us of that line of famous orators, represented by Gladstone in politics, and Spurgeon and Beecher in the pulpit, who bore us along on the tide of their eloquence, and "urged our search to vaster issues." He knew his gift, and acknowledged it, like Milton, "with soul more bent to serve therewith his Maker." How he toiled to perfect his gift! It was no mere polishing of phrases he aimed at, though he loved a polished phrase. He knew that winged words are born at the altar of burning thoughts. And at this altar he cultivated his gift. He was in friendly touch with modern literature; but his chosen friends, those whom he loved and with whom he moved, were the master minds, Plato and Kant, Green and Caird, Shakespeare and Milton, Tennyson and Browning. I can never forget how I found him once reading Plato to his blind wife. I felt I had touched one of the springs of that "liquid music" of which Dr. Bland has spoken.

Deeper even than his love for literature was his love for theology. He learned his first lessons in theology from Fairbairn, and he never ceased to learn. For him theology was no closed book, but a universe of Divine truth broad and deep as God Himself. And he was

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ever striving to penetrate further into its breadth and depth, "to understand the love of Christ which passeth understanding." To this end he kept in close touch with the march of theological thought and the progress of Biblical scholarship. Nothing pleased him more than to meet with younger men, to hear their point of view, and to enjoy the fruit of their reading. How sympathetic he was with their problems, intellectual, moral, and spiritual! He had himself faced these problems, and he loved to share with them the light he had found for his own soul. How tender also he was! I have rarely met a more tender-hearted man. It was this breadth and sympathy and tenderness that made him a great preacher, and must have made him an even greater pastor.

In his years of retirement, amid all his weakness and suffering, these qualities grew rather than diminished. He was still reading great books. He was still pondering over the problems of the age. Only a few days before his death he was deep in Jacks' "Religious Perplexities." And his tenderness became still more marked. His first thoughts were of others. He was anxious to spare his dear ones trouble, anxious to spare his nurses trouble. And now he is at peace—not the peace of death, which he could never have enjoyed—but the peace of life eternal. What will make heaven a happy place for him will be its opportunities for fuller knowledge and richer service, to know as he has been known, to serve God day and night with that service which is perfect freedom.

Writing in the *Methodist Recorder* of Dec. 4th, 1924, the Rev. John H. Goodman, his colleague at the Baltimore General Conference and in whose church he preached in London, said, "Dr. Henderson was one of the greatest preachers I ever heard. His official address on behalf of Canadian Metho-

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dism was a magnificent piece of oratory, reminding one of the great days of Dr. Morley Punshon."

Perhaps in a single sentence a finer characterization has not been made than by Prof. Michael, his colleague in Eaton Memorial, who spoke of "the music of his voice, the wisdom of his words, the poetry of his soul, and the truth of his heart."

In practicalness of application, in sweep of popular appeal, in richness of imagination, and in music of voice and words Henderson, I think, might be called the Canadian Chrysostom of his generation.

In his address at the Baltimore General Conference he described Methodist preaching as having passed through four stages:—

As everyone knows, Methodism was born and cradled amid the commotions of a mighty revival which modified the spiritual and social conditions of Britain and America—a revival which swept like a conflagration over these countries, producing effects which had not been equalled since the days of primitive Christianity. It was the rekindling on the church's forsaken altars of the faded embers of Pentecost. Wesley, Whitefield, and their coadjutors were primarily and pre-eminently revivalists, and under their preaching the most startling spiritual phenomena were witnessed.

We do not mean that the evangelistic quality of their preaching was the exclusive property of their age, for we have had a succession of revivals since then, and hope to continue the same until the last sinner on earth has surrendered to Christ; but we mean to say that revivalism forms the distinctive feature of that age. That was essentially the birth-period of our church, and this type of preaching is still to be found in Canada.

Then Methodism theologically passed into her form-

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ative period. The time came when she found it necessary to systematize her teachings and reduce to terms of the intellect the preaching of her pulpit and the spiritual experience of her people. She had then to formulate her distinctive doctrines, to instruct and shield her members from the pernicious effects of certain spurious forms of Christianity extant. That was her grand theologic age when the foundations were laid of a system of theology which is still, we think, the most wise and workable which any branch of the church of Christ ever inherited—an age which produced such theologians and commentators as Wesley himself, Fletcher, Watson, Benson, Clarke, and others distinguished in Biblical lore and scholarly exegesis. And here and there the theologian is still to be found in Canada.

Afterwards we find that Methodism glided into what we may term her rhetorical period. It was then that she produced a galaxy of pulpit orators among the brightest that ever shone in the firmament of the church. That was the time the people were drawn, as if by some species of magnetism, from country and city, cabin and castle, field and forge, to listen spell-bound to the preaching of such men as Newton, Beaumont, Rattenbury, Arthur, Simpson, Thomson, Douglas, culminating in that peerless prodigy of rhetorical wizardry, William Morley Punshon. It is not too much to say that at that time the Methodist pulpit was illuminated and her pew entranced by a sacred eloquence that has seldom been equalled and, perhaps, never surpassed. And here and there the rhetorical preacher is to be heard in Canada.

And now, sir, we have passed into a new phase in the evolution of Methodism. What shall I call it? The tendency now is to move the emphasis from the emotional to the practical, and somewhat from the theological to the sociological. We are now aiming at saving

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society as well as the individual, and to prepare our people for the known duties of the life that now is, as well as for the unknown destinies of that which is to come.

Henderson seems to me to have belonged in this respect, as in others, to two periods—the third and the fourth of his outline.

I do not think his own epithet “rhetorical” is the fitting designation for the great preachers of his third period, though some of the less great were little else, but there was generally in that period a care for style, a love of musical and sonorous phrases, and a luxuriance of imagery much less common in the following period. And in all these respects Henderson’s preaching belonged to that third period. He was frequently compared to the most brilliant Methodist preacher of that period—William Morley Punshon. Many years ago I heard an English preacher, the Rev. Samuel Coley, say of Tennyson, “I know of no one who can so melt thought into music.” I think of the Canadian preachers of our generation there have been none who surpassed, and, perhaps, none who equalled James Henderson in his power to melt thought into music. One of the keenest critics of literature and oratory that I know, himself a master in both, after he had heard Henderson for the first time, spoke to me of the sermon with the greatest enthusiasm. “Liquid music,” he called it. Many years ago, at the General Conference of 1898, I heard a knot of the delegates discussing Henderson’s preaching with, as far as I heard, unmingled admiration. One of them who, it was

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quite clear, was an expert "sermon-taster", told of a sermon which he had heard Henderson preach on the love of God which he said by its splendor and luxuriance of imagery left him, sermon-taster though he was, simply dazed. There is no doubt it was Henderson's musical voice and extraordinary and poetic powers of description, as well as his humor and pathos and the unusualness and freshness of his thought, which drew and held to the very last the crowds that always gathered around him.

Yet just as distinctly Henderson belonged to the fourth period, in which in his own words, "the tendency is to move the emphasis from the emotional to the practical, and somewhat from the theological to the sociological."

Very early in his ministry his preaching became more practical than, I think, it had usually been either with himself or the majority of his contemporaries, with most of whom at that time the purely and distinctively evangelical and evangelistic was the prevalent type. And during those years in Carlton St. and Sherbourne St., Toronto, when perhaps, on the whole, his preaching reached its height, I question if there was a preacher in Canada who was so boldly and frankly sociological. Thus in this respect, as in others, he was a preacher of the transition.

The variety of hearers that Henderson drew was also notable. This was discerningly noted by the Rev. Harold Young, his young colleague in his second pastorate in St. James.

In his fine analysis of this secret Mr. Young em-

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phasized especially "the keenness and kindness of his insight into the fundamental facts and problems of the human heart."

A great charm, too, lay in what Chancellor Bowles thinks was "the chief effect of his preaching—the sense of a new power and joy. He awakened faith and hope. He cheered people struggling with burdens and every day troubles and fears."

In an affectionate tribute Mr. S. R. Parsons, in Henderson's time and still a leading member of Sherbourne St. Church, refers to Principal Jacks' arresting little book, *The Lost Radiance of the Christian Religion*, in which Dr. Jacks maintains that the most serious corruption of Christianity is not to be found in errors of doctrine but in "a change of the atmosphere, in a loss of brightness and radiant energy, in a tendency to revert in spirit, if not in terminology, to much colder conceptions of God, of man, and of the universe." He continues, "I have thought it worth while to refer to the above to show by way of contrast how different was the personality and the message of Dr. Henderson. Dr. Henderson's presence and pronouncements were the very antithesis of such a characterization. In the pulpit and out of the pulpit there was a radiance of soul that not only shone in his face but revealed itself in his conversation. It also accounted, in part, for the urge of the presentation of such a warm, health-giving message of the Gospel in winning words to his hearers. With what magical utterance he lifted his people up into the beauty and glory of the spiritual realms! . . . To hear him read throughout that favor-

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ite hymn, 'Spirit Divine, attend our prayers' was a benediction in itself."

A visitor from England, Mr. Samuel Pearson, heard him in Ottawa and in a letter to *The Christian World* after a summary of the sermon added, "There was a clear lift about the whole service into sunshine."

Throughout his half century of active ministry Henderson was unremitting in pulpit preparation. He carried constantly a little note book in which he jotted down thoughts that came to him in his reading, illustrations that he found in books or in the incidents of daily life. After choosing his subject (often on the Sunday night for the next Sunday) and framing a clear outline he made copious notes as the thought developed, then wrote the sermon out fully with great care as to diction, clearness of expression, and aptness of illustration. This he would read over at the end of the week once or twice if it was a new sermon, oftener if he had written it out some time before, and then go into the pulpit taking only a card with a few notes written in large script. Thus he would preach as if talking to the people extemporaneously. Sometimes, indeed, under the inspiration of his audience the sermon as delivered, except in general outline, was very different from the sermon as written.

This method he followed with little variation through his ministry, except that he permitted himself in later years greater freedom, especially after a curious and at first dismaying experience which he tells of in his letter to the Sherbourne St. Board,

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when his prepared sermon suddenly disappeared from memory like an island submerged by an earthquake, and he had to speak extemporaneously. In later years, too, he did not write but dictated to his daughter, who says that often she could scarcely recognize the sermon as delivered; the text and frame work were there, but the thoughts and words glowed with a fire that had not been kindled in the study.

But it was not his sermons only that hearers found remarkable. As with his favorite preacher, Ward Beecher, his prayers deeply moved the heart. And it is significant that like another preacher of deeply impressive prayers, the revered Macdonell of St. Andrews, he prepared very carefully for this feature of worship. He has left many pulpit prayers—invocations, long prayers, and offertory prayers. For their beauty and tenderness and thoughtfulness I have felt that some of these should be included with some representative sermons in the second part of this volume.

Henderson's fine tenor voice, the richer for the Scotch burr, was a great element in the charm of his preaching. But the flexibility and music of his voice were not solely the gift of nature.

When in Dominion Square he had suffered much from sore throat, and Madame Vincent, a well known teacher of that day, warned him that every time he spoke he was straining his vocal chords, and that he would ruin his voice if he did not learn how to use it properly. He took a few lessons from her which proved of great value and enabled him to speak with ease in the largest buildings. All through his life

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from that time on he daily took vocal exercises, usually while dressing, and, after practising scales and arpeggios, would sing some of his favorite hymns. This kept his voice in good form for every occasion. He spared no pains to make himself fit for his work, saying with Browning:

To man propose this test,
Thy body at its best
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

CHAPTER XIX

HIS MESSAGE

NO question concerning Henderson is easier to answer than the question, what was his message. On the first Sunday of his last pastorate, speaking on the text, "He preached unto them Jesus," he said, "To a suffering, groaning humanity I preach a personal Christ, and when I finish my work here the best that I wish you to say of me is, 'He preached unto us Jesus.'"

Always reading, always thinking, untrammelled in the freedom of his speculation, he passed in his conception of Christianity through different phases, but Jesus Christ was always the centre of his thought and the centre of his preaching.

For example, he gave a paper on the Atonement before the Ministerial Association of the Quebec District, December, 1877, containing a well-wrought out exposition of what is known as the Governmental theory, but, at the last, he saw in the Cross, not something needed by God or by the Divine law, but the mighty appeal of God to human hearts. "I do not say that Christ makes an atonement for us, but He is an atonement. I do not say He atones God to us but us to God. He turns us Godward." "There was nothing," he said, in a sermon from which we have already quoted, "in the nature of God that had to be pacified."

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Science and philosophy were permitted to play on his mind freely, but, at the last as at the first, Christ always had the pre-eminence.

Seeing thus in Jesus Christ the highest and fullest manifestation of God, Henderson naturally came to recognize and delight in the humanness of God. He was not afraid to test doctrines concerning the government of God and the future of men and women by the response of the human heart. What the human heart at its best protested against, he felt, could not be true of God. It was a loving, fatherly heart to which he sought to draw the sinful and the sorrowing.

The humanness of God and the divineness of man are correlative ideas. If one is true so must be the other. Henderson never wearied of speaking of the worth of human nature. I think even from the outset of his ministry he must have abandoned the orthodox doctrine of that day in regard to human depravity. In a sermon before the Hamilton Conference in 1898 he denounced the practice of teaching children that they are born sinners. Almost wherever one looks into his half century of preaching one finds the emphasis on the glory of Christ and on the worth of man. On his first Sunday in Dominion Square, June, 1883, (a day that, I would fancy, occasioned him more trepidation than any other Sunday in his ministerial career, for it brought the country pastor face to face with what was regarded as one of the most critical congregations in the Montreal Conference) his texts were, "Jesus in the Midst" and "What is Man?"

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Preaching in the same church on the next Christmas from John I, 14, he said, "The Incarnation had also conferred new dignity upon our humanity. Now that the infinite heart had beaten in a human bosom, even the human body was a sacred thing. In the Incarnation God had linked himself on to man. Here was the true apotheosis of man, not only God becoming man, but man becoming God. The Incarnation revealed the infinite capacity of the human soul for God—the human had been the medium of the divine manifestation. Man had been elevated to the highest pinnacle of glory. It was a Man that was now enthroned in the skies, holding the centre of universal empire, swaying the destinies of all intelligent beings. The Incarnation also revealed the personality of God. It showed that God was not a mere 'stream of tendency,' an influence, or a force, but a person to whom we could pray and appeal for help in time of trouble. It also revealed the fatherhood of God in its intrinsic and essential sense. The object of the Incarnation was to save sinners by suppressing sin. Sin had a bearing upon the whole universe, and, in destroying it, the influence of the Incarnation was coextensive with the whole moral creation."

Matthew X, 31, "Are ye not of more value than many sparrows" was a favorite text.

The teaching concerning the hereafter which stirred up such controversy in Toronto in 1917 is implicit in a statement made in the last sermon of his first pastorate in St. James Church, June, 1891, "There was the eternal bond that bound every soul

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to God, and he believed that no sin, no matter how heinous, could sever this bond."

He anticipated R. J. Campbell's famous and much-discussed statement about the *roué* who, even in his unscrupulous pursuit of his own gratification, is really seeking God, in a sermon preached in 1886 in connection with the Convention of the Intercollegiate Missionary Alliance, in the words, "Believe me that in a sense God is at the very bottom of our lowest desires and at the summit of our loftiest aspirations. It is the infinite God man is seeking after in all the mental unrest of the age. 'It is God that he is seeking to admire in all that he does admire and to love in all that he loves.' "

"If you have found a man who cannot love, you have found the devil."

"No matter how low the man may be it is still true that 'the greatest star is at the small end of the telescope.' "

And so again, in the only sermon in regard to which he told the Board of Eaton Memorial that he found the late Chancellor Burwash hesitant: "In the course of that sermon I said that Christianity had its counterpart in human nature, that men had been made in the divine image, and that image was Christ. That meant that we were all constitutionally Christian, and that every human being, however degraded, carried within him a potential Christ."

"Oh, for fewer doctors of divinity and more doctors of humanity!" was a passionate and very characteristic outburst in his first sermon in his last pastorate. In that, I think, was gathered the enthusiasm

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for the worth and splendor of human nature which was, I think, the master passion of his preaching.

Prayer was a theme he loved to dwell upon, particularly in philosophic and carefully reasoned efforts to remove the difficulties which the modern mind, steeped in the idea of natural law, finds in the scriptural teaching of its objective efficacy.

A marked feature of Henderson's preaching from the first was its breadth of human interest. He never loved fences in his sympathies or in his thinking. Perhaps I should rather say that for him the fences which denominationalism and orthodoxy have built so industriously did not exist.

I have said that Jesus Christ was the centre of his thinking and of his preaching. I have also said that enthusiasm for the worth and splendor of human nature was his master passion. I do not think the two judgments conflict. The divine glory of Jesus Christ was to him a distinctively human glory, and, like St. Paul, he knew no man after the flesh. He saw all men in Christ. Jesus Christ was the true man, the real man, and some glint of His surpassing radiance was distinguishable in every man, even the vilest.

Hence in a richer, deeper, and more inspiring way than the Roman dramatist conceived it, "nothing human was alien to him."

In the earlier years of his ministry the hostile and either frightened or contemptuous attitude to science, and particularly to evolutionary science, which is now the almost exclusive vagary of Fundamentalism, was general in the orthodox churches. And

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those of us whose homiletic memories go back thirty or forty years or more can well recall the way the pulpits resounded with fulminations against Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and Spencer. Back in his first Montreal pastorates I notice Henderson held that science, philosophy, and literature should be regarded as tributaries to the Gospel of Christ. Thirty years ago he was discussing the evolutionary theory as quite consistent with the Christian view of man, and the evolutionary origin, at least, of man's physical characteristics as established.

Never, as far as I know or can conceive of him, did he take an antagonistic, or even suspicious, attitude to modern thought. Changes, he felt, had come and would, probably, continue to come. Our aim must then be, he thought, not to try to dam back the river but to guide it into irrigation channels or to harness it for the generation of power. So I notice thirty years ago such characteristic subjects as "To what Extent has Modern Thought disturbed the Foundations of our Faith," "Prove all Things," "St. Paul's Prayer for Increase in Knowledge."

I do not recall that in the early years when I first knew him he showed any marked interest in social questions. I doubt if any Canadian preachers did, except in the matter of the Temperance reform. These questions had scarcely come into consciousness in Canada, and Evangelical preachers especially were so convinced of the complete adequacy of the Evangelical message that they thought if man were only converted all social wrongs would automatically disappear. A thinker of Henderson's broad and

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sensitive human sympathies could not, however, long remain indifferent to those problems and to the social implications of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I have tried to show how he had been seized by them in his first Montreal pastorate and still more in his first Toronto pastorates. Henry George's theory of the Single Tax on land values, and Socialism, received sympathetic treatment. Miss Le Rossignol tells how even during his holidays in Muskoka he gave his forenoons to study and, particularly, to the study of economics. I question if in Canada, or even in the United States, any prominent orthodox preacher was at that time preaching on these delicate and inflammable subjects with at once such boldness and such acceptability. A Toronto man of excellent judgment, who was a hearer of Henderson both in Sherbourne St. and in Eaton Memorial, has told me he thought Henderson's preaching reached high-water mark for boldness, virility, and breadth in those years in Carlton St. and Sherbourne St. The eleven years as Missionary Secretary necessarily limited the area of his preaching and to some extent, I should suppose, the range of his reading, and when he returned to the pastorate, while the social implications of Christianity still interested him, he had become more conservative and his physical energies had been impaired by the Manitou accident and much suffering.

His latest views are to be found in two letters both written in reply to congratulations on the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birthday.

The first is addressed to the Rev. W. A. Hamilton,

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Secretary of the Montreal Methodist Ministerial Association:—

Dear Brother Hamilton,

Of the many messages of greeting and good wishes I received by letter and wire on the celebration of my seventy-fifth birthday, none gratified me more than that which came through your hands from my ministerial brethren. What I mourn the most now is my inability to meet with them as of yore at the Monday morning meetings.

Believe me, I never was more absorbingly interested in the work of the ministry than I am today. Surely we are passing out of one world into another. What a time of interest we are having. The world has moved round in the thought circle and now occupies a new point of view. To the philosopher of today much of the old philosophy is wrong. To the moralist a great deal of the old ethic is wrong. To the modern economist our industry is wrong, and to the modernist our theology is wrong. And to a great extent the pulpit has in its hand the solution. I believe that wherever the pulpit preaches a Gospel up to date and deals with the live issues of today the people will pause and listen. Wherever the pulpit is what it was divinely intended to be it will go on beyond itself and create a world atmosphere in favor of righteousness. I have been reading lately the lives of great preachers and have more faith in the old Gospel expressed in terms of the new than ever. I do not think it is necessary for us to preach philosophy or economics or eugenics or even systematic theology as such, but I feel we must so preach the Gospel of the Christ of today that it will communicate a spiritual impulse and direction to all these. In an editorial we were lately told that we must preach politics if we would improve the politics of the country, and we must preach economics if we would improve the condition of the proletariat. Cer-

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tainly, in our preaching we should bring the searchlight of the Gospel to bear upon our social, political, and industrial conditions, and whatever is at variance with the spirit and teachings of Christ the pulpit must fearlessly expose and unsparingly denounce. And yet, I insist that the pulpit must ever let the accent fall upon the spiritual, and we can reach and raise the whole man, either as a unit or in the mass, only as we wake up the spiritual in him.

What we need most of all today is great preaching. What we were told the other day at a public discussion is not true—the pulpit is about to be superseded by the press. The latter can prove a conserving and saving force only as it is the vehicle of those truths proclaimed every Sabbath from the pulpits of the land. In all great preaching we have the sermon breathing and alive in the person of the preacher, but in print we have only its mechanical impression. In preaching there is that mystic touch felt by the immediate impact of mind upon mind and heart upon heart. There are the passion, the pathos and the play of all those live qualities which inspire in personality. Preaching is the soul of the preacher charged with a divine message communicating itself to the people; but, excuse me, I must stop. I did not intend to launch forth in this manner.

I am thankful that our College men are awake to the situation. I have enjoyed much the pamphlets recently written by Principal Smyth, Dr. Rose and Professor Graham. And whatever changes and readjustments may be brought about by Church Union, I sincerely hope our present professoriate may be left intact.

Please convey to the brethren my sincere thanks for their greetings and good wishes, and the assurance of my ever increasing interest in all that concerns their work and well being.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES HENDERSON.

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The second is addressed to Mr. C. D. Daniels, Recording Steward of Sherbourne St. Church, a letter which we have already quoted. (p. 107).

In his fraternal address to the Methodist Episcopal General Conference at Baltimore in 1908 he was outspoken in his assertion of the obligation of a social salvation:—

Our General Conference has placed itself more than once on record in its practical sympathy with the special efforts now being made to save society and to place the business world upon a New Testament basis. The fact is being forced upon us, that so long as society, as a whole, is economically wrong, it is logically absurd to expect its every individual unit to be ethically right. This belief lies at the basis of the action of our General Conference in appointing Secretaries of Temperance and Social Reform, and is reflected in the resolutions it has passed looking towards the Christian solution of industrial problems and the rectification of social wrongs.

The pulpit that has nothing to say about social salvation is using a compass which sweeps only one-half the circle; to complete the circle, it must preach salvation for the individual on the one hand, and salvation for society on the other. I know we are told that Jesus never tried to save society or the state, as such. He saw the poor slave bearing the badge of Roman servitude, and yet He never denounced slavery. He saw the Roman soldiery with gleaming armor, haughty mien, and measured tread marching through the gates of the city, and yet He never organized a peace society. He saw the poor drunkard stagger and reel in the open, and yet He never said a word about prohibition. He saw the poor, fallen woman, with crimson cheek and averted face, crouching low at His feet, taken in the

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very act, and yet he never organized a Magdalene society. He might have hoisted the standard of revolt and struck a blow at the mailed hand which clutched Judea by the throat, but, instead, He chose to wave over oppressor and oppressed the olive branch of peace. Why? Because He was creating those new conditions and sentiments, and forging those rallying cries, and liberating those ideas of God and man that were to break the power of Roman despotism; that were to save the drunkard from his cups and the libertine from his vices, and create in distant ages the liberties of the American Republic, and the glories of the British Empire. It is ours now to translate His teachings into the lives of the people and the laws of the land; then our world will be a paradise indeed, and man only a little lower than the angels.

A sermon in Dominion Church, Ottawa, in 1910, as reported, is a faithful and powerful warning against anything more than a reasonable wealth.

Even in the last two years of his active ministry there are little jets of the passionate sympathy with democracy which had been so volcanic in earlier years.

Newspaper reports of his addresses and my own recollections of conversations with him indicate that he was deeply impressed with the Bolshevik revolution. But it was not a panic stricken cry for its suppression. It was the recognition by a Christian thinker and a lover of the people that Bolshevism could only be successfully met by the removal of mal-economic conditions. The choice lay between the demon of Bolshevism and the angel of the new world democracy. He hoped the latter would prevail, but he was not sure. It was for the Church to decide.

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He recognized the greatness of the task and said frankly that he thought, unless a mighty spiritual energy, akin to that which glorified the days of Wesley and Whitefield, again shook the world, the Church was doomed.

Scarcely an element in his message but a vital characteristic of Henderson's preaching was his emphasis on enthusiasm.

It was a very characteristic sermon he preached in Centenary Church, Hamilton, on the evening of Conference Sunday, 1900, from the words, "For they said, He is beside himself."

"No man," said the preacher, "ever becomes a real man until he becomes an enthusiast."

"No minister could kindle the fires of religion in another unless he was on fire himself."

"The world was often more dependent for the forward steps in the march of civilization on hot-blooded, blundering men than on a lot of respectable, cold-blooded do-nothings."

"The man who cannot fuse his facts over the fire of feeling—who cannot feel as well as think—is only the fraction of a man."

In one of the sermons of the last year of his preaching he pleaded for the enthusiasm of Wesley and Whitefield. Nothing but this, he thought, could meet the world crisis.

In this he was not exhorting others to be what he was not himself. His preaching had light in it but, even more markedly, it had warmth. In reading the tributes to his preaching I am struck with the references to this. Perhaps this was more than anything

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else the secret of his attractiveness to such diversified congregations as he invariably gathered.

Henderson never concealed his aim to stir the emotions of people. I have often heard him dwell on the governing power of the emotions. But he did not appeal to the emotions in any unlawful way.

"Dr. Henderson," writes the Rev. Professor F. H. Wallace, D.D., late Dean of the Faculty of Theology in Victoria College, "was a great preacher, one of the greatest that our Church has had. He was no mere rhetorician, a weaver of dainty phrases, nor a sensationalist, nor an emotionalist. He did stir men's emotions and influence their wills, but always through their intellects. His appeal was to reason and conscience. He was a real thinker, deep and original, no mere retailer of other men's opinions, or the clever champion of accepted dogmas."

To his close friend, Mr. W. J. Topley, he wrote under date of February 9th, 1924, a letter which should not be overlooked in its frank unveiling in the last year of his life of a vein of mysticism that ran through his religious conceptions:—

My dear Mr. Topley,

Too much water has passed beneath the bridge of time since I received your thought-stimulating letter. My explanation is that I have, as you say, had my ups and downs in bed lately. But now that I have a brief breathing spell and am not so much distracted with pain, I wish to express my acknowledgments and congratulations on the letter you sent me some time ago. For real wit, humor, poetry, pathos, and philosophy it ranks high. We have read it more than once to some

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of our friends, much to their enjoyment, and it has provoked me to think along the lines indicated therein.

I know you are a devout worshipper at the shrine of the beautiful and are a keen student of God's first Bible, Nature. You may remember our conversation many years ago on art and the philosophy of the beautiful. The next Sabbath I preached from the text: "He hath made all things beautiful." It was then that I elaborated for the first time my theory that everything in nature is symbolic and sacramental, and that nature and man are but the counterparts the one of the other; that man, in short, is the epitome of God and all things. The more we know of nature the more we know of ourselves.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach us more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the ages can.

In our conversation we reached the conclusion that, at bottom, all beauty is spiritual. What is the light which in supreme moments plays upon the human face and which poets see playing on the face of nature? It is an effluence from the soul of beauty that indwells in all things. This was the poet's thought when he said, "All things are beautiful because of something lovelier than themselves that dwells therein." Everything in nature is symbolic and sacramental. Man looks upon the everlasting hills and, he knows not why, he dreams of immortality. He gazes upon the silent stars and thinks of angels and of God. Every flower is a way-side sacrament, and every bush afire with God.

A man dowered as you are by nature has no difficulty in subscribing to what Goethe has said, "We love no truth that is not beautiful, since beauty is the highest truth of all".

I like your thoughts on time and eternity. I have said before that time is eternity in brackets, and eternity is time with the brackets removed. And yet,

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neither time nor eternity exists outside the soul itself. Time is the mind staking off the thoughts within and the events without in their order. Space is worlds and external objects seen in their geometrical proportions and relations. As philosophers would say, time and space are mental concepts, and the world without is but the projected shadow of the world within.

Your thoughts on death are my own. Death is only an episode in the life of a human soul. It is the point in our spiritual experience where east and west become one; it is the soul's sunset on this side, which only means the soul's sunrise on the other.

I should like to have another letter when the spirit moves you. This last one glows all over with fire points which have kindled me into corresponding thought and emotion.

Mrs. Henderson is still groping her way in the dark, and so far no hope of fulfilment of our prayer that at evening time it shall be light.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Topley is not strong and that you are both so much kept in during the cold weather. But

The holy spirit of the spring
Is working silently—

and we hope to be out in God's sunshine before long.

With loving regards to you both from our household

I am,

Very cordially yours,

JAMES HENDERSON.

A fitting close of this attempt to present Henderson's most cherished convictions may be found in the analysis of his character given to Miss Le Rossignol by the friend with whom he carried on for years the most intimate correspondence, Sir Robert Perks:

I have made it a rule not to keep any such letters but

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to destroy them." I don't want any one to write my biography, and I find that my friends write much more freely and confidentially to me when they know that their letters go into the fire.

I shall much miss your father's talks with me in his letters. His main concern always was "Will this advance or retard the progress of the Kingdom?" The Kingdom of God stood first; the British Empire second; and Canada next. He loved Methodism for the simple reason, as he once told me, because he believed it to be the most efficient ecclesiastical organization ever devised for spreading Scriptural Christianity throughout the world.

CHAPTER XX

A PROPHET, YET NOT STONED

IN this attempt to portray, so to speak, the religious landscape in which Henderson habitually dwelt I fancy it will have become apparent that he was by temperament a radical, a thinker who thought for himself, who thought boldly and freely, who reached, and did not hesitate to proclaim, conclusions not at the time generally accepted. In reading his letters and addresses it has become quite plain to me that throughout his mature ministry he was clearly conscious that his distinctive mission was to present old truths in a new form. To a friend, just after he had accepted the second invitation to St. James, he wrote, "It will be a pleasure, and yet an experience tinged with pain, when I stand in the old pulpit and preach the old Gospel in a new light, as I tried to do so many years ago."

I think this conviction was with him from the Cookshire and Huntingdon days when, as he tells us, he came under the spell of Channing, Robertson, and Beecher. "They changed entirely my view point," he said, "forty-five years afterwards, gave new direction to my thought, and a new coloring to my preaching."

The brilliant Australian preacher, the Rev. Henry Howard, who shot, like a meteor, across our Cana-

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dian sky in 1924, called on Henderson during his visit to Montreal. In his letter of condolence to Mrs. Henderson he says:

It was very gracious of him to give me the privilege of an interview during my stay in Montreal. He greatly impressed me by the depth of his insight and the exceeding breadth of his outlook. He had the power of relating all the new knowledge to the old Truth, and could translate the Gospel message into up-to-date terms without losing the essential meaning in the process. We can ill afford to lose such men and I sincerely deplore his death.

It was at Huntingdon, about 1880, that he tells us he first preached "the progressive nature of revelation" and "created quite a sensation one Sunday morning by saying that revelation was not confined to the Bible."

Mrs. Uzziel Ogden, of Toronto, while one of his hearers in Carlton St., had noted down some of his striking sayings. In sending some of these to Mrs. Henderson after his death, she writes to Miss Le Rossignol, "As I go back thirty-five years when these sayings became an influence in my life, when historical study of the Bible was yet in the gray dawn of its day, I see how far ahead of his time your father had advanced."

One of the many discoveries by which modern Biblical criticism has corrected our knowledge of the Bible is the conception of the ancient Hebrew prophet as primarily and chiefly a preacher of righteousness and, distinctively, of new conceptions of righteousness, a spokesman for God, a forth-teller,

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and only incidentally and subordinately a foreteller. In this sense, then, I think Dr. Trevor Davies was fully justified in his tender and thoughtful letter of sympathy to Mrs. Henderson when he says, "He always impressed me as being a precious gift of God to the Church and as a 'called' prophet whose one consuming interest was the proclaiming of his Lord and His Gospel."

I would think that in the last two decades of the nineteenth century among orthodox preachers in Canada, at least prominent ones, Dr. Henderson was the most radical and one of the most truly prophetic. Yet he was never seriously attacked. He enjoyed a remarkable popularity and held happy pastorates in a succession of leading churches of his denomination. The question arises, How did he manage to say so many unusual and unconventional things and escape so completely the fate which generally befalls prophets.

For one reason, perhaps, because neither theological nor economic orthodoxy was then so "panicky."

The franker and more critical attitude to the Bible and theology, popularly known as Modernism, or the Higher Criticism, was at that time scarcely known in Canada. It had aroused no angry passions, no uneasy fears. The minds of devout but uninformed and unreflective people had not been whipped up into passionate fear and wrath. People might be a little disturbed or uneasy at some of Henderson's frank statements, but they did not discern in these a new kind of Christianity. These novel statements would seem, at worst, individual eccen-

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tricities, to be régretted, perhaps, or wondered at, but not to be considered as a serious attack on the old faith.

Henderson's economic radicalism found similar indulgence. In the period 1885-1895 in which I think Henderson was at his boldest, there were few very wealthy men in Methodist churches. It was the decade 1900 to 1910 which so amazingly multiplied the wealth of manufacturers, financiers, stock-brokers, grain merchants, real estate dealers, etc. The richer a man is the more conscious he becomes, alike of his remoteness from the common people and of the instability of his elevated position. As riches increase timorousness increases, and nothing so readily passes into suspicion and anger as fear.

Labor disputes, too, in Canada had not become as fierce and dangerous as in later years.

Thus, I think, men who had found the present social order quite satisfactory would listen to Henderson approving the Single Tax and saying a kind word for Socialism and even for the Russian Nihilism of the time with an indulgence that would be accorded to no pastor of a wealthy church to-day.

The temper of Canadian churches of the well-to-do was accordingly, I should judge, much less irritable than a quarter of a century later.

But the main factor in Henderson's immunity was the man himself. In the first place, he was such a stately figure of a man, tall, inclining in later years to a dignified, never a heavy or unwieldy, portliness, and carrying himself nobly, abundant beard and lion-like mane of white hair, old world ruddiness on his

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cheeks, and flashing eye. Not a man to be lightly challenged. Quick, too, in repartee and of nimble and disarming wit, kindly but with caustic reserves.

The river-like and melodious flow of Henderson's speech, too, I think must have checked some protests. In Stopford Brooke's *Life of Robertson of Brighton* there is a striking passage describing a speech of Robertson's at a public meeting in the Town Hall when, over a question concerning the management of the Working Men's Institute, Robertson had aroused against himself a good deal of infidel hostility. Brooke tells how men would start up to interrupt him, but would subside, checked by "the calm voice and the musical flow of pauseless speech." Henderson, like Robertson, by the assured and unbroken flow of tender or humorous and always musical speech really left no opening for attack.

I would associate Henderson with Dr. Jowett in this ability to say challenging things without provoking opposition. Dr. Jowett by the lofty dignity, the perfect phrasing, the hushed and magic tones that were his peculiarly, and Henderson by a presence even more stately, a voice if less magical yet very winning, a phrasing only inferior to Jowett's, and a humanness, a geniality, a humor, and pathos—of which there was little in the wizard artistry of the great English preacher.

But what above everything allayed any resentment and disarmed opposition was Henderson's glowing devotion to Jesus Christ, the constant exaltation of Him as Lord and Saviour, the emotional warmth which did so much to rob any novel and dis-

A PROPHET, YET NOT STONED

turbing sayings of any possibly irritating quality. Modernist Henderson undoubtedly was, but there was nothing in his sermons of the chilly intellectualism or the critical harshness that distress and wound the uncritical devout. He never lost the evangelistic warmth and passion of his mission days in North Hastings. His was a rare temperament—perhaps more characteristic of the Scot than of any other nationality—*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, a combination of enthusiastic philosopher, ardent humanist, and passionate evangelist.

I do not remember that in our conversations together we ever discussed the question how far faithful preaching can escape antagonism. From what I have heard of Henderson's preaching I should be disposed to believe that it was a study with him to be a faithful preacher—to read widely, to think freely, and to share with his people the fulness of his matured convictions—but to do this with a minimum of irritation. I have heard one of his hearers in Eaton Memorial, a man of very unusual discernment in such matters, speak almost with wonder of a sermon Henderson preached before that congregation largely composed of successful business men, in which he flayed almost every principle which is taken for granted by men who aim at and glorify success, and yet so genially and so tactfully that my informant said that at the time he did not think one of his hearers would take offence.

Some preachers, perhaps, never make such a study. The provocative things they may say just spurt out of their own accord, for the most part quite unex-

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pectedly. Others would scarcely feel free to make it. It seems to them that truth sometimes for its own sake must be put in challenging and provocative form. Temperaments vary and each temperament has its own place and method. James Henderson, I think, broadened and humanized the thought of Canadians as much as any preacher of his generation, perhaps more than any other. And he did this without irritating, and, perhaps, in some cases succeeded in doing this only because he did not irritate.

CHAPTER XXI

IN THE HOME AND IN SOCIAL LIFE

IN home life Henderson was charming. Sufficient proof of that is the deep affection he won from his step-children. I can never forget how completely he became one of the family in the year he lived with us in the Quebec parsonage. It is a pleasant picture Miss Le Rossignol gives us of the evenings at 51 Rosedale Road during those years of Missionary Secretaryship in which, while much away from home, when at home his evenings were free as a pastor's can rarely be. All the young people who for greater or longer intervals were members of his household became devoted to him.

He was, as Dr. F. A. Jones of Ottawa says, "a charming host", one who liked people and was at ease in any circle from Government House to the humblest cabin in the wilds. Every one who called on him was heartily welcomed and even when the visitor turned out to be a bore who was wasting his time and strength he was never turned away. If Henderson did not "suffer fools gladly" he suffered them courteously and considerately. It was difficult to protect him from interruption when busy in his study or when weary, as he did not like any one to be denied an interview with him. Even when the doctor had strictly limited the time of a call he would converse with so much animation that his

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visitors, in spite of good intentions, would stay longer than was prudent. If young people were shy in his company he would put himself out to entertain them and keep the conversation going, even if they could only reply in monosyllables. He gave his best to all who came. And, I fancy, the shyness of the shyest would soon melt, for Henderson had a rich fund of stories which he told with huge enjoyment. He delighted in company and conversation and was the life of every gathering, private or public.

Young people he specially loved and young people loved him. He was thoughtful of lonely ones and of young people away from home.

"Frequently in those days," writes the Rev. Dr. Charles T. Scott of his student days at Montreal, "Dr. Henderson would invite us into his home in small groups, and those were memorable evenings. Whatever benefit he may have sought to convey, he never made us feel that it was anything but a desire for our company which drew us there. The touch of his genial optimistic personality ever sent us forth desiring to be noble and happy men. The communication of personality is the greatest achievement of mankind, and in that sense Dr. Henderson will have ceaseless resurrection in Canada."

The Rev. A. H. Farnsworth, who was a boy in Cookshire during Henderson's pastorate there, recalls a sermon on the fall of Plevna whole passages of which imprinted themselves on his memory, but he adds, "What impressed me most in Mr. and Mrs. Henderson was the fact that here was a most schol-

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arly and eloquent minister and such a refined and cultured lady, yet they took special notice of, and were kind to, a bashful, awkward, country boy."

"In 1906," writes the Rev. Andrew McLaughlin of the Bay of Quinte Conference, "when I was seeking rather helplessly my way into the ministry and had had rather an abrupt treatment at the hands of ——— who was just leaving for Conference, it was Dr. James Henderson, the Associate Missionary Secretary, who took the rather frightened boy into his office and spent a long time elucidating the mysteries of theological curricula—a debt I often remembered as I listened to him in college days at the Eaton Memorial Church."

But it was not merely his kindliness and helpfulness which won the love of young people. It was also and, I think, in a great measure his frank humanness.

Some great preachers like Latimer, Luther, Spurgeon, Beecher, Brooks have been amazingly boyish. Others like Savonarola, Whitefield, Finney, F. W. Robertson, R. J. Campbell, J. H. Jowett one can hardly think of as boyish. The latter sometimes have an impressiveness of their own, but the former are the more wholesome. Henderson was boyish to the last.

Here is one of his letters, the last written with his own hand:—

Smashville Cottage,

My dear Wife,

Sept. 13th, 1922.

Was glad to receive your letter of the 12th inst. and to learn of your enjoyable trip, your safe arrival, and your cordial welcome by Mary and the young folks.

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Please thank Isabel for her letter. She has made great progress as an athlete. She tells me she covered 21 ft. 8 in. in a hop, skip and jump. There is no grasshopper in Canada can equal that. At that rate she need not take the train to come home. Two or three more efforts like that and she will jump her way to Montreal in no time, perhaps landing in our back yard in time for breakfast.

We miss you very much. After you left the house seemed empty and very silent! Even the canary refused to sing. Annie and I think, however, that you should stay until the family come home. I have no doubt you would be the better of the rest and change, and we shall do what we can to keep the ship afloat until your return.

I feel it will not be safe to preach in my present state of health and I am now resigned to the thought of giving it up altogether. It has cost me a great struggle to get there, but I feel that for the future I must exchange speaking for writing.

Yours most affectionately,

JAMES HENDERSON.

Among young people especially he was utterly free from all ministerial self-consciousness or reserve. It almost took away the breath of young people and completely captivated them, to find the eloquent and impassioned preacher who awed them in the pulpit, when they met him out of it, so frank and unreserved and full of jokes and stories. Phillips Brooks once said, "What a good thing it would be if ministers would talk to their people the way they talk to one another!" It was Henderson's charm that he gave his views of everything, religion included, as frankly to young people as to his brethren

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of the cloth. He did not seem to them like a minister; he was one of themselves.

It is my impression that this *bonhomie* and good fellowship were much less common among ministers, especially devoted and earnest ministers, forty and fifty years ago than to-day. Even when they cared for young people and did much for them it was as ministers seeking to do them good. Henderson, with the wise and wholesome instinct which in several ways anticipated the coming age, was always with young people just a natural human, as free and easy and jolly amongst them as a born commercial man. Yet so prevaiingly and instinctively interested was he in the best things that I never heard any one suggest that there was the slightest approach to frivolity or any lack of true dignity. In his freedom from self-consciousness and reserve, his broad and genial sympathies, his frank and wholesome humanness, there was a suggestion of that Jesus of the multitude and of the feast the rediscovery of whom, after nearly nineteen centuries of theological and ecclesiastical misconception, will prove to be the greatest discovery of this age of discoveries. Naturally, again like the Master whom to make known was his supreme aim, he was fond of little children and they were fond of him. There is a pretty passage in Sir Robert Perks' affectionate tribute:—

It is often said, I think perhaps unfairly, that John Wesley did not understand children. With Dr. Henderson it was not so—he caught in a wondrous way their thoughts and saw their visions. “Dr. Henderson,” said one of my girls to him one day at our country

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home, "are there any fairies in Canada?" "I have never seen any," was the reply, "but I fancy there must be some in the Rocky Mountains, if there are any." "But fairies cannot live in the snow. To-night it is moonlight and if you will come along the avenue with us after dark we will show you the fairies dancing in a ring upon the grass." The scientist would have shrugged his shoulders and smiled. The theologian might have argued in vain. Dr. Henderson understood and went. Whether they saw the fairies I do not know; but my children's eyes danced with delight.

Mrs. E. A. McCulloch of Eaton Memorial writes: "His tenderness with children and his delightful way of loving them into the Kingdom, as he met the class from the Sunday School before the Easter reception into the church, touched one deeply."

"How a faith like Dr. Henderson's sheds a radiance wherever it touched," writes another. "I still hear his voice rich and strong and full of the sureness we all long for. I say with all the multitude who loved him down here and with the heavenly host who welcome him now, Thank God for such a life."

"He was always," says Dr. F. A. Jones, "buoyant and helpful and his presence seemed to chase away gloom and sadness. After all, one felt, life was really worth living."

After his death James Le Rossignol wrote, "The Pater was always such a radiant personality that like the sun, he warmed and cheered and illuminated all those about him."

Naturally he drew men to him. There were men who counted him their dearest friend. His humaneness, his radiance, his breadth of understanding,

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combined with the peculiar opportunities for friendship which is one of the charms of the itinerancy, enabled him to reap a rich harvest of friends.

I cull a few passages from letters to him or to his widow:—

(From a friend after the removal from Ottawa)—
“Now I feel I have lost my dearest friend.” (From another)—“To intimately know a man of his charm and character is given to few of us in a lifetime. I count my acquaintance with Dr. Henderson as one of my life events. His was a wonderful personality.”

(From another while Dr. Henderson was ill)—
“I do hope sincerely you will improve. I feel very anxious indeed sometimes. I can say in a letter what I should feel a diffidence in saying personally, that I have the greatest esteem, love, and admiration that a man can have for a friend (or, indeed, for any one) for your good self.” (From another) “How often I think of the happy days when he and I took sweet counsel together, when he was my big brother who did not spare himself to help, advise, and console in the many circumstances that arose in my life when his strong presence and warm heart were a tower of strength. I can truthfully say he was the best friend I ever had.”

His relations were very cordial with Sir Wilfrid Laurier. “Dr. Henderson,” wrote that great Canadian to a mutual friend in 1917, “is one of the noblest souls that I ever met in the course of my long life and I deem myself privileged when I can call on him and enjoy his conversation for a few moments.”

“May you long live to preach and touch the hearts

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of your people, as you touched mine when you preached from the text—‘God so loved the world,’ ” were the late Premier’s words to him.

Even though in his later years and, perhaps, because of failing physical energies he was more impressed by the difficulties in the way of radical social reform than he had been in middle life he kept to the last his sympathy with “the underdog.” He would never join in the hue and cry over some one who theologically or economically or politically had drawn on himself that unreliable and fickle thing,—popular displeasure. His friendship with Sir Wilfrid wholly lay in the years in which Sir Wilfrid was in opposition. The late Rev. A. M. Phillips, was one of the prophetic souls who experienced the truth of Whittier’s lines,

Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Certain theological utterances of his had drawn upon him the marked and general disapproval of Henderson’s Conference, and in an address before the Conference Henderson made a kindly reference to Mr. Phillips’ views which a newspaper report says, “Was the kindest heard at the Conference, where ever and anon, many furtive kicks were made at the practice of preaching speculative doctrines.

The most regrettable and humiliating outburst of mistaken zeal and loyalty that Canadian Methodism has known in our time was the storm that burst on the head of one of the most scholarly, courteous, and sweet-spirited, most evangelical and evangelistic

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ministers who has ever preached in a Canadian pulpit for the utterance, as free from irritations as any somewhat novel utterance could well be, of Biblical views now taught in every Protestant theological college of standing in the English speaking world, and which would not now be challenged in any Ministerial Association in Canada. Feeling in some sections of the Church ran to heights now unimaginable. "Salem," said to me a ministerial friend quite seriously, after a visit with a Christian couple we both loved and esteemed, "they would burn George Jackson at the stake, if they could." I heard in a quite unquestionable way of a lady who, on learning that Professor Jackson was sailing for the old country, impulsively cried, and not in joke, "Oh, I hope the steamer will go down."

In the midst of the seething fury of denunciation Henderson was interviewed in Ottawa, and it says much for him, that he frankly endorsed Dr. Jackson's position and characterised him in general as "a cautious and conservative thinker."

He had also, as has been pointed out, in a notable address during his second pastorate at St. James, a good word for the Doukhobors, of all our "new Canadians" least understood and most disliked.

I, too, remember appreciatively, though all record of it seems to be lost, a little outburst of this chivalry toward myself. On a rather distinguished occasion I had thought it my duty to protest as strongly as I could (without personal references) against a Dominion election in the spring of 1915—plainly not a party question because opposed by

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leading Conservatives as well as by Liberals. This drew on me a rather remarkable denunciation from a Cabinet Minister. This somewhat angry attack did not hurt my feelings nor did I think it hurt my reputation. I took it as indicating a certain measure of effectiveness in my protest. Henderson, however, probably supposed from views that may have been prevalent around him or from his inacquaintance with Western political history that the attack might be painful or injurious to me, and very characteristically he came out with an indignant protest against it.

In Chapter XX I have given some description of Henderson's appearance. He had a robust form which he did his best to keep in good condition by regular physical exercises and long walks taken regularly until physical disabilities prevented.

Like Jowett and Henry Drummond he liked to be well-groomed. He dressed well, was fond of a silk hat, and wore it wherever possible, even on some of his missionary journeys where it got rather hard usage. He was sometimes, consequently, called "the dude preacher," though he denied being a lavish spender and took pride in the length of time that his suits lasted through his own care and Mrs. Henderson's attention.

His grace of manner was in keeping with his grace of dress. Mrs. Uzziel Ogden, one of his parishioners in Carlton St., speaks of "the charm, the courtliness."

CHAPTER XXII

CLOSING DAYS

ST. JAMES CHURCH (*Pastor Emeritus*)
1920-1924

OF sad, and yet not wholly sad, necessity this last chapter must be chiefly a record of growing bodily infirmity gallantly endured.

Ever since the accident at Manitou in 1903 bodily weakness and pain had been much with him. Now these began to move inexorably to their consummation. As one of his doctors towards the close said, he had had enough accidents, illnesses, and operations to kill a dozen men, but his fine constitution, strong will, and cheery faith, by the blessing of God, carried him through all nearly to seventy-six.

No one who only knew Henderson as the kingly preacher holding the crowded congregation under his magic spell or as the genial and sparkling conversationalist could know the real moral greatness of the man. The finest thing, I think, about him was the way in which he bore these persistent infirmities that, especially during the last fifteen years of his life, kept tripping him up and holding him back—this pain which at last fastened its teeth on him with a bulldog grip. They were borne not merely with resignation to the divine will but with an amazing disregard and a humor that never deserted him to the last.

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Even in the last days of utter weakness he would make playful remarks. His nurses and daughter were trying to lift him higher on the pillows and he was too weak to help them as he used to do, but he said with a smile, "Now do it scientifically—all together." He was so grateful for any attention paid him and so averse to giving trouble that everyone enjoyed waiting on him and he was beloved by his nurses to whom he never failed to express gratitude for any service, however slight, and when too ill to speak he would nod his thanks.

Few men know their fellows as well as a physician comes to know his patient, and there is a special interest in the words of the two physicians who attended in the last illness.

Dr. W. F. Hamilton writes:—

The physician who attends a man such as the late Doctor James Henderson feels not only a great responsibility, but is conscious of a high honour, to say nothing of the privilege which such a relationship implies.

The physical trials which Dr. Henderson was called upon to bear toward the close of his life were peculiarly distressing. Over a protracted period his strength was much impaired and his rest constantly broken. From time to time, as the end drew near, he suffered the agonizing pains of *angina pectoris*, yet he bore them as few can, often declining with remarkable courage and fortitude to take the drugs most potent for his relief. While avowing that these attacks made him a physical coward, no one ever saw a trace of cowardice in his bearing during his long illness.

He was always appreciative of efforts made on his behalf and frequently remarked upon his deep indebt-

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edness to those who tried to lessen his discomfort and relieve his pain.

As the Doctor of Divinity and the Doctor of Medicine came together in a professional call, a cheerful story, a bit of wit, a vivid review of a dream, a brief reference to some book which had interested him, a few penetrative questions on some medical topic, a quotation of a verse from a poem or the Scriptures, or an occasional remark upon the philosophy of life from the patient were not uncommon even after hours of suffering. The physician on retiring from the sick room often felt that while ministering he had indeed been ministered unto.

Consciously or unconsciously Dr. Henderson lost no opportunity of doing good, and long after the pulpit was denied him through failing physical strength he still continued in an easy yet forceful manner to stimulate and to inspire those about him.

Not less appreciative are the words of Dr. John L. Day:—

It was my great privilege to attend this prince among men during his latter days and to have many conversations with him on literary, theological, philosophical, and scientific subjects. His brilliant mind was a source of continual delight and his gift of language and rhetorical powers enraptured his friends as well as his congregations. Whether he discussed Plato or Darwin, Milton or Kant, he showed a marvellous grasp of his subject and discoursed with clearness and penetrating insight on the most abstruse problems of psychology and philosophy. His memory was phenomenal. A most omnivorous reader, he would sometimes give a condensed criticism in a few swift words of some ponderous tome which he had just finished, so quick was he to grasp the salient thought of an author.

As a man, he was intensely human and very sym-

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pathetic in his manner. As a friend, he was ever affectionate and always gave a hearty welcome. As a patient, he was grateful for the least attention and bore his many pains with stoical fortitude and Christian resignation. In his domestic relations he was the life of the family and the idol of the home. His sense of humor gave an unfailing cheerfulness to his social character and made everyone feel at ease with him.

He had an impressive presence with features bearing the insignia of power and the weight of authority. How often his eyes flashed fire under the inspiration of some divine thought as "he justified the ways of God to man." The problems of evolution and immortality, subjects on which he had read and thought much, were the theme of many discussions in his later days. He hoped he would be spared for another year; he had so much yet to learn and to do. Towards the end he realized that he had not long to live, and thanking me in beautiful language "for medical attention and valued friendship" he whispered—his last words to me—"So live that men may see your good works,"—and with a pressure of the hand said "good-bye."

When the St. James Board affectionately insisted that Dr. Henderson retain his connection with the church as Pastor Emeritus it was with the understanding that he should preach twice or thrice a month, as he felt able. This he did for two years with the old fervor and effect, attracting the same thoughtful audience he had always done, though often ascending the pulpit in great weakness. His passion for preaching, his intense enthusiasm, and buoyant temperament stimulated the flagging energies, but these efforts told on his heart, also the constant pain from which he suffered and the consequent loss of sleep. On March 26th, 1922, after giving the ad-

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dress of welcome at the Reunion of former officers, teachers, and members of the St. James Afternoon Sunday School he had an attack of weakness in the vestry which made it necessary for him to refrain from public speaking for some time. One of his day dreams had been that, after giving up the pastorate, he would be able to assist his brethren by preaching on special occasions or supplying their pulpits when they had to be out of town. He enjoyed addressing united gatherings such as the Thanksgiving Service in St. James on the conclusion of the War, the Conference Reception Service for the Ordination Class, and the 100th Anniversary of the Montreal Bible Society in 1921, and he still hoped that after a few months' rest he would rally, as he had often done. His physicians and friends encouraged him in this hope, knowing his wonderful powers of recuperation, and with the old courage and perseverance he did everything possible to regain his strength.

Fortunately, retirement from the pastorate did not involve moving to a new home, as in 1919 he had bought a comfortable house at 651 Grosvenor Avenue, not far from the Boulevard and the open spaces of Westmount, where he and Mrs. Henderson used to take daily walks during the summer, enjoying the fine air and magnificent view. When tired they would rest at Lookout Point or under the trees while she read or he talked. Sometimes they were joined by their grandchildren from Ireland, who with their mother spent the year 1921-22 with them. Henderson retained all his old love for children, though not now strong enough to play with them as

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vigorously as in his younger days. Subsequent to the attack of March 20th, 1922, he found it unwise to take long walks and, after a time, gave up any attempt to climb the hill. And, as one cannot go very far in Westmount without climbing a hill, he had to take the air on the porch or front walk, with occasional motor drives. The winter of 1922-23 he passed quietly in rewriting some of his sermons with a view to their publication, in visits from friends, and in reading. He greatly enjoyed intercourse with Dr. Hugh Pedley, who called to see him last only a few weeks before his own sudden and deeply lamented death, with Dr. R. Stanley Weir, Prof. A. R. Gordon, Dr. Rose, Rev. Allworth Eardley, and others, eagerly discussing with them the live questions of the day in Church and state. Mrs. Henderson read aloud with great ease; so in the evenings while he rested in his arm chair and her daughter sewed she would read for hours such books as *The Life and Letters of Walter Page*, Lord Frederick Hamilton's interesting *Memoirs*, Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *Reminiscences*, Lord Roseberry's *Miscellanies*, *Memoirs of Fifty Years* by Lady Jeune, Catherine Gladstone's *Life*, and many others. When alone and during the long wakeful hours at night he would read theology and philosophy and fiction. One of the things for which he was most thankful was that his sight and his hearing never failed him. During the later years he re-read all of Dickens and Scott and much of Dumas, whose works had been given him by Dr. Briggs many years before. This reading helped to relieve the depression which often

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weighed upon him as he realized that he was not growing stronger and that the fond dream of being able to preach again was fading away. On March 1st, 1923, a few friends came to dine with him on his birthday and he had one of his good times. He seemed stronger that month, but on the 28th when he was returning from a quiet dinner at Mr. Dawson's he had a severe heart attack, which resulted in his being confined to bed for three weeks, with a nurse in attendance. After his recovery Mrs. Henderson had a slight attack of influenza followed by hoarseness and, later, by pain in the neck and head, which gradually increased in intensity and defied all the efforts of physicians and specialist to discover the cause or afford relief. All summer she suffered much and on September 2nd. suddenly became blind. Two weeks later the pain ceased and she rapidly recovered her strength so that early in October she could be up once more, but her sight never returned. This affliction she has borne ever since with unfailing patience, but it was a heavy blow to her and her family, especially to him whose devoted companion and assistant she had been for forty-seven years. Now he tried to read to her as much as his strength would permit, and the daughter read to both, though she tired more easily than her mother had done.

He did not have any serious illness during the following winter, though he was confined to the house most of the time. He was very anxious to begin writing again, as he felt he had a new vision of old truths which might help many in this time of

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change and uncertainty. While holding fast to the faith of his fathers he felt it might be presented in a new form to attract a new generation of thinkers. But the effort of writing and dictation taxed his nerve force overmuch, and this congenial task also had to be given up. Even conversation exhausted him, though he engaged in it with the old zest when any friends called, and seemed loath to let them go. In June 1924, James Le Rossignol with his wife and daughter came on from Nebraska to spend the summer in Canada and often ran in to spend the morning or evening with him. During June and July he found the heat trying and suffered much from difficulty in breathing. Still he came down to early dinner every day, and in the cooler weather of August regained strength so that he was able to walk up the hill as far as the Boulevard and sometimes round the block, which gave him much pleasure as he had not been able to do this for two years.

The last time he walked up the hill with his daughter was on Friday, September 5th. The next day he was confined to bed but on Sunday came down to dinner, remaining in the drawing-room all afternoon. After supper his daughter played a few hymns that Mrs. Henderson always enjoyed, but he was too weak to join in the singing. He had great difficulty in mounting the stairs and getting to bed. Next morning he had such a severe heart attack that Dr. Day advised having a night nurse, as it was not safe to leave him alone. During the week he had several heart attacks and the following Monday a day nurse was called in, and she remained with him

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until October 10th, his daughter taking night duty as he was sleeping better. On October 12th he was taken in an ambulance to the Royal Victoria Hospital, Drs. Hamilton and Mackenzie thinking treatment there might relieve the constant pain which increased the heart trouble. But this treatment while effectual in one way seemed to overtax the heart, and on the 24th he was brought home. He had a most skilful and devoted nurse with him for the next four weeks. Though gradually losing weight and strength he was well enough during the day to be waited on by his daughter, and occasionally would go into the sitting-room for a few hours. One afternoon he walked slowly down the hall to the library to look at his beloved books once more. One can imagine what his thoughts were then as he said farewell to his life-work and life joys. On November 12th he seemed stronger and read *The Living Universe*, a small volume by Dr. L. P. Jacks, which he had just received from London. Next day he became very ill, taking no nourishment, and on Saturday a day nurse came, so that he could have expert care in this crisis. That day, for the last time, his daughter read the *Gazette* to him and her mother, who always spent the morning in his room. In the afternoon she read the first chapter of *Religious Perplexities*, also by Dr. Jacks. Then he said, "That will do, it makes me nervous to listen any longer." He had always been so eager to read the newest and the best books. Two days before he had said: "I know so little and there is so much to learn. I must read

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all I can in the little time that is left." "More knowledge! More light!" was his constant desire.

Sunday and Monday he suffered much from weakness and nausea, and the nurses were distressed that they could not relieve him. On Tuesday morning at 5.30 the nurse called his daughter to come quickly, as she thought he was dying. His lips were blue and the dew was on his brow, but he was still conscious and when Amyl Nitrites were broken and the nurse said, "Breathe deeply, Dr. Henderson, breathe deeply," while she used other restoratives, he responded with all his strength and after an hour came back to a few more days of life. When Dr. Day came in he was able to have his little joke with him, and Dr. Hamilton found him better when he called later. Dr. Hamilton ordered some nourishment which he was able to take, and next day he seemed so much better that the doctors thought he might rally for a time. He was so anxious to live. He said, "I am resigned to go, but I would like to live." He was able to chat a while with his daughter Mary, who, while she sat by him, heard him whisper, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit. Receive me for thy mercy's sake." He also had a little conversation with his wife, but she was not allowed to stay long, as the door and window had to be kept open to give him air.

At six o'clock that evening he had another attack and passed a troubled night. Next morning, Thursday, he rallied again and was able to see his brother John, from Toronto, Mary and her husband, and his friend of nearly thirty-six years, Dr. S. P. Rose, who,

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with deep feeling, told of this last interview in his memorial address:

It was my privilege to be with Dr. Henderson not many hours before he left us. The confidences of that interview are too sacred to be exposed in detail. It is, however, due to his memory to say that his trust in Christ as his only and sufficient Saviour was unflinching. "He is my only hope," he assured me. With great emotion and childlike confidence he quoted Whittier's familiar lines,

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

He joined heartily in response to the petitions I brokenly offered as I knelt at his bedside; and then, somewhat to my surprise, he began to pray, not for himself, but for me. I cannot recall any moment quite like it. That he should forget himself at that crisis to crave heaven's blessings upon his friend, himself administering the comfort I fain would have given him, was indescribably beautiful. It confirmed what I had felt for some months, that the fire of suffering through which he had passed had wrought its cleansing ministry upon him. His courage at the last was the courage of a hero; his spirit was that of a child trustfully falling asleep in his father's strong arms of love. The chamber where that trustful disciple met his fate was a very holy sanctuary. With no confidence in himself, but with sweet trust in the Christ whom he loved, he fell asleep, having served his generation by the will of God.

That afternoon he asked Annie to read the 14th chapter of St. John, and at the end of the third verse he said, "Thank you, that will do," and "Whatever

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happens we must be brave and do our duty,"—always his watchword. He realized that the fight was over and that he was dying, and said to each one who came in, "God bless you," with a few words of counsel and some messages for the loved ones far away. In the evening his niece led his wife in and they had a few precious words together, with perfect self-control, as any show of emotion brought on the dreaded heart attacks. On Friday he was only semi-conscious, but said a few words to Annie and smiled at his doctors. Before going to sleep he sent a message to his wife. He had remarked to his doctors, "I'm afraid I am going to have a hard passage," and he had; but he bore it all with the old courage and patience, no word of complaint, only thanks, and at the last little nods in acknowledgment of the attentions given to him. Saturday afternoon he became unconscious and, after hours of labored breathing, passed away at seven o'clock. His poor blind wife sat by him for a little while, then Mary led her away and Annie stayed with him until the end. The day before he had said to her, "I am very lonely, do not stay away long," and to her as to Dr. Rose he quoted those lines from Whittier which must have haunted him ever since I first heard them when he once recited them to me with marked feeling in the old Quebec days nearly fifty years before.

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On Tuesday afternoon, November 24th, a service for the family and a few intimate friends was conducted at the home by Dr. Rose, assisted by Dr. E. I.

CLOSING DAYS

Hart and myself." The music was played by the late Dr. R. Stanley Weir, a cherished friend who has not lingered long behind, for the hymn, "I know not what the future hath," and for the solo by Mrs. A. W. Hugman, "O Love that will not let me go." Then those present came to take a last farewell of their friend lying amidst the flowers he loved so well, and to speak to his wife who had a word for everyone in her usual brave way.

The cortège drove to St. James Church where a large congregation was gathered. The service which was a very beautiful and impressive one was in charge of the Rev. Dr. McIntosh, pastor of the church, assisted by several ministers, all of whom had been associated with Dr. Henderson in the past. The opening hymn, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," was announced by the Rev. W. Harold Young, prayer was offered by Dr. Rose, the 90th Psalm was read by Principal Smyth, and the lesson by the Rev. Allworth Eardley. The choir then sang the anthem, "Crossing the Bar," followed by the singing of the hymn, "Lead Kindly Light." Affectionate tributes were paid by Prof. A. R. Gordon of McGill University, Dr. Rose, and myself. Professor Gordon in his tender tribute dwelt particularly on the breadth and freshness of Henderson's intellectual interests; Dr. Rose spoke of his preaching and of the student habits which gave this its weight and richness, the devotedness of his service as Missionary Secretary, and of the last sacred interview; I, with some reminiscences of a cherished past, signalized especially the freedom and humanness of his think-

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ing about God and man, his disregard of fences, his exaltation of Christ, and his enthusiasm for humanity. Whittier's hymn, "When on my day of life the night is falling," was sung and the service concluded with the benediction and the playing of Handel's "Dead March in Saul."

What was mortal of James Henderson was laid to rest in Mount Royal Cemetery near the graves of his friends and fellow ministers, Herbert Symonds, Hugh Pedley, and William Barnes.

SERMONS AND PRAYERS

IT is to be remembered that while Dr. Henderson prepared very carefully for the pulpit and usually wrote out his sermons in full, and also many prayers, he left himself at liberty in the service to follow the promptings of the hour, and it was characteristic of him, under such inspiration, to reach a beauty and a power beyond what he had written.

It is also to be borne in mind that the sermons selected are not possibly the sermons Dr. Henderson might have chosen if he had carried out an intention, which growing weakness frustrated, of publishing a volume of sermons. These sermons have been chosen as representative, as far as the limits of space permitted, of the different phases of his ministry and the most distinctive elements of his message.

I. PRAYERS

INVOCATIONS.

1.

We have come here to worship; help us to worship Thee in the beauty of holiness. Touch our inmost selves, so that every faculty and feeling may be brought into a state of spiritual activity. Open the inner eye that we may see the things that are invisible. Give us the hearing of the inner ear, that we may listen to those voices which never fall upon the outer, and which speak to us of eternity and God. May our whole spiritual nature become intensely responsive to the inbreathing of the Spirit, the touch of truth, and to the presence of God. Lift us above the downward pull of

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material and secular things, and give us such an uplook and such an uplift as shall enable us to rise to a higher plane of spiritual vision, experience, and power. May this service be to each and all the mount of vision and the mount of God.

2.

Help us now to appreciate the message and the ministry of the Gospel of God. May we find to-day in our experience, that there is no darkness which its light cannot scatter, no error and no evil which its truth and grace cannot overcome, no dungeon whose doors it cannot open, no captivity whose chains it cannot break, and no soul so lost, it cannot save. Help us, each and all, to taste and see that the Lord is good. Help us now to cast ourselves upon Thy great mercy, and to be upheld and saved by Thy great might.

3.

May every service to-day be as a spiritual Gerizim—a Mount of blessing to our souls. Bless all those who are seeking Thee; may they find Thee to the joy of their hearts. Bless those who feel the bitterness of guilt; do Thou absolve them. Bless those who feel the slavery of sin, cut their bonds asunder, and set them at liberty. Bless all who are exposed to the pitiless blast of some great trial. May they find that Thou art as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Bless all who are sick; be Thou the Physician of those whom medicine cannot heal. Bless those who are sad; be Thou the comforter of those whom no earthly friend can console. Give us all to see that light that knows no darkness, and to feel within us the power and pulsations of that life that death cannot destroy.

4.

We thank Thee for the year that is gone, for the memory of all its mercies, for the happiness it brought to our homes and the joys it brought to our hearts. We thank thee for its dark days as well as for its bright days, its pains as for

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its pleasures, its sorrows as for its joys—for thou has come to help in the storm even more welcomely than in the calm. It was only when the sun went down and the night had fallen that we could see in all their glory the myriad stars of God shining down upon us. We would bury our sin and sorrow in the grave of the year departed. Help us to begin the year with a new heart. May it be the best year we have lived, a year of increased usefulness, and a year signalized by a great forward movement in our Christian life.

AFTER THE OFFERING.

1.

We thank Thee that Thou has called us to-operate with Thee in the blessing of men. Help us to find our own happiness in trying to make others happy, to find ourselves in losing ourselves, to find the higher in the communication of the lower, and to find the heavenly in the bestowment and right use of the earthly. Help us to understand, not only that Christ is indispensable to us, but that we are indispensable to Christ, that the Christ can no more save the world without the Church than the Church can save itself without the Christ. To this end do Thou bless the gifts we now offer, and may they accomplish the great end for which they are bestowed.

2.

Help us, our Father, not only to be glad to take, but gladly and gratefully to give. And, as we are constantly getting, may we as constantly be giving. Help us to understand that on the spiritual plane we cannot get if we will not give, that we are sure to lose what we do not use, that grace flows in only as it flows out. Help us to understand that there is that which scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that which withholdeth more than is meet and yet it tendeth to poverty. Breathe upon us all the spirit of the Christ

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of Calvary that we may ever be ready to do, to give, to sacrifice, if need be, our all for Thee.

3.

Help us to make our lives beautiful with the spirit of kindness, and help us to enrich the world with beneficent deeds. Help us to remember that we cannot plant a violet by the wayside, we cannot send a flower to relieve the monotony of the sick chamber, we cannot give to church or college or good cause without thereby augmenting the saving forces of the world, and that the sum total of such deeds in every human life will prove another chime of bells in the belfry of Eternity which will add to the music of the world and help to make the universe a joy for ever. Accept these expressions of our gratitude to Thee through Jesus Christ.

4.

Impress this thought, O God, upon every heart before Thee,—that it is only through man that God can reach man, only through the human that the Divine can redeem the human. It is only through mortal lips that God can speak words audible to mortal man, only through our eyes that the unseen Christ can weep, only through our hands that He can wipe away from human eyes the falling tears, only through the saved that He can save the unsaved. Give Thy blessing to all who bless, and save with all the fullness of the higher salvation all those who through Christ seek to save. Accept of our offering and ourselves in His Name.

5.

Give us to see that we are Christian only as we are like Christ. May the cross of Christ become the centre of our individual and social life. May those of us who are strong seek to strengthen the weak, those who are informed seek to inform the ignorant, those who are high seek to raise those who are low, those who are rich in grace or in gold

SERMONS AND PRAYERS

seek to relieve the indigent and help the poor, and those who really possess the Christ seek to communicate him to those who are living without God and hope in the world. Accept of our offering and ourselves through Christ our Lord.

GENERAL PRAYERS

1.

The heavens declare Thy glory, O God, and the firmament showeth Thy handiwork. May the spirit of reverential awe rest upon all the people, while we bow our heads and prostrate our souls in Thy presence. Fill every heart with a feeling of subdued gladness, and make this, the place of Thy feet, very glorious to us all this day.

Thou art a great mystery to us; clouds and darkness are about Thy being and overshadow Thy throne. But not only art Thou a great mystery to us, but we are a great mystery to ourselves. There is so much in us that is low and there is so much in us that is high. There is so much in us that seeks to grovel, and there is so much in us that seeks to soar. There is that in us that seems to drag us down, as by a demon's chain, and there is that in us which seeks to bear us up, as upon an angel's wing. There is that in our lower selves that is averse to Thee, and which seeks its satisfaction in the things that in the very using pass away. And there is that in our higher selves which has a strange and strong affinity for Thee, and which seeks to cling to Thee with an irrepressible yearning, and which longs for Thee as the sick babe longs for its mother.

Help us ever to follow the promptings of what is highest and noblest and best within. Help us to follow the heavenly gleam. We thank Thee for that mystic light which thou hast kindled in our souls. Help us to rise into the exercise of our nobler powers, the enjoyment of our nobler selves, and the occupancy of our nobler natures. Help us to be true to the light of reason, as to the light of an inner revelation. Help us to be true to conscience, as to an

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inner Christ, and help us to be true to our spiritual selves, as to the Divine enshined within.

We know, O God, that the Heavens cannot contain Thee. No angel mind can measure Thee. We poor mortals cannot hold Thee in our thought. Our souls cannot contain Thee, any more than the dew-drop can contain the star or sun. Thou art so infinitely and incomprehensibly greater than ourselves that we are as nothing before Thee. And yet it is just because Thou art so much greater and more glorious than we are, that we worship Thee as God. It is because Thou art so unthinkably high, that we look up to Thee, and put our trust within the shadow of Thy wing. It is because Thou art a being of such power, that we in our conscious weakness come to Thee for strength, and in the hour of our soul faintness lean upon Thee for support. It is because Thou art so infinitely wise, that in our childish ignorance and pathetic perplexities we come to Thee for that wisdom and guidance which lead us amidst life's encircling gloom. It is because there are no limits to Thy sympathy, that in the day of our sore distress we come to Thee for comfort. And it is because Thou art so abounding in grace, that we, the chief of sinners, come to Thee for pardon for all our sins and grace to help us in every time of need.

We adore Thee that Thou art high over all and rich unto all that call upon Thee. In Thee all fulness dwells, a fulness to fill every want our spirit feels and break off every chain. By faith we would plunge into the ocean of Thy love, bathe ourselves, so to speak, in the fulness of mercy's tide, and rise to all the life of God.

Though it be but a struggling ray of light that reaches us through our darkness, we are thankful. Help us to follow it, even though it be but as the twilight. Help us to be true to its guidance until it shall have brought us unto the mid-day knowledge of Him who is the life and light of men.

Come now, O God, and speak to us a word of blessing, lift Thy hands of benediction upon us, breathe upon us in

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self-communication," and say to each and all, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

Give rest to the weary, power to the faint, hearing to the deaf, sight to the blind, liberty to those who are enslaved, and life to those who are dead. Be with all the sick, give comfort to all who are sad, have mercy on all who are inherently bad. May the bad become good, the good become better, and the better rise to the enjoyment of the best. Bless our land and nation, from the King on the throne to the lowest subject in his empire. Bless our Dominion, our Governor-General, our Ministry of State, our Senators, our Members of Parliament, and all who administer law and exercise the functions of government. Bless all teachers. May the torch of truth be lifted up on every hand and the darkness of secular and spiritual ignorance be scattered, so that all men shall walk in the light of the Lord and shine in the beauty of holiness.

2.

Once more, our Father and God, would we come into Thy presence with thanksgiving, and enter into Thy courts with praise. Come to us, as we try to come to Thee. Think tenderly of us, as we try to think reverently of Thee, and pity us, as in conscious weakness and want we pray to Thee. Help us to understand that Thou are not only a Presence diffused throughout all space, but that Thou art pleased to make the soul of man thy dwelling place. May we now feel that impact of Thy mind upon our mind, of Thy heart upon our heart, and of the inbreathing of Thy spirit within our spirit.

Enlighten our ignorance, strengthen our weakness, steady our faith where it wavers, guide our footsteps where they falter, and may all that love Thee be as the sun that goeth forth in his might. Open our eyes that we may see in Jesus the answer to our every prayer and the consummation of our highest and holiest ambition—as the perfection of all that is true and beautiful and good, and as the chief

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among ten thousand. May our service at this time be as a walk to Emmaus, and may our hearts burn with us as Jesus talks to us by the way. Our prayer is, Tarry with us for it is towards evening, the day is far spent, and the night is at hand. Thy presence allays all fear, relieves all despondency, disperses all darkness, and conquers all doubt.

May we now behold the stately stepping forth of the King in His sanctuary, may we know Thee in thy palaces for a refuge, and be led to praise Thee with joyful lips. Help us ever to prefer Thy will to our wish, and Thy providential plans to our petty purposes, and may we be so conformed to Thy righteous will, that all things good and evil shall work together for our good.

Bless all in the Divine presence who may be in trouble of any kind, whose hearts are the prey of some hidden grief, some buried sorrow whose secret they cannot whisper into any ear save Thine. May all such now feel the healing touch of the nail-pierced hand, and find that earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Bless the poor, those in our crowded centres of population in this and older lands, who are more or less in a state of destitution, those fathers and mothers who hear the cry of their children for bread and find they have little or nothing to give to appease the hunger or clothe the nakedness of their needy offspring. May such scenes of want and wretchedness speedily disappear, and make each of us instrumental in ushering in that new social order, that social millenium the foregleams of which already gladden our eyes. And even now may material poverty prove a source of spiritual wealth to the poor, and the lowest valley of human privation become a mount of beatitude and blessing.

Bless all who are sick; cause the wan cheek and the weary eye to shine with a hope and anticipation that will prove a present paradise and the foretaste of a future heaven. Be merciful to those who may now be found in the chamber of death, ministering to the dying, and receiving the last farewell. Give victory to the dying. Thou, Son of Mary, Son

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of Man, Thou too hast died, Thy heart has surrendered to the pale conqueror, but in dying Thou didst conquer death, and now, to our faith, the grave is the triumphal arch through which, as pilgrims of the night, we pass on to that paradise of God, where is no sickness, suffering, no cemeteries, no death, where the parting hand is never given and the word farewell is never heard. Be a friend to the friendless, a father to the fatherless, a mother to the motherless, a comfort to the comfortless, and may our bereavements become bonds uniting us to Thee and the great home-land beyond.

Bless our homes, our children, our young people, the middle-aged, who are now bending beneath the heat and burden of the day. Bless the aged; give them a glimpse of the land where everlasting spring abides. Bless our king and queen; send them victorious. Bless the nation with that righteousness that exalteth. Save the world. May princes come out of Egypt and Ethiopia stretch out her hands to God!

3.

O Thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come. Through Him who is our atonement and advocate grant that the breathing of our desires may rise to thee as sweetest incense, and the lifting up of our hands be accepted as the offering up of the evening sacrifice. We bow before Thee as our Creator; Thou hast framed our bodies, formed our souls, and art the Father of our spirits. We are not merely Thy creatures, we are Thy children. Our spirits are the imprisoned breath of God. It is because we have a nature kindred to thine, that we can know Thee, and it is because we can know Thee that we can love Thee. We thank Thee for all the blessings of this life, which are continued to us, notwithstanding our unworthiness. Thou hast not only given us physical life, but by Thy visitation Thou hast preserved our spirits and art ever communicating Thyself to us. We thank Thee that our ears have ever heard

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the joyful sound, and that our eyes have seen the King in his beauty. We thank Thee that we have beheld the Christ of Calvary, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. Here at the cross our hopes find anchorage, and here, believing, we enter into rest. Help us to believe not only in the Christ who died, but in the Christ who lives in our own hearts. May we realize such an intimacy with Him, such an interblending of His thought with our thought, of His life with our life, and of His spirit with our spirit, that we shall be to Him what he was in the flesh to the Father. Help us to manifest the invisible Christ to the world of our day, as He manifested the invisible God to the world of His. When we remember our sins, may we remember His sacrifice; when we bemoan our imperfections, may we remember that His perfections may become ours, for He is the end of the law of righteousness to everyone that believeth.

Help us to be followers of Him who was meek and lowly of heart, whose meat and drink was to do the will of His Father and to finish His work. Subdue within us all worldliness and selfishness, and give us longing desires to live and to labor for the world's highest welfare. May sentiments of Christlike tenderness inspire our thoughts, breathe in our words, and live in our actions. Help us to love, not only those whom we know, but those whom we do not know, and to love, not only those who love us, but those who hate us. May this great miracle of grace be brought about in each of us. Help us to be good to the unthankful and to the unworthy, and thus prove to ourselves, as well as to others, that we are children of the great all-Father in Heaven who maketh His sun to shine upon the evil and on the good, and sendeth His rain upon the just and upon the unjust. Help us to be honest before God and sincere before men, and may our sincerity be seen in our sacrifice for the common good. Help us to honor the Lord with our souls and with our substance, and in every sphere of life to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. Save us

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from making life the burying ground of our many mercies. May we never hide our talent because we have only one, but may we so use the one that, by and by, it may become ten; so use it, at least, that at last we shall win from the lips of the judge the approving sentence of having done what we could. May we never quench the faintest spark, because it is not a sun; may we cherish with patience and with diligence every good thought, every serious impression, and every holy desire, nay, the smallest germ of godliness until it shall have become the blade, and then the bud, and then the flower, and then the fruit unto holiness, and finally a fullness of everlasting life. Life will soon close; its sun will soon set; let us not spend our remaining months or years in vain, nor spend our failing strength for naught, but may we be the means of saving some soul from death, and thus add to the richness of life on earth and occasion that outburst of joy in heaven, which angels and the glorified and the whole Trinity, Father, Son, and Spirit, feel and manifest over one sinner that repenteth.

4.

O God, the day is thine, the night is thine also. Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice. The heavens declare thy glory, and the earth is full of thy riches. Every bubbling fountain and flowing river and rolling sea proclaim at once the glory and the goodness of our God. We are overwhelmed with a sense of thy greatness and of our own nothingness. We are but animated atoms, specks of dust in the sunbeam, the moths of a moment. How insignificant are we, and we have added unworthiness to our insignificance. We have sinned against Thee, against others, and against our own souls. We have sinned against the light of noon. We have resisted the dictates of our conscience, the requirements of Thy law, the admonitions of Thy providence, the entreaties of Thy mercy, and the invitations of the Gospel of grace. And yet Thou art a God that delightest in mercy.

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Thou has not only permitted, but commanded us to ask in order to receive and to receive that our joy may be full. May we not refuse to be comforted by thy great mercy! May we not reject the counsel of God against ourselves! May we hear to-day the voices of the Spirit and the Bride saying, Come, and may we come and take of the water of life freely! May we wait for no qualifications to entitle us to those provisions which must be bought without money and without price! May we come to Thee as we are—guilty to be justified, unholy to be renewed, ignorant to be enlightened, blind that we may receive our sight, indigent to be relieved, and lost that we may be saved!

We live in a world of change, change and decay. We long for the permanent, for the home of the soul, for a better land, whose skies never feel the wrap of night, whose landscape is never touched by the blight of winter, where the dew ever sparkles, the fountains ever play, where the tree of life ever bears its fruit and flowers never wither and the saints never die. Be with us to the end of our pilgrimage, and when we shall have honored Thee by the life we shall have lived, may we glorify thee by the death we shall die, and when at last heart and flesh shall have failed, do Thou be the strength of our heart and our portion for ever.

Bless the children and youth of our families and congregation. As they grow in years, may they grow in grace. Shield them from harm and save them from sin and, even while they breathe an atmosphere that is tainted and impure, do thou keep their souls pure and unspotted from the world. May every young heart here be conscious of Thy tender embrace. May they feel daily drawn nearer to Thy great heart of love, and may we all discover that in Thy presence alone is there a fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Bless those of riper years. While in the flush of health and in the fulness of their matured powers, may they give themselves to God and consecrate themselves fully to Thy

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service. Help us all to live the true life, to acquire the true wisdom, to accumulate the true riches, to rise superior to the false and fleeting attractions of sense and time. Save us from being enslaved by the spell of any selfish pursuit or sensuous pleasure, and help us to subordinate the animal to the angel, the carnal to the spiritual, the earthly to the heavenly, the transitory to the eternal, and all things to the salvation of the soul and the glory of God.

Bless the aged and the infirm, those who sadly watch the sun go down. As the light begins to fade and the night to fall, as earth's joys grow dim and its glories pass away, may the eternal verities of the gospel to all such with more commanding evidence their heavenly origin display. And to-day as they sit waiting for the coming of the chariot, for the opening of the gate, and the dawning of the day, may they have given them a blessed foretaste of the glories that await them beyond this land of storms and shadows and death's cold flood. Bless all who are comfortless; do Thou comfort them. Bless all who are bereaved; do Thou cheer them. Bless all who are discouraged; do Thou give them courage. Bless all who are dying: do Thou give them victory. Bless our nation, our Empire, and the world at large. Bless our King and all the rulers of the earth. May our land prove the seat of learning, a temple of freedom, a source of blessing to the ends of the earth.

II. SERMONS

IS A MAN WORTH SAVING?

*(Preached in the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church,
December 16th, 1917)*

For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—Mark viii: 36, 37.

WHAT shall a man profit if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own life—his own soul—lose himself? That is, the idea here is the value of man. There is one thought that always lies at the bottom of all our Christian effort, and that is, do we believe that man, wherever he may be found, is worth all the expenditure and effort being made by Christ and the Church to save him—is he really worth saving?

Now, without any further introductory remarks, let me say that I believe he is worth saving for the following reasons:—

- (1) Because of what he is.
- (2) Because of what he is destined to be.
- (3) Because of what he can do.
- (4) Because of what God through Christ has done for him.

I don't suppose that I shall be able to cover the whole ground that is mapped out. I mention these thoughts by way of driving a few spikes along the path which you and I may travel tonight.

First, then, I believe man is worth saving because of what he is, and if you ask me what man is I cannot tell you. If I could tell you what you are I would be able to tell you what God himself is—what all things are.

IS A MAN WORTH SAVING?

Spinoza said that the effort to define God was to deny Him, and the effort to define man would be to materialize him, and man is not a material organization. Essentially considered, man is a spirit, and as such he has within him quantities and qualities that do not allow of mathematical measurements; every man is worth far more than can be estimated; every man is far bigger than he measures; every man is heavier than he weighs: every man, however degraded or defiled, is far better than he seems.

I remember hearing C. H. Spurgeon in his great Tabernacle shortly before his death. The figure of that great Puritan preacher sometimes rises before me in imagination. What a wonderful voice! now soft and clear as a flute, and then it would come crashing over that great audience, terrific as the trumpet of Jove. I can see him as he then was. He seemed to be conscious of the eternal world, and, perhaps, he never spoke with greater pathos than he did that day. However, he was in a somewhat complaining mood, and amongst other complaints he made was this, that the modern preacher was making far too much of man, and far too little of God. He said that man was receiving the glories that were due to God only and that we preachers were making a great mistake.

Now, that would be a terrible inversion of the divine argument. Do you know, I am beginning to think you cannot see anything until you see God in it, for there is nothing out of God? You must put God at the centre of all true thinking, if you are going to think truly. You must put him at the centre of all your living, if you are going to live purely. The preacher must put him at the centre of all his preaching, if he is going to preach effectively; otherwise he will never lift man up to God.

As Spurgeon preached, I wondered if it had ever occurred to the great preacher that all we know of God comes through ourselves, that we can only interpret

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God in and through ourselves. Did it ever occur to you, my friend, that God had to become one of ourselves, had to become a man, in order to become intelligible to man? Did it ever occur to you that it is only the God in you that can understand the God of the Bible?

I had a dog years ago, the most intelligent dog, I think, I ever knew. He and I had talks together. He understood what I said about a great many things, that is, as long as it was one dog talking to another. He would understand what crackers meant, and understand what this and that meant, but if I commenced to give him a lecture on the psychology of a human being, or upon the Constitution of the United States, of course, he would look up to me without a spark of intelligence in his eye, or a look of recognition in his face. I had ceased to be a dog and was standing upon a level which was above him.

With reverence I say, if there be anything in the mind of God, in the heart of God, in the nature of God, that is not in some infinitesimal degree in me, I never, never can know anything about it, never throughout all eternity. It is because I am a person that I understand the personality of God. It is because I am a spirit that I understand the spirituality of God. So I say that it is impossible for the modern preacher to make too much of the human, too much of man.

Fairbairn made a complaint just the very opposite to that of the great preacher. He said that the trouble was, that the modern man today was making too much of everything but himself. If he should go into any of the colleges or seminaries, and say to the students, "Boys, tell me all you know about the stars," they would answer him very intelligently, but if he should say, "Tell me all you know about your own souls," it would be soon evident that they were ignorant and didn't know anything about that subject. A laboring

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man knows more about the mechanism of the wheelbarrow that he trundles than he knows about the mechanism of his own mind.

It reminds me that one time Carlyle and Tennyson, instead of going to Church, spent the time at Carlyle's home. They spent two mortal hours smoking tobacco, and not a word passed between them. Tennyson moved to go, and Carlyle said, "Alfred, give me your hand. We've had a grand time this morning. Do ye ken what I've been thinking? I have been just saying to myself, Here is England with 30,000,000 of people, and the most of them are fools. If any one of them has got brains, he is spending all the brain matter he has got in the study of the sciences." There was an element of truth in that. Of course, I am not here tonight to discourage the study of the Sciences. The truth of science seems to be as much a truth of God as the truth of the Bible, only it never can save you.

About thirty years ago I was acquainted with, I think, the greatest crank I ever met. He wasn't a Methodist; he was a scientist. We were at a picnic, and all day he was running on ahead into the valleys and up the hills, hunting for specimens. Finally he came to us, his eyes flashing with excitement. He was holding something in his hand and said, "Boys, I have immortalized myself. I have made the greatest geological discovery ever made on this Continent." We said, "Are you sure?" He replied, "Yes. There is a fossil and it takes us back to the first peep of animal life on the planet." All the way home he talked of nothing but fossils, until we reminded him that if he didn't look out we would all be fossils before we got home.

Next morning I met him on University Ave., very much crestfallen. He said, "I was mistaken. Dr. Dawson says it is part of the anatomy of a more modern animal than I thought, and all the boys up there

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are splitting their sides laughing at me." I remarked, "Jim, give me your hand. I like to meet a man like you who has brains once in awhile to make a fool of himself in the search of truth, for when you touch the truth of science or of nature you touch the hem of His garment."

It is a great thing to be able to read and interpret the first Bible that God Almighty ever wrote. The history of that wonderful book carries us back to the first flutter of life. But let the scientist never forget that while he does so he has, throbbing, palpitating within his own personality, something far more precious than all the fossils or mineral wealth that this great globe possesses. It is that in him that makes him grand, makes him one with God, that gives meaning and value to all material things. Man is a spirit and as such is singular.

Well, if he is that, what is he going to be? Is it possible for him to be greater than a son? Yes. "Now are we the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be." There is a super-sonship, a greater communication of the divine nature.

I was preaching in St. James' Church, Montreal, when the Scientific Association met there, and was asked to preach the sermon. In that sermon I dwelt upon the two-fold nature and the two-fold life of man, and spoke of the life which we have in common with the animal and the life which we have in common with God, a life that is beyond the body and a life that we enjoy within the body. After the sermon a young scientist came down the aisle and said, "I would like to introduce myself to you, sir. You are the first Methodist preacher I ever heard. I enjoyed your sermon, but, sir, I didn't believe a word of it." I replied, "You are very honest. What is there about it that you don't believe?" He said, "You told us that man had this double life; this material life and this spiritual, or

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eternal life, this life that we have in common with the animal and the life which we have in common with God. Now, for the life of me, I can't believe that, for if I did I would be conscious of both. I put my finger on my pulse, and it beats. I put my hand on my heart, and it throbs. I put my hand on my brow, and the brain vibrates, but I do not believe that I have a life that I could live out of the body, or that I have a life in common with God." I asked, "Do you know why? Because you haven't got it. We never know that we have got a power of any kind until we rise to the use of it. We never know we have a life of any kind until we live it. It is only as we begin to think that we know we have mind. They tell me, for instance, you are an artist—when did you find out you were an artist? Or they tell me you are a singer. When does a singer know he can sing? When he uses that power. So it is, you must rise from the lower to occupy the higher part. Then you would know you are immortal."

A young student came to me one Sunday evening at Sherbourne Street. He said, "Mr. Henderson, do you believe man will be immortal?" I replied, "No; I don't believe man will be immortal. I do believe he is immortal because he is man." I am not immortal because the Bible tells me so. I am immortal because immortality enters into the very structure of my higher nature, just as the thought of the artist enters into the plan of the structure of this church. Take the thought of the artist away from the church and it ceases to be a church. Take that out of the man by virtue of which he is immortal, and he is no more a man.

How do you know all this? Because I have powers that are of no use in this life. I am conscious tonight of having powers waking up that I cannot bring into play in this life. When in Liverpool I went into a forge, and saw a great big trip hammer at work. It was operated by a little fellow of about eighteen years of

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age, and so minutely did that trip hammer work that it would come down so lightly as barely to chip the shell of an egg. Then he would put a full blast on, and there would be an earthquake. Did you ever know of a man making a hammer like that in order to crack nuts with it? You would say that man was a genius, but such machinery was a waste of energy.

The first time I crossed on one of those great Transatlantic liners I staggered across the deck and looked down into the great engine. There was the flash of the piston and the revolution of that great wheel. The chief engineer came up, and I said, "Can you give me any idea of the power that is behind there, the power of that engine?" He looked at me from head to heel and said, "You are a preacher, are you?" "Yes." "You couldn't understand it," he then remarked, "but look here, every flash of that piston, every turn of that wheel, communicates to this great hulk of the vessel and propels it in the face of the greatest tempest that ever swept the sea—propels it so many feet." Did you ever know of a man who went to work to build an engine like that to grind coffee beans? Those two pieces of mechanism were made for mightier work.

So there are powers within us that are never brought into play in this life, and they presuppose another world. It is useless for any man to tell me that the only function of my being is to burrow in the mud and mire of a mere material existence. Man is infinite. It would take eternity to unfold all that God has enveloped in him.

When we were at our summer home on the banks of the Ottawa, one morning I went out at about four o'clock. I saw two objects of nature the most fascinating I had ever beheld. One was the largest dewdrop I ever saw upon a rose, and the other was the gleam of the morning star. The one object was as beautiful as the other, but I didn't value the one as I did the other.

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I knew that with the first kiss of the morning sun the dewdrop would be gone and never more appear, whereas that star had shone, with a glorious radiance, from the time God Almighty's voice called this world into being, and will continue on until eternity.

Your soul is that morning star. This globe is that drop of dew. This globe will disappear, but your soul, like a star, will shine in God's eternity. Man is worth saving when you consider such a part as that.

He is worth saving because of what he can do, and what is the best he can do? Is it to think? No. Is it to preach? No. Is it to play the organ as my friend here can play it? No. What is it?

One Saturday afternoon I was going along Jarvis Street and heard the sob of a child. I went up and found a little girl sitting disconsolate under a maple tree. The cause of her grief was that she had broken her wheel and was quite a distance from home. I took pity on her, threw off my coat and made an effort to fix her wheel, but, as I am a miserable mechanic, was not successful. However, I took her wheel to one of those places that repair wheels, and saw that she got safely home. Next morning I was preaching to the children. The little girl belonged to my church, and after the sermon she had the cheek to come up to me and sit down beside me. She said, "Doctor, my mother wants me to thank you for being so attentive to me," and then she straightened up and said, "Doctor, what is the best thing you can do? You're no good on a wheel." (Laughter.) I replied, "What do you think?" "Well," she answered, "I think the only thing you are good for is to preach, and you shouldn't do anything else." I said, "Mina, there is something else I can do, something greater than preaching." She was a little girl and I kissed her and said, "I can love you, and if God were to try his best from this throughout all eternity he couldn't do more than that." If God were to do anything that

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was higher than love he would cease to be God. Love is the essence of God.

I haven't much use for Browning sometimes. I know that will shock some people. I like Browning's philosophy better than I do his poetry. I confess it is hard to separate them, and I know it is not orthodox for me to talk that way. You must go into ecstasies and declare that Browning is a poet who cannot be surpassed, even if all the time you don't believe it. Browning was a profound philosopher. You remember what he says about love, "Wherever I find love I find the monogram of God." God's signature is everywhere, especially in the soul of man. God is love, and man is love. That is man's native element.

I preached my first sermon in this City twenty-six or twenty-seven years ago, and while I preached it the manuscript was in forty feet of water. We had been wrecked, some of you will remember. I remember when that box of sermons was brought to my study, and I carefully opened it and looked at the contents, right at the top lay the manuscript of this sermon that I had prepared with such pains. My niece was with me, and I drew her attention to the fact that every line and letter had been washed out by the water. "Yes," she said, "it has gone to feed the fishes, but look, while everything you wrote has been washed out, there is something the water could not wash out. There is the name of the man who made the paper." I replied, "Helena, that is a great thought. Your soul and mine are like that paper. There is the signature of God upon us, and all the storms of life, all the evils of death, and all the fears of hell can never wipe it out."

It is because man throughout all eternity will have this infinite capacity for God that he will be capable of soaring to the highest heaven, or sinking to the deepest hell.

When we were children, under the dear old Calvinis-

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tic teaching, we were told we were born sinners and couldn't help it. Why, my teacher told me I was a sinner 6,000 years before I was born, that everything I said was a sin, everything I thought was a sin, and everything I did was a sin, until I began to feel it was so natural for me to sin that it would be a sin if I didn't. It is a devil's lie! My blood gets to a fever heat over that thing. Tell your little boy that he is a born thief, that he is stealing all the time when he doesn't know it, and what will he do? He will go and steal. Take little Mary upon your knee and say, "You are a born liar. You lied 6,000 years before you could speak." She will go and lie and why shouldn't she. No child comes into the world a liar or a thief. It is a libel on God, the Father.

"But," said a dear old woman to me, "man is born a sinner." "How do you prove it?" I asked. "Because he can swear." I said, "Thank God he can swear. I am thankful from my heart that I can blaspheme, for if I couldn't blaspheme I couldn't pray." "Oh, but man is depraved; he is a sinner; he can hate," she remarked. "Yes, thank God I can hate, and because of that I can love." Man can sin. It is the greatest glory that God ever conferred upon us, that we can sin. It is our most damning disgrace, if we do sin.

✓ I am done. I mustn't go on like this any longer. I was preaching in St. James' to the Sunday School scholars years ago, and when I thought all had gone I suddenly noticed a lady teacher. She came down the aisle and was in mourning. I asked if any of her family were dead, but she replied, "Oh, no. I am in mourning for little Willie. He was a newspaper boy who is dead." He had been a member of her class, and behaved so badly that he had to be put out of the school six or seven times. The last time the Superintendent said, "That boy has had seven chances to make good. He must never come in again." When the teacher

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afterwards found out that the little boy was dying, she went to him, and the last night, when morning was breaking, he was getting very restless. He raised himself feebly upon his arm and said, "Teacher, would you please come and pray as my mother prayed?" She said, "Do you remember your mother?" "Oh yes," he replied, "she was a poor washerwoman, and when she was passing away she had me come and climb on the bed, and lay my cheek on hers," and then he repeated the marvellous prayer his mother had repeated with her dying breath. After a little while he wanted to be lifted up, and he said, "Teacher, mother has come. She is going to take me away, and she says the angels are going to leave the door open, and no one will bar me out."

I went home with the teacher that night. The stars were out, and I said, "That is a beautiful star, but Willie is far more precious. That star cannot shed a tear, it cannot breathe a prayer, it cannot love."

Let us pray.

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Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. xviii: 3.

PERHAPS a better rendering of these words would be, "Except ye turn, and be born little children," giving emphasis to the fact that it is the simplicity of the childlike spirit which most easily believes the simple truths of the Gospel, and thus grasps the hand that is outstretched to save. There is a sense in which we should cease to be children, and there is a sense in which we should continue to be children—only of a larger growth. There are qualities of childhood that should pass away, and there are others that should remain permanent.

The poet tells us that,

trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home.

And if we have come from God, then surely each of us has brought something of God with him. The same thought is repeated by the same poet when he says,

Heaven lies around us in our infancy.

But it is only as heaven lies in the child that the little eyes and ears can see and hear heaven all around. And it is only by coming too closely into touch with the coarse side of our common life, that we lose that something which enabled us as children to see heaven everywhere. When this is the case we have to go back to where and what we were as children to find again our lost heaven.

One of our minor poets speaks of Christianity as a double coronation. He pictures, first, Christ as plac-

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ing upon man the crown of a new manhood, and, then, this new man as placing the crown of a new glory on Christ. Our text suggests such a coronation. But here we see Christ putting the crown on the head, not of a strong man or of a beautiful woman, but of a little child. Christianity means the coronation of childhood. Every child may not be born a child-Christ, but everyone is born a Christ-child—born into the kingdom of Christ. And that man or woman has fallen very low who has dropped altogether out of that kingdom.

But the most of us have to be born again into a spiritual childhood, to rise into the consciousness of God and the spiritual. In one of her early works George Eliot says, "O that we were less conscious of our lower and more conscious of our higher selves! We would thus become more conscious of God."

Have you ever noticed how little of self-consciousness there is in the pose and performance of a child? How self-conscious the most of us become! What bundles of affectation the most of people are! How much posing we do before the looking-glass of society! What foolish mannerisms we acquire, all because we do not carry through life the self-forgetfulness of childhood! If you want to study elocution and Delsarte as nature prompts, study the unstudied tones and attitudes and gestures of the little child. Oh, the unnaturalness that prevails everywhere today amongst women and men! I see it in the parlor and drawing-room, and specially do I notice it in the pulpit. I wish some one would come and take the pulpit off its stilts. I have got thoroughly to dislike, not only the platitudinarianisms, but the attitudinarianisms of our modern preachers. How often a minister is one thing in the pulpit and another thing in the parlor! God cannot reveal a great truth through a self-conscious preacher. In the pulpit a maximum of self-consciousness means a minimum of power, and a minimum of self-consciousness

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means a maximum of spiritual power. In the parlor or in the pulpit God cannot recognize the man whose only characteristic is himself. O for the naturalness and self-forgetfulness of childhood!

Strange that it is through the natural we come back to the spiritual. What a paradox is the Christian religion! A man has to lose himself in order to find himself. He has to become as a fool in order to be wise; he has to become self-abased in order to be glorified; and he has to become as a little child in order to reach the crown of a Christian manhood. How weak is the child, and yet its weakness is its strength! Only for the weakness of childhood the world would never have known the divinity of motherhood. And it is only as we are weak that we become strong. Weakness is the cable that fastens our frail bark to the landing stage of divine omnipotence.

When I say that Christianity means the coronation of childhood I mean that it stands for the glorification of the humble and the exaltation of the weak.

When will society be permeated with this Christian sentiment? The law of the survival of the fittest plays an important part in the evolution of man as an animal, but now that man is man, he comes under the play of a higher law,—not the law of the animal, but the law of spiritual evolution; not the law of egoism, but that of altruism; not the law of selfishness, but the law of love. The survival of the strongest is still at work in our secular life, because we have not yet freed ourselves from our animal inheritance; but it has no place in the higher, or spiritual, life.

The new kingdom which Christ has come to establish is not an arena where men contend with one another in heartless strife for the mastery. In the world of business and politics the weakest must go gasping to the wall. As a rule it is only the strong man who mounts the ladder of success and sits enthroned on the

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top of things. Every sight and sound we see and hear in the modern world, the clang of machinery, the whirl of the wheel, the hum of the dynamo, or the peal of bells and the salvo of cannon which welcome the return of the soldier who has shed new lustre on his country's arms, while they speak of the signal success of the very few, also proclaim the comparative or complete failure of the very many. The world appreciates success, but it has little or no sympathy even with heroic failure. "Cry aloud, for he is a God!" is the language of society concerning the millionaire, however unconscionably he may have accumulated his millions. This is the law of commerce, but it is certainly not the law of Christ. A new day is dawning; the time is at hand when the man who has made himself rich by making others poor, who has climbed the steeps of ambition by using society as a step-ladder upon which to mount, who has squeezed a whole community as the toper squeezes a lemon into his cup, all for his personal pleasure and profit, or the man who vampirelike has battered himself upon the very life's blood of the oppressed, will be held up to the execration of the world to come. Such a man has not yet touched the outer fringe of the Christian life. The glory of Christianity is that it reverses all this. It gives the right of way, not to the strong, but to the weak, not to the proud, but to the lowly. It gives the right of way, not to the man, but to the child. It causes the weak things to confound the mighty, and things that are not to bring to nought the things that are.

The Christ-child stands for love, and love is the only solvent of all social ills. To-day society is divided into two hostile camps,—capital and labor. These two forces are now engaged in a deadly strife, and any day we may find ourselves in the vortex of one of the most radical revolutions that ever shook the world. The social structure is in a state of unstable equilibrium, and will be until this whole question has been placed

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upon a Christian basis. The differences of those two opposing factions can be reconciled only by having the case referred to a Christian tribunal. Christianity has a social and industrial programme which alone can settle this great dispute. The drift of that programme is not that labor should go down before capital, or that capital should go down before organized labor, but that both parties shall rise to the plane of universal brotherhood, where both shall see that the interests of capital are identical with those of labor, and the interests of labor are identical with those of capital; where both shall adopt as their motto, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them." And the time is coming when men the world o'er "shall brothers be for a' that," when the angel-face of a universal Christmas will smile to see a world kneeling before the Babe of Bethlehem, imbued with the spirit of the Christ-child and born again into a spiritual childhood.

"Except ye become as a little child,"—that is the key that opens the door into the new kingdom. Have you ever seen the little one so sleepy and so tired that it could no longer stand or stay awake, raising its little arms and looking up to its mother, tears trembling in its eyes, and pleading with her, "Mamma, lift me up!" What a pathetic picture of man, the child, toward God the father. Where does God find His brightest jewelry? Not in the spirit of the masterful diplomatist or astute politician or aggressive business man, not in any of the Caesars or Napoleons of history, but in that tearful, trembling, pleading trustfulness, which amid the defeats and disaster and humiliation of life looks up into the face of the great God and says, "I am so faint and weary, Father, won't you take me up." And strange to say, that unthinkable Being takes notice of such a little one. How foolish are we to turn away from the little things and the little ones and think only

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of great things and great ones. What to us is the plaint of poverty, the sigh of the lonely heart, or the tear of the little one, and yet it is upon these that Christ builds his kingdom? Oh, it is wonderful condescension, not only that He should take the little ones in His arms, but that He should make the prattle of childhood and the patter of little feet announce to the world the coming of the kingdom, and show us older ones the way! Oh, that he should make nothingness the starting point of a religion that has captivated the wisest of the wise and conquered the mightiest of the mighty!

The world says it is the mighty, and not the meek, that shall inherit the earth, but Jesus says it is the meek, and not the mighty, that shall do so. His methods were not military but moral. What a feeling of unrest is manifest everywhere! The very genius of battle, like a bird of prey, seems to hover over the nations, expectant and eager for the fray. The atmosphere has become so electric that a stroke by the pen or a word from the lips of one of the statesmen or sovereigns of Europe might precipitate such a storm as might change the map of Continents. The prophecy of Tennyson is very slowly passing into history,—

When I dipped into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be—

If the present costly preparation for war continues much longer, some of those nations will find their greatest foe within, and not without. The people will not submit to such national and social waste for ever. Of course, all this militarism may be working out its own remedy. It may prove another case of the two boys who were in training for the coming combat, but so strenuously did they prepare for it that when the moment came for them to fight both were sick from sheer exhaustion. War is the law of the savage and the logic of the barbarian. There is no argument that can justify a civilized nation in availing itself of such in-

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human methods. "It is high time we ceased to hold up our Hannibals and Alexanders to the emulation of our youth, or to throw over the butcheries of the battleground the lurid lustre of a false glory. You cannot change the eternal principles of right and wrong; murder is murder, whether it be committed by an individual or by a nation. The world is riper for social reform than for national aggrandizement.

See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.

When love has become a world conflagration it will burn up all enmities, all social, national, and world wrongs, and leave the refined gold of loyal hearts over which Christ shall come to reign. Talk about heaven in the other world, we want a heaven here and now. Christianity is not a ferry boat to transport a favored few from this to the heavenly side, while this old raft of a world is left to go down with all the rest on board.

It adds a new value to human life to think that our present pandemonium is being changed into a paradise. Let us get on our knees and pray, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and then let us go forth and change our prayer into history. Whenever that prayer becomes a fact, that will be our heaven. But the children of men will never walk the streets of gold while the few tyrannize over the many. There will be no peace on earth while tears are wrung from the hearts of men by those who live by exploiting them. The kingdom of heaven is with us now; a new world is emerging from the old, a world within a world, a society within society, a man within the man; and we are all about to be born into a new childhood.

Ah, for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be!

Every new sunrise brings us nearer to the great sun-

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rise; every great movement set afoot pushes the world a little nearer the heavenly goal. Society is slowly but surely absorbing the teaching of the carpenter's Son. Society is slowly but surely climbing the mount of God. We are not yet in full sight of the glowing summit, but its outlines are looming more distinctly through the mists, and in our supreme moments we catch faint strains of that perfected harmony in which all discord will be swallowed up. Let us see to it that the shadow of our selfishness does not dim for us the dawning of the Christ-life—the life that turns its face towards God—the life that breathes the faith, the love, the tenderness of childhood—the life that clothes itself in the garments of humility and self-abasement—the life that out of the shadows of night will cause the world to roll into light and bring to us daybreak everywhere. The world has treated saints as sinners, and sinners as saints. Because James Roy could not believe in the verbal theory of inspiration or in a Miltonic hell, he was turned out of the Methodist Church, and one of his assailants declared that God would rather save the devil than such a man. And because Dr. Thomas could not believe that guilt was hereditary and that the Atonement as taught by his church was scientific or scriptural, he was turned out of Presbyterianism as the chief of sinners. The modern mind turns away with repugnance from a doctrine of sin which teaches that the whole human race is involved in the damnation of Adam's sin. But what about the Fall? Was there no Fall? The theologian says, "Man has fallen." The scientist says, "No, man has risen." Which of these statements can we accept? I answer, both. Man as an animal is rising, or has risen; but, as a man, with the power to lift himself higher still, he often falls. Every time we obey the animal instead of the man we fall, and every time we obey the man instead of the animal we rise. The old theologian says, "Sin is essentially damnable; it

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spells deicide and parricide." Bosh! As if a worm of the dust could assassinate the Eternal. The sinner never thinks of God when he sins; if he did, he would not sin. He is only thinking of himself, and that is the essence of all sin. Selfishness is the tap-root of all sin. However we may modify sin, it is a very real and a very grievous thing; but its evil is not the maltreatment of God; it is the ruin of one's own soul. Sin spells suicide. It means death. It means hell.

WEALTH: ITS DISABILITIES & DUTIES

(Preached in Dominion Church, Ottawa, May 29th, 1910)

"But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and deceitful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil, which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness."—1 Tim. vi: 9-11.

WEALTH and wickedness are not synonymous terms. In itself wealth is no more a vice than is poverty a virtue. There are two questions which when answered determine the ethics of wealth. These are, first—How was it obtained? Second—To what uses is it being devoted? Money is not as some suppose, the germ, or root, of all evil. It is only the love, the inordinate love of it, that is said to be so.

If it is a sin to love money intemperately, then you will often find that the greatest sinners are not those that have it, but those that have it not. In fact love of money is often in the inverse ratio to the amount possessed. Avarice is a passion that often burns more intensely in the bosom of the mendicant than in that of the millionaire. And it often happens that those who profess themselves the most antagonistic to wealth and to men of wealth, are all the time consumed by a passion to obtain it. I never yet heard of a man, however socialistic in his theory, who would treat the offer or opportunity of making a fortune with contempt. Whenever the door of fortune opens none of us hesitate to enter. Riches are the gold stairs up which all men seek to climb to social position and power, and none are more anxious to get there than those who are de-

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nouncing most loudly the men who have already got there.

No, we cannot say that wealth is a vice and poverty a virtue. There are many cases where we would have to transpose the logical arrangement of these terms. In fact, in a country like this, the very possession of wealth, as a rule, argues the possession of certain personal powers and qualities whose proper development should always be encouraged. And on the other hand, the very fact of poverty, as a rule, argues the possession of personal or relative qualities which ought ever to be placed beneath the ban of our most unqualified disapproval. There are men whose wealth is a crown of glory, and there are those whose poverty is a badge of shame.

Who would denounce wealth that is the fruit of patient toil and honest effort? And who would caress and coddle and dry-nurse poverty that is the result of laziness and criminal apathy. My sympathy is with the poor man whose poverty is the result of circumstances he cannot control, but I have nothing but contempt for the man whose poverty is the result of circumstances that he could easily control.

How liberal some of us are with the money that doesn't belong to us! How much we would do for God and humanity if we had only our rich neighbor's purse! But it is wonderful how the sudden possession of wealth modifies our theory of the universal brotherhood of man. I always suspect a man who is anxious to get wealth for the sake of the good he is anxious to do with it.

The devil spins silk, as well as hemp or flax; and when he wants to catch a trout that will not bite where it can see the line, he spins a line so small that it cannot be seen, and puts the bait upon it, and the fish is caught. And if ever there is an invisible line with bait at the end of it, and with the devil at the end of the rod, it is

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when a man is going to make money for the sake of using it to do good with. If ever there is a time when Satan laughs and says, "I have caught a gudgeon," it is then.

I. INSATIABLE THIRST

One disability of wealth I notice is the insatiable thirst it is apt to create. You can quench almost every other kind of thirst but that of the miser. You can satisfy physical hunger by bread, or thirst by water. You can satisfy a passion for music by the melody of sound, the love of the beautiful by the beautiful, the love of friends by friends, the love of society by kindred minds, but gold can never satisfy the love of gold. The wise man says, "He who loves money shall not be satisfied with silver." The passion for money is increased by its own gratification. It is like throwing fuel on the fire, the more you put on, the more intensely glows the flame. It is like the thirst of the drunkard who drinks himself athirst, and has no other reason for drinking any more than the fact that he has already drunk so much. This explains how some men feel poor as their wealth is increased. Give a man five thousand, and he wants fifty. Give him fifty thousand, and he wants five hundred, and when he has got that he feels a poorer man than he did the day he got his first five hundred. When Rothschild heard that the head of the Agnade family was dead, "How much does he leave?" he asked. "Twenty millions." "You mean eighty?" "No, twenty." "Dear me, I thought he was in easy circumstances," remarked the modern Croesus.

The point at which a man is satisfied with wealth is never reached. It is like that point where sky and earth seem to meet; it recedes from you in the same ratio that you proceed towards it.

What insanity is here! After all, our essential wants are very limited. You cannot wear any more than one suit at a time unless you want to cheat the "Customs." You can't eat, or, at least, you ought not to eat, any more than is good for

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you. You can't live in more than one house at a time, or ride in any more than one carriage. The fact is, the moment our comforts give way to luxury that moment our health and happiness are imperilled. It is said that when J. C. Astor was once congratulated by a certain person on his wealth, he replied by pointing to his pile of bonds and maps of property, at the same time enquiring, "Would you like to manage these matters for your board and clothes?" The man demurred. "Sir," continued the rich man, "it is all that I get."

I wonder what the angels must think as they look down from their shining balcony and see immortals like us making pismires of ourselves, burrowing night and day in this great anthill of a world in search of what—a handful of mud, and never taking time to think about God, the soul, or eternity. Talk about men being damned in the other life, they are being so in this. Thousands every day are dropping through the trap-door of avarice into a present hell; for they are lost to every good and noble impulse, lost to God, to others, and to themselves. They sacrifice themselves and everybody else to this inordinate greed of gold. They would coin the sweat and tears and blood and sighs of the impoverished and enslaved wretches of society into the gold and silver which they so immoderately desire. I claim that such a man as that is lost, and if the angels would swing a bell in those heavens every time a soul is thus swept into this Niagara vortex of ruin, its mournful toll would never cease, for the victims thrown into this Ganges in sacrifice to the Moloch of Mammonism are more than can be numbered.

II. CORRODING CARE

Another disability of wealth is the corroding care which it creates. That man alone can be happy who can be satisfied with a moderate degree of wealth. It is that branch which is most heavily laden with fruit which is most liable, not only to bend, but to break. It is the ship whose cargo

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brings her below the line of flotation which is most likely to founder in the gale. And it is the man whose wealth becomes more than he needs whose heart becomes the prey of a corroding care, and whose spirit is often swamped in the cyclones of life's many disasters.

Increased wealth becomes an inconvenience to any man who wants to live with a soul free and unfettered by the greed of gain.

A tramp came to my door begging a pair of boots and a pair of trousers. He was not without either the one or the other, but boots and pants had evidently been intended for another man of larger make and mould. The boots were so large and the trousers so long that he said he had been thrown several times that day with a superfluity of boot and pants. He could not make much progress in plying his trade in such a predicament as that, and very naturally he wanted a change of raiment. Now, I think he was wise in his day and generation, for the man who walks about this life with such a superfluity of material goods in any such shape as proves an impediment is a fool. And let any man get more money than he really needs, and he will find himself in a pair of boots too large, and in garments too long, for his soul's comfort and convenience.

Rich men as a class are not the most happy. Home, wife, mother, and child do not mean all to them which they often do to many a poor man. The very habits acquired by acquiring wealth have a tendency to unfit the man for the simpler and finer enjoyments of life. The life such a man must live who sacrifices everything to obtain wealth, must paralyse the higher range of his feelings and faculties and close up those avenues through which alone real happiness can enter the heart.

Big bells are very apt to be poorly cast. I never heard of a bell which weighed a great many thousand pounds which, first or last, did not break. And what a sound a big bell that is broken gives! If you take these overgrown rich men and ring them, how little happiness you find in them!

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III. DIFFICULTY IN DISCRIMINATING

How difficult it is for a man of great wealth to discriminate always between friend and foe! Very often the men who flatter and fawn at his feet the most are the men who in their hearts despise him the most. I have heard a rich man addressed in the most complimentary terms, but behind his back the very tongue that blessed him cursed him. There are millionaires that are most sincerely respected, and so they ought to be, but they are respected because of their character, not because of their wealth.

The man who boasts of the many friends his wealth has drawn around him is like the fabled stag that was being hounded to death boasting of the many noble hounds he had forming his retinue of honor. "If riches increase set not your heart upon them." Remember it is in the richest robes the moth loves to breed. The worm creeps into the most fragrant flower and the most delicious fruit. The thunder-bolt strikes that turret, tower, or crag which lifts itself the highest in the air. And so the men who are the most vulnerable to the shafts of misfortune are those whose wealth wraps them in the costliest garments and places them upon the highest pedestals of social honor.

IV. LOWER SPIRITUALITY

Again, a superfluity of wealth is apt to lower the tone of a man's spiritual life. John Wesley remarked in early life that he had known but four men whose spirituality had not become impaired by increasing wealth. At a later period he modified this and said he then knew no exception. A greater than Wesley said, with infinite pathos in every tone, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God! . . . It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

In Oriental cities there are in the large gates small and very low apertures called metaphorically, "needle's eyes", just as we talk of windows on ship-board as "bull's eyes."

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These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass through them in the ordinary manner, or even if loaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances, it kneels down, its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees. "Yesterday," writes Lady Duff Gordon from Cairo, "I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle, that is, the low, arched door of an enclosure. He must kneel down and bow his head to creep through; and thus the rich man must humble himself."

If the surrender of ourselves and our substance to God is the condition of initiation into the spiritual mysteries of Christ's Kingdom, then we can understand our Saviour's words of deep commiseration.

Thank God, there are in these days many notable exceptions to this rule. There are men and women whose vast wealth is held by them only in trust for God and humanity, upon whose influence for good no limit can be placed. All I contend for is, the moment we set our supreme affections on the world and the wealth of the world love for God and man declines.

A gentleman who had amassed a great fortune and lost it, said not long ago publicly, that he wanted to give his experience. When wealth rolled in upon him like a golden tide, his mind and heart became hermetically sealed to God and man. His spirituality sank below zero. His wealth isolated him from God and from his own family so that he seldom spent an evening with wife and children. But, bye and bye, the awful crash came, the golden dome of fortune collapsed, and he was buried beneath the ruins. He sought shelter in the heart of that God he had forgotten, and sympathy in the family he had neglected, and found them to the great comfort of his heart. His material loss was a spiritual gain. Misfortune mellowed, softened, and spiritualized his whole being, and he is to-day a devoted Christian.

One day, after his financial crisis had passed, he came home and gathered his family around him, and read and prayed and talked freely with them all evening. When he

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was kissing his children "good-night", his little girl of four years climbed up on his knee and said she wanted to whisper something, and entwining her little arms around his neck she said, "Papa, please don't get rich any more; when you were rich you never looked and talked so nice as you did to-night. O papa, don't get rich any more."

Yes, we say, when wealth isolates a man from his God and his children, then certainly comparative poverty is to be preferred.

When Garrick, the great tragedian, took Dr. Johnson through his splendid mansion—its spacious halls, brilliant suite of chambers, its terraced lawns, costly pictures and graceful statuary, he saw the brow of the great lexicographer clouded as if with grief. He asked him the cause and the great doctor looked down upon the little actor and said, "Ah! David, David, these are the things which make a death-bed terrible."

"To the love of money we trace the melancholy apostasy of Demas, the awful perfidy of Judas, the fatal lie of Ananias and Sapphira—all, and some of them distinguished professors of religion. Be on your guard. Watch and pray. Their history is written for our instruction. Nor need any of His people who allow the love of money to entwine itself around their hearts, expect that in saving them God will do otherwise than the woodman who, seeking to save a tree, applies his knife to the canker that eats into its heart, or to the ivy that has climbed its trunk and is choking it in its close embrace."

And yet a man of wealth may be of immense service to God and humanity. A person whose benevolence keeps pace with his increase of revenue is a power for good in the Church and in the community. Such men ought to be the controllers and custodians of wealth, and thank God, the number of such is increasing.

Listen to the words of one of England's greatest capitalists as regards the remuneration of manual labor. Every employer, he says, should give his workman the highest pos-

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sible wages and demand in return the smallest possible sacrifice. As it is to your interest to see that your horse is well fed and stabled, and as it was the interest of the slave owner to see that his slaves were kept in good physical condition, so it is certainly the interest of the employer to see that his workmen have a comfortable living.

A manufacturer who employs in his mills a great number of hands went round and inspected their homes, and was shocked to find the insanitary condition of their homes. He proceeded at once to build cottages, well-drained, well-lighted, well-ventilated, and made the rent, on condition of absolute cleanliness, so low as barely to yield him a profit. The result is, he says, nothing has paid him better. Not only are his relations to his workmen improved, but their health and workmanship have alike improved. That is what I call "Applied Christianity."

A few capitalists at a meeting in England not long ago informally discussed the propriety of making every workman in their factory a kind of shareholder in the business. They said, it is a fact which we all must concede, that we capitalists are getting the lion's share of the wealth produced by labor, and the laborer's portion has not been sufficiently adequate, and thus they were feeling their way towards a distribution of a certain proportion of the profits to each of their workers. Now, I am not prepared to say that any workable scheme can be developed upon this basis, but I mention it to indicate the growth amongst wealthy men of a sentiment whose spread points towards a new era.

As long as the love of gold is subservient to the love of God, then it is good, but when the love of God is made secondary to the love of gold, then it is an evil. As long as money is the servant it is a blessing, but when it becomes the master and the man the slave, then it is a curse.

O young men, let me burn one thought into your soul to-night. Your success in life can never be determined by the amount of money you make. A man may acquire the fortune of a Rothschild and be an absolute failure in life,

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and a man may live and die in very moderate circumstances and be an immense success. May God save us from becoming materialized and dehumanized by the greed of gain! I know nothing that will pervert and petrify natural affection like an insatiable thirst for gold. I have seen a picture, the meaning and memory of which makes me sometimes shudder. It was that of a deer stretched on the ground dying, but not quite dead, and from all over the vultures and birds of prey were gathering together in anticipation of a feast. There they are impatiently waiting, and some are flapping their sable wings, as they hover above the bleeding, panting form of the deer, eager to begin the horrible carnival. I have seen the reality in the human of which that was the pictorial representation in the animal world. I have known a whole family manifest the most brutal impatience at the longevity of the mother who bore them, because, forsooth, while she lived, she stood between them and the enjoyment of a large fortune. And the breath had not ceased to heave in her bosom until these human vultures were rifling the contents of her purse and wardrobe, each eager to appropriate something of her personal effects. God save us from such inhumanity. God help us, as on the verge of eternity, to listen to those words, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

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Men ought always to pray.—Luke xviii:1.

HAS the Creator made provision for prayer in the outward mechanism of things? Has prayer a place in the constitution of external nature? We have a strong presumption in favor of the external validity of prayer in the fact that it has its basis in the constitution of man. As we shall see, it must follow, if prayer is a law within, it must have a place in the operation of the laws without. Man and nature are the counterparts, the one of the other. Every faculty in man is matched by some fact, or class of facts, in nature; and every law in man has its corresponding law in nature. This statement sweeps the entire circle of animate and inanimate existence. Wherever there is a subjective want it is the intention of nature that there shall be an objective supply. So scientifically certain is this law that the very presence of the one may be accepted as proof presumptive of the other. The eye proves the reality of light, the ear the reality of sound, and the lungs the reality of an external atmosphere. Every want of the living organism has its corresponding supply in its environment. If such is the case, does not the law of analogy warrant the belief that the same thing holds good as regards the entirety of man's being and that of his visible and invisible environment? If we accept this principle, then the position is established that, if prayer has its basis in the constitution of man, it must also have a basis in the constitution of nature.

A great many of the objections urged against the Christian doctrine of prayer arise from a misconception of its true nature. The power of prayer is simply the power of

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strong desire. Wishes are prayers when they gravitate around God.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

This means that prayer is primarily a spiritual force which is as real as the force of gravity.

The great objection which is today urged against prayer for external blessing is that based upon the inviolability of natural law. It is assumed by some that no prayer for an external good could be answered by God, except by such an interruption of the natural order as amounts to miracle. To the modern mind such an interruption is an absurdity. This objection, however, proceeds upon a false conception of what are called the laws of nature. Law is not an agent, it is only a mode of action. It is not a force, it is the established mode, or manner, in accordance with which force operates. Behind all law there is Mind. "Gravitation and chemical affinity are but terms we use to define the operations of mind." We must never separate the idea of God from the laws of nature. Law and God are one. Nature's laws are the rhythmic pulse-beats of that Life immanent in all things which we call God. This being the case, it is possible for God to act in a natural way in and through the great organism of things. Our position is, that it is possible for God to answer prayer even for external favors of a special character, not against, but in accordance with, the laws of matter, without anything like a suspension of the same. Surely He can answer such a prayer, not by contravening, but simply by controlling, the forces of nature. Those who take the ground that God cannot so modify nature as to produce extraordinary effects in answer to prayer without contravening law, withhold from the Almighty a power which they themselves exercise every day. Every child in its mother's arms may sway the forces of matter within its reach. Every time it shakes its tiny rattle it controls that force which steadies the sun, swings

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every satellite, and holds together the vast fabric of things. You and I can so control and combine the forces that play around us as to produce an effect above nature, in the sense that nature alone could never produce it.

It is the belief of some that the miracles of our Lord were miracles of knowledge, rather than of power. He performed His miracles in virtue of His more intimate acquaintance with the inherent properties of matter and the occult forces of nature. He availed Himself of those curative agencies that are latent or active in certain realms of material nature: hence the astonishing cures which He effected. Without fully endorsing this view, I think it contains the fraction of a great truth. There is no doubt that, when our knowledge of the secret powers and properties resident in matter is perfect, we shall be able to do that which, looked at from our present plane, we would regard as miraculous in the extreme. Now, if it is possible for man to do such things in a limited way, is it not possible for God to do the same in a larger way? We may be sure, that a *personal* God has not so imprisoned Himself within the material mechanism that He cannot reach His children in the hour of their sore perplexity and need. We may be sure that such a Being, possessing such powers and related to us by such tender ties, has left open certain secret avenues amid the play and interplay of cosmic forces by which He has access to us at all times. And, as Isaac Taylor says, "This is indeed the great miracle of nature and providence, that no miracles are required to accomplish God's purposes."

A great many of our difficulties in regard to prayer and its answer, objectively considered, will be removed when we have arrived at a true conception of the relation in which God stands to material nature. This relation is not mechanical; God is not to the material fabric what the architect is to the edifice which he planned, or the machinist to the machine which he devised. We believe that God stands related to material nature in a more intimate and vital

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sense. With the Sage of Chelsea, we no longer believe in "an absentee God sitting idle ever since the first Sabbath at the outside of His universe, and seeing it go." The universe is not a mass of inert matter, nor is it a great molecular machine; it is an Organism which enshrines an Infinite Spirit who is the animating and actuating Soul of all things. God lives in and acts through all material nature in some such way as the soul of man lives in and acts through his body. Carpenter says, "I deem it just as absurd and illogical to affirm that there is no place for God in nature, originating and controlling its forces by His will, as it would be to assert that there is no place in man's body for his conscious mind."

When we look upon God as immanent in all things, we can then understand that it is not necessary for Him to break through the external harmony of nature to answer prayer; because its laws are only, as we have said, the uniform methods by which he works in and through it all. If in this little universe we call man, the mind can, in and through its physical organs, put forth volitions which change the current of external phenomena in accordance with both the laws of mind and matter, why should not God who acts upon matter from within, as the soul does through the body, be able to do the same thing, and that in accordance with His own nature as well as that of the material universe?⁽¹⁾

If man can so employ nature as to supersede nature, without suspending her laws, surely God who is both in and above nature can do the same thing.

How very silly and suicidal is that theory which declares that the only benefit of prayer is that which is realized in its reaction upon the soul that prays. Certainly, there is a reflex benefit in prayer which has to be included in an exhaustive inventory of its blessings. But surely, this is not all that prayer means to us. In fact, no one can offer a sincere prayer on the sheer strength of this theory. The

(1) See Fairbairn on "Science and Religion."

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reflex benefit of prayer is itself possible only as such a prayer is the product of faith in its real objective validity. No man can be sincere who prays on the same principle in which he exercises himself bodily by Indian clubs or dumb-bells.

Nor can we take the position that the benefits of prayer are limited to the spiritual realm. There are those who claim that God and man are immediately accessible to each other only in the realm of soul. On the spiritual side of our nature there are secret avenues by which the Divine Spirit gains immediate access to man. This, they tell us, is the only channel by which supernatural help can come to us.

Now, if God were altogether indifferent to our secular life, or if He were so enmeshed in the network of nature's laws that He could not reach us from without, this doctrine might have some weight. But when we look upon God as our Father, who encourages us in everything to make our requests known unto Him, and when we understand that His relations to external nature are so immediate and vital that all its movements are His movements, then we may take heart of hope and pray for secular blessings as well as for subjective and spiritual favors.

But some may say, Teach this doctrine and you have fanatics praying for the diseased and dying, as if there could be any obvious or occult connection between a breath of words on human lips and the malady which may be working out its fatal purpose in the body of the dying one. Just here we find ourselves confronted with what is known as the "Faith Cure System." This is a cure which is said to be wrought in answer to the prayer of faith, to the exclusion of all medical advice and appliances. Now, we all believe in the efficacy of prayer for the sick, but we also believe that all such prayer must ever breathe the spirit which culminates in the Gethsemane cry of Jesus in the Garden, "Nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done."

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One thing that somewhat invalidates the claims of this school is its illogical teaching as regards the condition upon which the supernatural cure is said to be granted. The patient is required to believe that he IS CURED, contrary to the presence of symptoms which plainly declare that he *is not*. In proof of this, let me give the words of one of the notable leaders of this school, who addressed a Montreal audience some time ago. He said, "When annointed, believe that you do now receive; say 'I *am* healed now'. Do not say 'I expect to be healed.' *Believe against contrary physical evidence.* You may expect sudden and powerful returns of your sickness, but these are only tests of your faith. You ought not to recognize any disease, believing that God has healed you."

Another fact which greatly lessens our faith in such faith cures is, I am sorry to say, that the published returns of these institutions are not reliable. Dr. Buckley told us that in two volumes entitled "Faith Cure" there are 150 cures reported, but that many of these he found had not been cured at all. Indeed, I have buried more than one person whose names appeared in such returns as instances of faith cures. "Any ordinary hospital acting thus would be rightly reprimanded as fraudulent in its reports."

Another fact that somewhat invalidates the claim of such cures to be regarded as supernatural, is that many of them can be explained upon natural grounds, or, at least, they are paralleled by such as have been explained in this manner. Let me cite one instance. In these reports a great many are said to have been cured of rheumatism, but it has been demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt that similar cures have been effected through the imagination. Some of you remember years ago that many cases of rheumatism were reported cured by the famous "metallic tractors" and their imitations. But it was afterwards found that these were formed simply of wood and iron. The patient was made to believe he was being galvanized, when in real-

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ity, the materials used possessed no such property. Dr. Buckley also cited a remarkable cure of paralysis, the result purely of imagination. The physician placed a thermometer under the tongue of the patient simply to ascertain his temperature; the patient, however, imagined this was intended to stimulate and energize the benumbed parts, and, as the result, actually obtained permanent relief.

Another objectionable feature of this doctrine is its disparagement of all those remedies which God through the laboratory of nature has provided for the various ailments of the body. One of the leading apostles of this school in Montreal declared that the use of medicine by the patient was a practical denial of the healing power of God and revealed the low spiritual plane upon which such a Christian lived. Now, we all believe it is our privilege to pray for the recovery of the sick, just as it is ours to pray for daily bread. But just as prayer for the latter does not absolve us from using means to obtain bread, no more does prayer for the former justify the non-use of medicine to obtain recovery.

The last objection which I offer to this teaching is, its advocates do not sufficiently qualify their sayings and supplications by a Christ-like deference to the will of God in all things. They seem to think that, under all circumstances, their faith is the determining factor and their wish another term for the divine will. They fail to see that the ideal prayer is not the human dictating but submitting to the divine will. It is a prayer imbued with the spirit of filial submission which in the hour of its keenest agony finds relief in the cry, "Not my will, but Thine, O God, be done."

But now that I have said all this, I believe with all my heart and mind in the efficacy of the prayer of faith for the sick. When all these excrescences have been removed there is at the core of this system an element of truth which I gladly recognize. In fact, I believe that many have died who might have been restored by the prayer of faith, and

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that this is evident both upon natural and spiritual grounds. Such a prayer often secures all those subjective conditions favorable to recovery. There are three conceivable methods by which God may raise the sick in answer to prayer even when all medical skill has been baffled. 1. He who stands behind the constitution of all matter, as the fontal source of all the curative forces of nature, may in accordance with laws of which we know nothing infuse into the means employed such virtue as may result in a cure, especially when some spiritual purpose is thereby subserved. 2. He may, in accordance with the laws of sub-conscious suggestion under His immediate control, convey the idea to the mind of any one concerned of a new and hitherto untried remedy, the application of which may lead to the desired results. 3. Where there has been no break in the vital organism by which natural law is rendered inoperative, surely, that Life-giving Spirit immanent in all may so act along the line of those laws, as to liberate or replenish the curative forces of the system in such a way as to arrest the disease and thus lead to the patient's recovery.

I know to the modern mind prayer is ultra-scientific; there can be no possible relation between the cause and the effect; a word, a sigh, a breath on human lips can surely never change destiny. But, as a matter of fact, it has. We are told a little electricity, just enough to fill a lady's thimble, can send a pulsating ripple sufficient to reach other worlds. What semi-spiritual forces are now used for the purpose of thought-communication. A ship far out on sea can receive a Marconi message in a moment of time that brings every passenger into touch with the great centres of civilization. Prayer is a force more subtle and spiritual still. It brings the soul that prays into touch with God the Centre of all things. Prayer is the intermingling of two personalities; its touch releases the slumbering forces both in God and man. Indeed, all power is traceable to personality. Behind the oration, the poem, the picture, is the power of personality. But a man upon his knees may wield a greater

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power than the orator, the poet, or the artist. When a Michael Angelo really prays, far more of his innermost self goes out in that breath than he puts into the fresco he paints, the column he rears, or the statue he creates. On its human side the power of prayer is the power of the sum-total of personality.

Moreover, prayer is not only the divine supplementing the human, it is the human supplementing the divine. God is doing all he can to save that man over there, with the spiritual forces at His disposal, but the moment you pray for him your prayer becomes an additional force which may enable God to do for him what otherwise He could not. God can use you and your prayer as another live wire by which to transmit to that soul a ray of influence which hitherto has never touched him.

Who that believes the Bible can doubt the efficacy of prayer in every realm of human life? Harken to Jacob's passionate cry, as he wrestles with the Angel until the break of day—"I will not let thee go except thou bless me." And this prayer prevails with the Angel on the one hand and with Esau on the other. Moses on the mountain prays, and the enemies of Israel are scattered; Hannah prays with the intense desire of motherhood, and Samuel is born; David prays, and his enemy is delivered into his hands; Asa prays, and lo! the tide of battle turns, and victory gilds the banners of Israel. Isaiah and Hezekiah pray for deliverance from the sword of the Assyrian,

And the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed,
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd and forever grew still!

Daniel prays in the lion's den, and the mouths of the lions are stopped; the three Hebrew children pray, and pass through the furnace untouched by the fire; Elijah prays, and his prayer unlocks the treasures of the skies; the Church prays, and Peter is delivered from prison. Bartimeus prays, and receives his sight; Jesus prays, and the

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angels come and minister unto Him. Thus it is more than poetically true that prayer moves the arm that moves the world.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain;
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

OLD CREEDS IN THE MODERN CRUCIBLE

*(Preached in the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church,
April 25, 1915.)*

Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.—1 Thess. v: 21.

MY subject to-night is, Old Creeds in the Modern Crucible. A sermon on this theme was preached in England while I was there which I did not hear but which I read. The preacher prefaced his remarks by saying that he was not an iconoclast, that the bent of his mind was not radical or destructive, but rather conservative and constructive. He thought it criminal to undermine any man's faith. "It is," he said, "not less faith, but more faith and fuller faith, that we want to-day." He would not take away the ground from any man's feet unless he was sure he had something firmer for the man to stand upon. But before he was through with his sermon I, for one, felt that he had applied the torch of an incendiary to my whole system of belief, and in exchange for the Rock of Ages he gave me nothing to build upon but sinking sand. Now, I do not wish to repeat his mistake; I should not like to take away from you the old, unless the new which I may offer proves better than that which I would take away. I am not adverse to modern criticism having its swing and say; I think some of us are more disturbed by those swelling seas that are sweeping the upper and lower decks of the old ark of God than we need to be. Any man that is so easily shaken by every passing breeze cannot be very firmly established in the faith.

First, then, among the old creeds that are simmering in the crucible there is the teaching of the Church concerning the Bible. Modern criticism says that this is not the Word of God; it only contains the Word of God. It is not a

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revelation of God; it is only a record of the revelations that were unveiled to holy men of old who spoke and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. The Bible is like a lantern—there is the light within, which is the divine, and there is the medium through which the light shines, and that is the human. Man is the medium through which God speaks to man. So that on its human side the Bible is not infallible. Indeed, the Bible is not an inspired book, though the men who wrote it were inspired. But remember, inspiration does not spell infallibility. Moses was inspired, but he was not infallible. Paul was inspired, but he never claimed for himself infallibility. When I am asked whether the Bible is errant or inerrant, my answer is, if you look at the Bible as a handbook of history or science or philosophy or chronology, then it is not infallible. That is, on its human side it is not free from mistake; but, if you accept it as a hand-book of human salvation, as a book in which there is unfolded the will of God for our salvation and spiritual guidance, then, I say, it is practically inerrant and thoroughly reliable. No man is damned for not believing this book as a whole. I do not ask any man to believe in the Bible, if he cannot. That word, “believe”, literally means what we “live by.” And if there is anything in this book that you cannot live by, then you are not called upon to believe it. Only that in it which is livable can be said to be believable. There are some things in the lives of Moses and David and Solomon that you cannot repeat in your life; you may believe them as facts, but you cannot believe in them in the sense of living them. There are things which the saints of old did which would be very wrong for you to do; the command is not, “Thou shalt believe on Moses,” but, “Thou shalt believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Bernard Shaw says that he objects to Jacob or David or even Paul or Peter being placed before him as a model, but he has no objection to the Man of Galilee being held up before the whole world as a model and master. Not a word Jesus said would be wrong for him to say, if he could

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say it; not a thing Jesus did would be wrong for him, if he could do it; and nothing that Jesus was would be wrong for him to be, if he could only become it. The Bible is valuable so far as it reflects or reveals the mind of Jesus, and I believe that, spiritually interpreted, there is something of Christ to be found in every book and in every important passage of our Scriptures—a something which criticism may further disclose, but can never destroy. There is a story in the ancient classics of a great fire that once swept the Pyrenean Mountains and destroyed the vineyards of the people; but, as they wandered over the burned territory bemoaning their loss, they were surprised to find that the fire had revealed in the rocks veins of silver and of gold, so that each possessor had gained more by the fire than he had lost. So it is with the Bible and modern criticism; the fire is burning nothing that can really be burned, and this old book will come forth the brighter and the better for the burning.

There is also the old idea of God which is now passing through the crucible. The thought of God as dwelling in some super-earthly realm and detachable from creation, and who is related to the universe as the machinist is to the machine, is one which no longer appeals to the modern mind. The new theology identifies the Creator with creation; God is the soul of the material cosmos, and the material cosmos is the body of God. When we touch matter anywhere we touch God, just as when you touch my body anywhere you touch me. The old theologian thought of God as above nature and above man, but the new theologian thinks of God as in nature and in every man. The only God we can ever know is the God who dwells within; it is only within ourselves we can find God.

The God without he findeth not,
Who finds Him not within.

Now, I have no objection to all this. At the heart of the old theology there was the sovereignty of God, but the keynote of the new theology is God's Fatherhood. The old let

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the accent fall upon justice, the new lets it fall upon love;
the modern mind cannot tolerate a loveless God.

A loving worm within its clod,
Were better than a loveless God.

We call this Humanitarianism, but, do you know, the grandest idea that Browning ever expressed was what he called "the humanness of God?" Indeed, he teaches that every voice of nature is human; he discovers a human tone in the tempest and thunderstorm. "So the All-Great," he cries, is "the All-Loving, too."

So through the thunder comes a human voice,
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!"
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!"

As all the colors of the rainbow are latent in the light, so all the attributes of God are latent in His love. His wisdom is the intelligence of His love; His omnipotence is the power of His love; His righteousness is the integrity of His love; His sanctity is the purity of His love; His threatenings, the warnings of His love; and hell itself is the voice of His love in tenderness saying, My child, do thyself no harm! But if love is going to reign throughout eternity, then there can be no eternal hell. Eternal love and eternal suffering are mutually exclusive. If any soul suffer forever, it will be because it chooses to sin forever. My view of this painful subject has been expressed in the lines,

Not for this fleeting life alone,
O Power Divine, we look to Thee;
Thou never canst thy work disown
In time or in eternity.
All finite love may droop and fail,
Set to the fashion of the hour;
But thine must evermore prevail,
Changeless in pity and in power.
No soul is lost by Thy decree,
But only thro' its scorn of Thee.

Another doctrine that is now in the crucible is the human origin of Jesus. Was He born of a virgin? Matthew says

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He was, so does Luke, but Mark has no reference to the Virgin Birth whatever, and John also is absolutely silent. And in all the teachings and preachings of Peter and Paul and the other apostles there is not a breath concerning the miraculous birth of our Lord. Listen to what the earliest manuscript of the New Testament, viz., the Sinaitic Syriac, says about the birth of Jesus, "Joseph, to whom was betrothed Mary the virgin, begat Jesus, who is called the Christ." The same manuscript says, "She shall bear thee (Joseph) a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus." Again, "When Joseph arose from his sleep he did as the angel of the Lord commanded him, and took his wife, and she bare to him a son, and he called his name Jesus." Dr. Horton and Dr. Forsyth, who are regarded in London as the bulwarks of orthodoxy, declare that the Virgin Birth of Jesus is not of essential importance to the Christian faith. The Virgin Birth, they say, is irrelevant to the Incarnation. Sir Oliver Lodge, the great expositor of modern science, declares that there is nothing unscientific in the dual parentage of Jesus forming the basis of an Incarnation. God must become human in order to reach and redeem the human. The essential element in Christianity is its conception of a human God. The humanity of God, on the one hand, and the divinity of man, on the other, constitute, he says, the essence of a Christian revelation. Unitarianism says that Jesus was a man, not God; Trinitarianism says that he was God and man, but the New Theology says he was God in man. If he had been born only of one human parent he would not have been a perfect man, but he was perfect God made manifest in perfect man, the only God-filled life ever lived on our planet.

Personally, I am indifferent as to the new views on the Virgin Birth. I don't care whether you adhere to the old or accept the new, so long as you give the first place in your thought, affections, and life to Him who is the highest of the high, the holiest of the holy, and the best of all who are good.

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Another doctrine that is seething in the crucible is sin. Modern criticism says we have imported into the Bible doctrine of sin an extraneous and exaggerated meaning. It objects to the phrase, "the infinite desert of sin." Sin cannot be an infinite offence, as that would suppose that we who are finite are capable of an infinite act. The old view was that each sin entailed a penalty which only eternity could exhaust; the new declares that to be metaphysically and morally impossible. The old declared that sin is primarily a wrong done to God. But nothing that we can do can hurt God. Sin is sin because it is a self-injury. It is not sin because it violates an abstract law or a law written in the Bible; it is sin because it is a violation of a law written upon our own nature.

Again, the old theology was wont to label many things as sin which were, and are, nothing of the kind. Bishop South has a sermon on "Involuntary Sins," and gives quite a catalogue of them. Blair has a sermon upon "Unconscious sin." Now, such phrases are solecisms; there is no such thing as involuntary sin or unconscious sin. There are involuntary transgressions of law; but an involuntary transgression is not a sin. Sin is a voluntary transgression of a known law of God. Society brands many things as sins that are not sins. Society is color-blind in this regard; it condones what it should condemn and it condemns what it should condone. The Church is the mother of invention in this regard.

Another old belief that is passing through the crucible is the orthodox theory of the Atonement. Indeed, orthodoxy has had many theories, and often has made more of the Atonement as a theory than of the Atonement as a fact. Personally I cannot accept any theory she has advanced. I cannot accept the *Satisfactionist* theory, because I cannot believe that Christ had to bleed and die to appease the anger of God. I cannot accept the *Commercial* theory, or believe that man is related to God as a debtor to a creditor; that everyone has contracted a debt which he cannot pay, but

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that Christ by his super-obedience unto death has satisfied all God's claims upon us—raised the mortgage, paid the debt, so that now we may each go scot-free. I cannot accept the *Governmental* theory, or believe that Christ's death was necessary as a reparation to the majesty of offended law because of our transgression. And I do not accept the *Moral* theory of Atonement, which teaches that the tears and death agonies of Christ are valuable mainly because of their spectacular and moral influence upon man. All such theories I have thrown overboard as unsatisfactory. The meaning of the word, Atonement, is itself my theory of Atonement,—at-one-ment. Christ atones between God and me by bringing me into that state or attitude where I am at one with God. Christ does not *make* an Atonement, He *is* the Atonement.

Another thing that is passing through the crucible is prayer. The modern mind must accept prayer as a spiritual force in human life just as real as the force of gravity is in our physical life. Prayer is that movement of man towards God by which man is merged in God and God is merged in man. And prayer is not only man acting upon God; it is one soul acting upon another; it is spirit breathing upon spirit; heart playing upon heart, however far apart they may be. The poet speaks of a sphere where there are wordless thoughts and waveless sounds—such is prayer in the spiritual sphere. Prayer is spiritual telepathy; it is in the spiritual world what wireless telegraphy is in the natural. It is a spiritual force that, reaching down into the natural, becomes a palpable and palpitating power even in the secular life of man.

More things are wrought by prayer,
Than this world dreams of.

And how about the miracles of Christ? How will they emerge from the modern crucible? Well, if Christ comes out all right His miracles will take care of themselves. To me the words of Christ were greater miracles than His

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works. What He said was greater than what He did. When He taught the disciples to say, "Our Father," or when He brought tears to their eyes by telling them the parable of the Prodigal Son He did far more for them and for the world at large than He did when He walked upon the sea or turned the water into wine. And what Christ was, was greater than what He either did or said. The greatest miracle about Jesus was Himself. Never a thought that beat upon that human brain, never a desire that glowed within that human breast, never an ambition that fired that human spirit, was tainted or touched with selfishness or sin. There you have the supreme miracle of all time. Not a word He spoke has to be modified or recalled, not a doctrine He taught, to be recast. And this book which thus testifies of Christ shall emerge from the crucible having gained still greater prestige and authority and having proved itself more than ever the vehicle of the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever.

DEATH AND THE SOLDIERS' ETERNAL FATE

(Preached in the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, Sunday Evening, September 17th, 1916)

It is appointed unto men once to die.—Heb. ix:27.

THIS war, friends, as you know, has obtruded thoughts of death upon the human mind as nothing else has ever done. The air is thick, the whole land is overshadowed. We hear the beat of the death angel's wings everywhere, and I have been urgently asked to give some views on death, and also to speak for a moment upon the eternal future of our soldiers dying at the front. "It is appointed unto men once to die."

It is certainly an incontrovertible proposition that death is an experience that everyone of us must undergo. Death may come to us as a friend or it may come to us as a foe, but come to each and all of us it must. Death is like a post-man, who knocks at the door alike of the rich and of the poor. To one man he comes as if with an invitation to the palace and to the presence of the King; to another he comes as with a summons to appear before the Judge. To one man he comes with the announcement that the home-going vessel has just arrived and is waiting to take him to the other shore: to another, as with the news of separation and disastrous change. Death — Death — Death — Oh, the mighty power of death! Talk about the power of money, talk about the power of oratory, talk about the power of dazzling thrones and palaces, of kingdoms and empires, talk about the power of vast armies—Alexander the Great, Caesar of Rome, Hannibal of Carthage, Napoleon of France, Wellington of England—all these, their power was

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as nothing in the presence of that of death, for they all succumbed before his destructive breath. They have all had to fall back before the sway of his iron and imperious sceptre. How death lowers all ranks of men and all grades of society! How it holds up a mirror before beauty, and in that mirror beauty becomes ashes, and grace deformity! "O eloquent, just and mighty death! Whom none could advise, thou has persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of men, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*" Death defaces the fascinations of the most beautiful, it shatters the golden lamp of wisdom, it withers the laurels that enwreath the conqueror's brow. Even kings are stripped of all their trappings, trophies, and treasures, for it is written, "Their glories shall not descend after them."

But, after all, if we look at it from the viewpoint of the word of God, death only affects the surface, never affects the soul of things, has nothing to do with our inmost selves. It has only to do with the material organism, has nothing to do with our innermost self. Death has only to do with the mansion, has nothing to do with the man who resides in the mansion. Death has only to do with this poor, frail tenement of clay, it has nothing to do with the tenant living therein.

We were wrecked on board the "Ocean" and all our luggage went to the bottom, but every passenger, by means of the life boats, escaped to land. I have often taken off an old suit of clothes and put on a new one, and after a while I felt all the better for the change. I survived the operation. And I turned over the pages of a certain scientist this afternoon which told me that in my life I have thrown off some thirty odd bodies and put on as many new ones; and, likewise, I have survived the operation. Death is not extinction, it spells emancipation. Death is not a reality, it is

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only a phenomenon, it is only an apparition. Death is not a substance, it is only a shadow. Death is not death, it is departure. Death is not an interruption, it is only an incident in the evolution of the human soul. Death is not a descent in the scale of being, it is an ascent. At death, we rise from a lower to a higher phase of being. At death, we rise from the valley to the mountain top; we pass from a wilderness to a paradise. Death is a soul passing from a wilderness to a paradise beyond, passing from the dimly lit vestibule into the illuminated temple. Death is the hand of our Father opening before us the gates of the morning and closing behind the gates of night. Death is the liberator of him whom wealth cannot release; it is the physician of him whom medicine cannot heal; it is the consolation of him whom time cannot console. So that, after all we have said of the power of death, in reality it has no power at all. Whether it come to the soldier at the front, to the sailor on the sea, to the patriot "kissing the block", to the Indian Chief chanting the death song, or to the dying saint surrounded by the glory of God, I repeat here tonight with the authority of God's word, there is no death. Death has no power whatever. There is a light here—the candle of the soul shining within me—which can never be destroyed by the breath of death. Even in the act of dying the vital flame may burn more intensely. I have known thought become all the more luminous when its earthly socket was going to pieces. I have known the celestial gem sparkle more brilliantly at the very moment its setting was being dissolved. Ever the Bird of Paradise with outstretched wing was ready to soar, when its tether was broken. This all proves that the body is one thing, and the essence of the soul another. They are as distinct and different as the organist here is from the organ. The organ may be destroyed, and the organist survive. It is not proper to say that God will be eternal; *God is eternal*, because He is God. It is not proper to say that man will be immortal; man is immortal, because he is man. His spirit is not a creation,

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but an emanation, of God. The spirit in me is the same as the spirit in God, and I can no more understand how spirit in me can be destroyed than I can understand how spirit in God can be destroyed. My friends, you are invulnerable. Talk about the indestructibility of matter, there is that within each one of us which no German bullet can perforate, no sword pierce, no gas asphyxiate, no liquid fire burn, which no grave can bury and no death destroy. I want to impress that thought upon your minds. Death, my friend, is not what it seems. It is not the destruction of the sculptured marble, it is only the unveiling of the beautiful statue. It is not the destruction of the temple, it is only the taking away of the scaffolding. It is not the destruction of the musical instrument, it is only the unpacking of the harp, preparatory for use in the orchestra of eternity. So that there is no death.

O that we could take our stand tonight upon the heavenly side of the grave! Then, in speaking of living and dying, we would have to transpose our terms. Talk about James Henderson living. For the most part he has been dying. By and by he is going to live. He is preparing for the life beyond. Earth is the laboratory of eternity. The present is the matrix of the future. In this life the soul is being shaped and prepared to enjoy that other life into which death is the birth. Get away from the old heathen idea that death is an awful thing. It is not. It is the angel of God; it is the Father himself; it is the mother-God coming down to disrobe his child, and robe it for its residence in the skies.

What is death? The snapping of the chain, the breaking of the bowl, relief from every pain, freedom to the soul. Death! it is the setting of the sun "to rise again to-morrow, some brighter course to run, nor sink again in sorrow." Such is death. Such is death. But you do not believe me. You do not believe me. You think that it is all oratory. You think that it is all eloquence, all poetry.

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A wee Scotch lassie was passing away. The mother stooped over and said, "Annie, do you suffer?" "Oh, mither, mither, I'm gaun' awa' hame". That homesickness is itself an assurance that death does not end all.

Who was it, do you suppose, that one day lay dying on his bed, and just before he passed away, when the curtain was about to fall on time and rise on eternity, said, "Get me ink and paper"? He tried to get up and write, but the pen dropped from his nerveless grasp. One of the great men said, "Let me write for you. What shall I write?" "Only this—the best of all is, God is with us." Then, lifting up his voice in triumph, he cried, "The best of all is, God is with us," and without a groan, and with a gentle sigh, the spirit of John Wesley passed away into that outer life which was only a continuation of the life he already enjoyed.

Now, do not think it is unkind when I say that I often feel like congratulating you friends, instead of condoling with you, on the death of your dear ones. When I used to go away for the space of months, travelling over the lonely prairie, and oh, when the awful hush and silence would come down, and I would feel far, far away from friends, or when I would go down east and there listen to the sough and the moan of the winds and the waters, and the constant gurgle and groan of the rising and falling tide, and then when I got on board and turned my face homewards, do you think I was sorry? Do you think that I sobbed? If I did, it was for joy. When I was coming home after months and months of absence, I was so moved I had to cry. I said, "You fool! Never mind. Home at last—every puff of that old locomotive, every flash of the piston, every revolution of the wheel brings you nearer home." Death is going home, and every flutter of the fainting pulse, and every gasp of panting breath, and every throb of agony is another flash of the piston, another turn of the wheel, that brings us nearer home.

Now, mothers, you who have lost boys, or you who have

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lost friends at the front, do not fret. Would you like to live here forever, going around like a lost soul, like a wandering Jew, tottering under an ever increasing burden of mortality, with eyes that finally could not see, and ears that could not hear, and hearts that could not love? Who would like to outlive himself in that fashion?

When the little chick within the shell has reached the point where it is ready for the larger life, do you suppose it wants to linger there any longer? When the butterfly is ready to become a butterfly, would it prefer to remain in the chrysalis? Death is the Bird of Paradise chipping the earthly shell and going up and up into the larger light and liberty of God. It is the butterfly breaking away from its chrysalis, to bathe itself in the sunshine of God's own summer land. Oh, I thank God for the decree that dooms me to die. I would not go through again what I have gone through in the last five years, not for the crown of England. I thank God for giving me a glimpse into the paradise beyond, and I thank God for Him who has promised to conduct me through the trance of death into the world where there is no dying.

What will become of our soldiers who die at the front? A dear mother writing a letter, asked the question. I saw the letter when I was down in Montreal. She had a son who had fallen at the front, who had never made any profession of religion and who had seldom gone to church, and she is in great concern as to his eternal future. She says that he had just turned twenty. She says that from his babyhood and boyhood he was pure, never was the slave of appetite or animal desire. He was always doing good to others, always fond and proud of his mother, and always lived a clean life.

But, she said, if the teachings of Methodism are true, inasmuch as he never made a profession of religion, inasmuch as he never identified himself with the church, she must believe him among the unsaved. If such a mother is here tonight, let me tell her (and those who are not pre-

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pared for this, do not listen) you have just to listen for a minute to the beating of your own heart—for we interpret God's heart through our own—you have just to listen to the voice that speaks through the instincts of your own motherhood, to be assured that no Church, no creed, no minister, no book has any authority to say that your son is not saved, or is eternally lost.

The very fact that, as you say, he laid down his life for God, for freedom, for his country, goes far to favor the belief that he is not lost. Mark you, I do not mean to say that his death is accepted by heaven as an atonement, or accepted by heaven as a pacification of the wrath of God. No such atonement is needed. Your God does not stand upon ceremony like that. There is nothing in the nature of God that has to be pacified. Drop that idea, put that idea out of your mind altogether. I do not take the position that his death is accepted as an atonement, but I do say that the very fact that he lived as he lived, that he died as he died, shows that he, consciously or unconsciously, united himself in spirit with the Christ who died on the tree and whose whole life was a sacrifice for others.

But I am told that heaven is heaven, and hell is hell; that heaven is a place, and hell is a place, and that young man is in one place or the other. Well, my friends, I do not believe anything of the kind. You are a materialist, if you think so. And that is the worst kind of materialism, that would materialize, not only our conception of the present life, but our conception of the future life. Essentially, hell is not a place. Hell is not merely or mainly material. Place does not constitute hell. No man will find hell in eternity who does not take it with him. What is hell? What is heaven? They are the twin polar possibilities that inhere in human nature. Character is heaven; character is hell. The man makes his own hell, who un-makes his own soul. There is no soldier who went down under that terrific charge, who is in that hell suffering all the physical agonies depicted by your popular theology.

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There is no such hell as your popular theology has so often portrayed. I know what I am talking about, I know where I stand, when I make that statement. But, for God's sake, let us be true. You do not believe it either. It is time we were speaking out the convictions of our own hearts. There is not a man or woman here tonight who believes that God is capable of condemning men to eternal punishment and torture in a place specially prepared for the carrying on of that torture.

A well known evangelist, while he was in Toronto, depicted the material hell in such vivid and lurid colors that it sent one man home raving mad. If I thought there was some place in God's universe which God had created for the sole purpose of inflicting such torture on human beings, I would go mad. The idea of mothers and fathers looking over the battlements of glory, seeing their children burning in a literal fire, and saying, "Amen", to their condemnation is barbarous. My brethren, my sisters, if that is your God, your God is my devil; and by all the powers above and beyond, I shall not bow the knee and worship Belzebub, even if your theology puts him on the throne of the universe.

When is a soul lost? The soul is lost, when it becomes incapable of being what that young man was. The soul is lost, when it becomes incapable of doing what he did. When is a man a Christian? When is a man a sinner? There are only two laws, under one of which you and I must live. The law of self or the law of service and sacrifice. If you are living under the law of self, you are not saved, you are not a Christian. If you are living under the law of service, of self abnegation, of sacrifice, you are a Christian, no matter if you do not belong to any church. No man is fit to live, who is not fit to live for others. That is the science of Christianity. No man is ready to die, who is not ready to die for another. Show me a soul anywhere in whom love of the good dominates—show me a soul in whom the principle of goodness prevails—and that soul is not lost, no matter in

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what world you may find him. On the other hand, show me a soul in whom self is all, in whom the bad predominates and prevails, and you show me a man or woman who is lost, whether found on this side or on the other. But that mother's son had not reached that point. And as for the man who comes to the field of battle, even if he had lived a life of prodigality, if in the face of death he realizes himself for a moment and breathes a sigh towards God for mercy, free mercy reaches down and saves that man. I have just one other word to say. I do not mean to say that a man may live in sin, go to the front and be shot, and be saved. If that man chooses to sin forever, he will suffer forever. But I want to say that, while the salvation of that man is a subjective possibility, death does not close the door of mercy upon him, and if God tonight can save any soul in hell, he will do it. Otherwise he would be less than God. Take the majority of our boys, with the dews of youth still upon their brow—do you mean to say that they have sinned a sin that will exhaust eternity in its punishment? Do you mean to tell me that that mother's boy has gone beyond the reach of mercy? Thank God, "He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." And I can afford to say with Dr. Watkinson, "We can afford to leave all the soldiers who die for their country in the hands of Him who died on the cross for us all.

PRAYER.

God, our Father, impress us tonight with the thought of constantly living on the side of right; for we know that if we sin, we shall suffer; and if we sin forever, we shall suffer forever. It is not thy pleasure that any soul should perish. Give us truer views of death, give us truer views of living, give us truer views of thyself. Sunder the veil and give us a revelation of the glory beyond.

We ask it for thy name's sake. Amen.

LOSING FAITH IN CHRISTIANITY

The fool hath said in his heart there is no God.—Ps. xiv: 1.

I FIND, in coming into personal contact with that element which forms the floating material of our congregations, a good deal of intellectual antagonism to Christianity, as that term is understood. That opposition is increasing, especially amongst our young people and those who are in touch with what is called Modernism. Such persons are beginning to doubt whether the Christian religion is all that their fathers and mothers understood it to be. They say, "Surely the Cross is losing its attractive power, the Star of Bethlehem begins to wane." Indeed, as modern criticism sweeps the Christian firmament with its telescope of searching inquiry, it fancies there are spots to be seen even upon the face of the Sun of Righteousness. And when one attempts to analyse this feeling of doubt or distrust, which seems to be projecting its baleful shadow over so many minds, one may find that it is something which, after all, concerns itself more with the forms of religious life and the formulas of doctrine which men have devised, than with the essential elements of Christianity itself. In fact, there is scarcely a form of unbelief which ever assailed Christianity which did not confound those two things. People said that Voltaire was opposing Christianity when he levelled his rhetorical and logical artillery upon the Vatican and the religion of France, but it was only a very corrupt and spurious form of the religion of Christ which he assailed. It was Roman Catholicism more than Christianity, which the brilliant Frenchman bombarded. It is said Carlyle refused to subscribe to the creed of his forefathers and that he threw Christianity overboard as a worn

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out garment, but did he? Was it not ultra-Calvinism he rejected and not Christianity, essentially considered?

Thomas Paine was the most vulgar and vehement assailant of the Bible, and yet if you examine his tirades and thunder-denunciations of this Book, you may find that it was not so much the vital principles of Christianity which he assailed as it was the foolish theories and theologies which were afloat in his day, and to some extent are still, concerning the teachings of the Bible.

Infidelity has, for the most part, failed to discriminate between the letter and the spirit, the outward form and the inward soul or substance, the organism and the vital principle, or between those divine truths imbedded in the gospel narratives and the human interpretations which have been devised concerning them.

Now, I am prepared to take strong ground here. I say that infidelity cannot object to Christianity, when considered in its inner essence and life. Show me Christianity embodied and alive, and I will show you that which makes infidelity well nigh impossible.

Christianity, vitally considered, is not a human record or creed or litany or ritual or human organization of any kind. It is a life. It is the life of Christ in the soul. By the life of Christ I mean a supreme love of goodness dominating the whole man and controlling the whole life. Can any form of infidelity take exception to that? It may find fault with the Christian in his abortive attempts to realize this Divine Ideal, but it cannot reasonably find fault with the Ideal itself.

We believe in churches, creeds, forms of worship, and in human instrumentalities, so far as they are useful in developing this life of God in the soul; but we would not confound these human agencies with the divine life which they thus seek to unfold within. To do so would be to confound the brush and palette of the artist with the picture which he had painted, or the mallet, chisel, and trowel of the mason with the piece of masonry which he had erected.

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A notable infidel admits that the essence of the Old Testament is the Moral Law, and the essence of the New Testament is the Sermon on the Mount. The Moral Law, as given by Moses, was the platform of the old dispensation. The Sermon on the Mount, as delivered by Christ, is the platform of the new. Now, looking at the Ten Commandments, as given to Moses on Sinai, and at the Beatitudes or Sermon which fell from the lips of Christ on the Galilean hill, which form the essence of the Old and New Testaments, I ask, is there anything there to which modern criticism can object?

Scepticism may object to certain historical details in this Book, may object to the science of the Bible and to the morality of some of the Old Testament heroes. It may not believe in the story of Jonah and the whale, or that the solar system stopped and the sun stood still at the instance of Joshua. It may not believe that every word in the Bible is inerrant and infallible, and that every letter and punctuation mark is the result of a divine inspiration. To these things infidelity may object; but show me the infidel who can fairly object to the morality or spirituality of the Ten Commandments or the Sermon on the Mount. Reduce the Old Testament to its essential elements, and what are they? It prohibits idolatry, profanity, disrespect to parents, murder, adultery, theft, slander, and covetousness. There is the quintessence of the Old Testament for you. Can infidelity find any ethical flaw in such prohibitions?

Condense in like manner the New Testament into its smallest compass, and what have you? All the teachings of the New Testament gravitate round a three-fold centre,—the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, and the Immortality of the Soul. What has infidelity to say against that? The teachings of Christ contain the essence of Christianity, and what were these? They were humility of heart, meekness of disposition, spiritual aspiration, the duty of being merciful, of being pure in heart, of seeking to live peacefully with all men, refraining from returning evil for

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evil, loving our enemies, and praying for them that despitefully use us. Has any mortal man the effrontery to declare that such teachings are ethically or religiously wrong? Show me the man whose life stands plumb with the Moral Law and the Sermon on the Mount, and I will show you a character which infidelity can never produce, and to which it cannot object. One of the leading skeptics of the last century admits that the teachings of Jesus "are fitted, if obeyed, to make our earth a paradise, and man only a little lower than the angels." Our own Goldwin Smith has well said that "Christianity prohibits every vice and inculcates every virtue." And the virtues which Christianity fosters are most healthy and beautiful to behold. A man who is morally sane can no more object to such virtues than he can to the colors of the rainbow, or the beauty and fragrance of flowers.

What are some of the causes which have led some of our young people to doubt Christianity?

One is the general decline of the religious sentiment. This is not altogether due to the spiritual aftermath of the war. Rather is it due to an intellectual process that has been going on for some time. In reading the life of John Stuart Mill nothing pains the Christian reader more than the discovery that his disbelief in religion of any kind seems to have robbed him of spiritual sense and sensibility. Indeed, his spiritual nature seems to have been starved to death. Something similar to this was the case with the great naturalist Darwin. In old age he confessed that his habits of thinking had well nigh materialized his whole being. See him an old man, standing upon the verge of the grave, confessing that he had lost the old power to be moved by the things which once moved him when, as a young man, he stood amidst the gorgeousness of a tropical forest and heard voices like the whisperings of another world; he admits that even music had lost its power to move him as once it did. Both these men evidently lost the religious sentiment as many have done today, just as we may lose any other endowment of nature—simply by disuse.

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There is another reason for the present decline of faith. I find many of our teachers and students of material science object to Christianity because its foundation truths deal only with the unknowable. The data of Christianity are of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of their being reduced to anything like an exact science. Something like this is the position of the Agnostic. He feels his need of God, but does not believe that such a Being, from the scope, amplitude and mystery of His nature, is knowable. He reasons thus: "For me to think is to limit that of which I think, therefore the Infinite by me can never be thought." And because the God of Christ cannot be comprehended, he has no active faith in the religion of Jesus. And if Reason were the only organ of the soul by which we become conscious of God, the agnostic so far would be right. Reason, indeed, is a divine lamp, but it is one whose light flickers.

The other evening I stood beneath the glare of the electric light, and though it was a starry night I could not see a star because of the artificial light which blazed between me and them. Not until I had stepped out from the circle of the lower lights could I see the splendors of the starry sky. So when a man stands beneath the lower lights of his intellectual life, and seeks to interpret the spiritual truths of Christianity only by the light of reason, he meets with a similar failure. Not until we look at those great truths of God through the medium of our spiritual nature and in the light of our higher intuitions and personal experience, can we see them clearly, shining like stars which no earth-born vapors can extinguish.

Some say that the Church itself is somewhat responsible for present day skepticism. It has made more of a dead creed than a living Christ, more of the human husk than the Divine kernel. We are told that it has attached more importance to dogmatic, than to spiritual, Christianity. It has not distinguished sufficiently between theology and religion. Religion was before theology, just as there were stars before astronomy and plants before botany.

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Are not our tests of orthodoxy wrong? If a person cannot subscribe to a creed formulated centuries ago and that has become as lifeless as a mummy, why should he be cut off as a withered branch from the tree of Orthodoxy? We are reminded that a person may be intellectually sound in regard to church standards, and yet be as far from Christ as Gehenna from heaven. Are there not men in the church today who are champion supporters of a creed, which is just as foreign to their intellectual and spiritual life as a loaf of bread is to you before you eat it?

Now, with certain modifications, I believe all this and preach it. I hold that no church has a right to suppress thought or obstruct progress in any direction. I also hold, that while every church has a right to formulate its own standards, every man has a right to construct his own creed. In fact you have no creed at all which is not the product of your own personal experience and thinking. Your creed is formed as the shell of the oyster is formed. And as nature never intended that one big oyster should make shells for all the others, but that each oyster should by a vital and individual process produce its own shell, so God never intended that any one man or school of men should manufacture a creed for all others. He intended that every thinking man should formulate his own creed out of his spiritual consciousness and experience, for no creed is his until it has become him.

What right have I to brand a man a heretic, just because he does not believe as I do, even though his heart and life are right? I thank God for some of those so-called heretics. I am glad the ages produced such a heretic as Luther, who with an unchained Bible in his hand, shook the Vatican to its foundation. I am glad there was such a heretic as John Knox, who had the courage to oppose his Queen and rescue his native land from the grasp of Rome. I am glad there was a John Wesley who, in his eagerness to save souls, brushed aside orthodox forms and usages and lifted up a voice for God which aroused a sleeping

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church and "saved a half-damned world." These were called "heretics," but to-day we apply to them a more honorable epithet. But now I want to say that I thank God I belong to a church which does not, so long as it follows the spirit of its founder, attach more importance to a creed than to the Christ, and which does not exact from its membership a formal subscription to any creed, and whose condition of membership is such as to admit anyone who has a "sincere desire to flee from the wrath to come." And, so far as its ministers are concerned, I find its creed broad and large enough for me. It is one which grants me all manner of personal freedom, and one within whose broad and general statements I can develop a creed which is vitally and really my own.

A great deal of modern infidelity is due to intellectual vanity and dishonesty. I know some who imagine it is a mark of originality to disparage even the essential doctrine of the Bible. They are such intellectual prodigies that the simple faith of their fathers fails to command itself to their exalted reason.

A young man said to me this week that even atheism was more satisfactory to his reason than Christianity. "Well," I said, "young man, your brain must be getting soft, because atheism is a flat negation of all reason." Reason says that every effect must have an adequate cause—atheism says there can be an effect without a cause. It says there can be a creation without a creator, an organisation without an organizer, a design without a designer, a law without a lawgiver, and a thought in the universe without a thinker. That is atheism, and that is the thing that is more reasonable to you than Christianity." I said, "Your trouble is not too much brain power, but too much conceit."

Rousseau's infidelity was largely the product of inordinate intellectual vanity. Think of a man saying to himself, "No man can go to the bar of God and say 'I am better than Rousseau'." Was not Dr. Johnson right when he said, "No honest man can examine the evidence of Chris-

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tianity and remain an atheist." "But," said one of the company, "Is not Hume an honest infidel?" "No," roared the illustrious lexicographer, "Hume confessed he never read the New Testament with attention."

Another cause of this loss of faith very often is moral obliquity. I would not say that every skeptic is immoral, because there are many of them who are exemplary in their behavior, but it is not their skepticism that makes them so. One thing is sure, a Christless infidelity tends to immorality, and infidelity itself has often admitted that fact. It is an old story, but it seems true. One day D'Alembert and others were dining with Voltaire. They proposed to talk about atheism. "Hush," said Voltaire, "wait till my servants have left the room. I do not wish to have my throat cut tonight." An infidel talking with me one day eulogized Paine's *Age of Reason* above the Bible. I said, "You have a family of children. Which of those two books would you rather have them read and live by?" At once he said, "I would rather give them the Bible than any infidel book I know." Infidelity at heart has more faith in the moralizing effects of Christianity than in those of itself. I have often heard infidels criticize Christians when the latter were not living up to their profession, but I never heard one infidel find fault with the immorality of another. Infidelity expects the Christian to be a better man morally than he who is an infidel. Is not that a confession that infidelity at heart believes Christianity to be better than itself? I repeat, that a Christless infidelity is either the cause, or the effect, of moral obliquity. What a man is in his creed largely depends upon what he is in his conduct and character. It is the man who lives as if there were no God, who comes to believe in atheism. It is the man who lives as if there were no eternity, that comes to believe in secularism. It is the man who lives as if he had no soul, that comes to believe in materialism. The life shapes our belief as much as belief shapes our life. I have known more than one man who found it necessary to renounce Christianity be-

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cause such were the secret immoralities of his life that Christianity placed upon him the ban of its disapproval.

If you want to know whether the Bible is true, first read it. Paine would never have been the infidel he was if he had sympathetically studied the Book. His biographer confessed that he wrote the most of his Age of Reason without a thorough knowledge of the Bible, because he could not procure one.

Again, if you wish to test the truths of Christianity, live them. "Obedience is the organ of spiritual knowledge." "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine." If you want to test the reality of God's existence, live a godly life, then you will discover the soul's innate capacity to see God. If you want to test the reality of prayer, live a life of prayer. If you want to know whether Jesus has power on earth to forgive sin, come to Him and plead for forgiveness, and there will come into your soul a divine sense of pardon, and you will receive the powers of an endless life. You cannot live without Christ. He alone can give joy in sorrow, strength in weakness, comfort in distress, and hope in despair.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

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*(Preached in Carlton St. Church, Toronto, April, 1892,
and in Sherbourne St. Church, September, 1895)*

For this is the message which we heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.—1 John iii: 10-11.

THE teachings of Christ all gravitate round three thoughts, the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of man, and the Immortality of the human soul. The central of those central truths, however, is the Brotherhood of man. The fact is, we can recognize the Fatherhood of God only as we practically recognise the Brotherhood of man. He who in his life denies the Brotherhood of man, denies the Fatherhood of God. It is because all men are brothers that we are commanded to pray for all men. And yet how many of us confute in practice what we confess in prayer. In this regard how much better would it be for the world of oppressed humanity if we would all live as we pray. When we pray for all men and live for all men then the Millennium will have come, for the Millennium means the one living for all, and the all living for one.

I. The Basis. Notice now that the Brotherhood of man rests upon the Fatherhood of God. These are the two terms of the same relation. You and I are the same in nature, because we are the same in origin. As every drop comes from the sea and every beam of day from the sun, so every finite spirit emanates from the bosom of the Infinite Spirit.

But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home.

Let the idea that God is your Father take possession of your whole being, and you will become a new man, and this

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universe will become to you a new universe. This world to my soul was empty until I could look and say, "Thou art my Father." But now the dead silence of the midnight hour, the breathless stillness of the summer woods, the weird solitude of the boundless sea are peopled with the presence which I feel and adore. I look out of my window towards the illuminated dome of night, and, while the great world is wrapped in slumber above me, further than eye can see or thought can reach burns, as on the scroll of immensity, the glory of my Father God. Everywhere I feel the heart of infinite love beating close to mine and throbbing through all the pulses of the universe. Yes, you and I are divine; we are gods in miniature; we are the offspring of the Deity, and, if God is the Father of all men, then all men are brothers. In our relation to God nothing like illegitimacy can obtain.

So much for the basis of this idea of brotherhood.

II. The Bond. Let us now look at its bond. That bond is Christ. The greatest discovery made on this planet was not the discovery of America, or of the source of the Nile, or of printing, or of steam, or of the incandescent light. The discovery that has done most to lift man up to God and draw the scattered fragments of humanity closer together, was that made by Christ when he taught the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. And it is only in Christ that this truth can be practically realized. Christ himself is the universal brother, and He alone is the living bond of a universal Brotherhood. There is no free-masonry in the world that can unite human hearts and hands as can that sentiment which we call the love of Christ. I am not here to denounce secret societies. Even were I disposed to indulge in such denunciation, this is neither the hour nor the place. The fact is I see something almost pathetic in the feeling which prompts a man to seek union with some secret society. At bottom what is it but the human heart groping its way towards the truth of which I speak? It is the man trying to realize in an artificial way the Brotherhood of

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man. What are Free-masonry, Orangeism, Odd-fellowship, and other kindred societies but attempts on the part of a few men to unite on the basis of a common brotherhood?

But my experience is, there is no bond like the love of Christ to unite human hearts. It is stronger than the love of nation or home or Church, stronger than Labor unions or commercial combines. It is a tie which death cannot sunder, and a sentiment which many waters cannot quench. The spokes of a wheel come nearer to each other as they approach the centre, and at the centre they are all one. So Christ is the living centre of the human race, and it is in proportion as we gravitate towards Christ that we approach each other, and not until we all meet in Him will the universal Brotherhood of man be realized.

III. The sphere. Notice next the various spheres in which this great truth is beginning to operate.

1. The Church. The Brotherhood of man was a celestial pebble which Christ dropped from the summit of Olivet into the great sea of human life, and the circles thereby occasioned have been enlarging and multiplying themselves ever since. The first circle was confined to one house or family; the second embraced the immediate disciples of our Lord; the third drew a line round the whole Christian Church; and today we are living within the fourth circle, which clasps in its embrace the whole world.

The Churches of Christendom are opening their eyes, as never before, to this truth. In the distance we hear amid the ranks of the great sacramental hosts of God the blast of the bugle and the beat of the drum as the separated Churches fall into line and form a vast circle round the cross of the Crucified. Who cannot remember when the antagonism between the different Churches was far more intense than now? I can remember in my native land when, as the Free Kirk and Auld Kirk people were passing each other after service on Sabbath, they would avoid contact with each other, as if each were smitten with the

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plague. The time was when it required some moral courage for a Methodist to unfurl his colors. And even to-day we sometimes meet with that jelly-fish kind of people who adopt a superannuated method of aping aristocracy and blush to own in certain fashionable circles that they are Methodists. Methodism to-day is in a state of social transition. The people who come into our Church for the most part come for spiritual reasons. The people who go out of it for the most part go out for social reasons. I have found two great leakages in our ship, the one high up in the social hold, the other lower down. There are those who think that we are getting too rich and respectable, uncomfortably so for them. They leave us and go to the Salvation Army. There are those, also, who think that we are not respectable and refined enough; our Church does not afford them that social footing which their ambition yearns for. They leave us and go to the Cathedral.

But, as a prominent Church of England minister said not long ago, "Any church can always afford to lose the latter." If I have ever met with anything like exclusiveness or ecclesiastical snobbery from a minister or member of such a Church, I have as a rule found out that the offender was most likely to be a renegade Methodist. But I have to say that, as a Methodist preacher, I have met with the greatest courtesy and kindness from all other Churches. And to-day the fence between the Episcopal and Methodist Churches is so low that we can strike hands over it, and, if I cannot step over to the Bishop's side of it, he can step over to my side of it, and when he preaches in my pulpit I will not think it necessary to have a re-consecration service.

In Montreal I belonged to a little circle of ministers as far apart in Theology as the poles, and yet as near together in Christian sentiment as we could be. One was Church of England, another Presbyterian, another Congregationalist, another Baptist, and another a Unitarian, and the last was the most Christ-like man of the group.

I love the good old flag which was woven by the hands

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of Susanna Wesley in Epworth Rectory, which was boldly unfurled by her son on his father's grave, and which fell from his nerveless grasp when he breathed his last in the Parsonage of City Road Chapel, London—a flag which has been since carried aloft and waved over many a battle-field in triumph, but I recognize the fact that the colors under which I march and fight lead to victory only one battalion of the great army of the living God. Beneath the theological surface I see no difference between one Christian denomination and another. There is an old adage, which is perhaps more expressive than elegant, “Scratch the Russian and you will find the Tartar.” But to make it more euphonius I would say, “Remove the theological epidermis from the true Episcopalian, Presbyterian, etc., and you will find the Christian.

Let us, nevertheless, sing the praises of our sectarian Sibboleths less, and shout the pæans of Christ more. The American may extol the beauties of the Hudson, the Canadian the majesty of the St. Lawrence, the Englishman the commercial importance of the Thames, the Scotchman the odoriferous qualities of the Clyde, the German the picturesqueness of the Rhine, but as I bound over the swelling bosom of the sea, in the gurgle of every mighty swell and the thunder-roar of every billow that breaks upon the beach I hear the great ocean say, I know no Hudson, no St. Lawrence, no Rhine—all these are one in me. And so all we are one in Christ. Here “neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creation.”

I believe this world will never be taken for Christ until the scattered forces of the church can present an unbroken front to the foe. Against such a church the gates of hell can never prevail.

2. The world at large. Again, let me observe that it is the function of the Church to inoculate the masses with the great idea of Brotherhood. The Church must bear the same attitude to the masses of to-day as Christ did to those of his day. Christ was the first who pitied the masses. It was

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never said of Socrates or Plato or of any of the sages of antiquity that, when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion for them. Horace said that he hated the vulgar crowd, and kept them at a distance. A good deal of this Pagan sentiment still lingers in the Church. We have millionaires in our Churches, but what do they care for the most part for the hungry and unwashed multitudes? Some of them care far more for their hounds and horses than they do for the laboring classes. They look upon a laboring man as a beast of burden ordained by heaven to do all their dirty work, lest they soil the tip of their jewelled finger.

A gentleman said to me that he believed it was a part of an eternal plan, that the few should be rich and the many should be poor. There could be no refinement, if it were otherwise. If all were alike wealthy, who would till the soil and perform the drudgeries of life? His theory was, that God had ordained the like of him as an uncrowned lord of creation at whose feet the poor man was to fawn as a slave. Now, I believe that, wherever there is poverty and oppression, there is contravention of the Divine decree. There is a curse resting upon him who robs the widow and the orphan and deprives the hireling of his wages. Some years ago in England a young lady of refinement married an industrious man, whose labors taxed his health so much that he succumbed. His income had become so limited he had nothing to fall back upon in the day of trouble. They were reduced to the greatest extremity; the tradesmen, etc., closed down upon them. They had nothing to eat but what she could earn by her needle. She was in a critical condition, and was reduced to a staggering skeleton. The husband saw the bloom fade from her face and the elastic footstep give way to the faltering step of weakness. In his desperation, to save his wife and his unborn babe from starvation, he forged a note, and was consigned to the penitentiary. While there the news of the death of his wife and child was communicated to him. He uttered a shriek, and fell on the floor of his cell, and to-day he is a raving maniac. On making en-

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quiry it was found that his employer had not paid him within fifty per cent of what he was entitled to. I say in the name of outraged justice and oppressed humanity, it was the employer who ought to have been sent to the penitentiary, and not the employed.

Many a man has gone down into blackest disgrace under pressure of this kind, and he has received little or no sympathy from the Church, but put yourself in his place and would you have done better? If you had to work like a slave in the galleys, straining every nerve to pull against the tide, and day by day saw your wife and children pining away as the result of starvation, would it not embitter your spirit and goad you to crime?

I often think that the pathology of crime is as yet an undeveloped science. Think of a Christian capitalist in England making a fortune every year from the immense profits of his business by having girls live on from three to five shillings a week, and working from twelve to fifteen hours a day for that! His factories and warehouses have been called hot-beds of consumption. More youthful consumptives have been carried out of his employ to an early grave than can be numbered. And yet this man, according to Hugh Price Hughes, sings Psalms in Church, prays at the prayer-meeting, and supports his minister liberally. And when he dies, the minister in his funeral sermon will give him the best berth in heaven, and get well paid for it. If such a man as that gets to heaven, if there be any tar and feathers there, I hope he will get a liberal dose of it. I say with Mark Guy Pierce, "If that is Christianity, the sooner we get quit of it the better."

I was surprised to find the other day a statement of John Stuart Mills to the effect that when one is in perplexity as to what his duty may be under the circumstances, a good clue to the unravelling of the difficulty might be found in the question, What would Jesus of Galilee now do if he were in my place.

So to rich and poor, master and servant, I would say, let

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that be your rule of action in your material relations. Let the merchant say, "If Jesus were in my place, how much would He pay out of my profits to this man and that woman who helped me accumulate my present wealth," and if the merchant did so, perhaps he would give a thicker and bigger slice of the loaf to those who, for the most part, have baked it.

And to the servants, also, I would say, Do you the same thing, and perhaps you will find that you are doing too little and expecting too much.

I call upon you as a church to interest yourselves in all these great social questions of the day in the most practical way. Can there be anything more humiliating to the reader of history to-day than the attitude assumed by the church in relation to the struggles which were made by the early Abolitionists for the emancipation of the negro slave?

To-night we are standing upon the threshold of the twentieth century, which will bring with it the morning light of a new social era. At the end of it men will look back on the liquor traffic and wonder that it was tolerated by any Christian nation. They will look on the pinched features and impoverished homes of the proletariat of to-day as we look on the brutal serf who was worse off than his master's hounds. They will look back on the system which drove young children into factories to make it possible for the laboring man to live, as we look back on the outrages of the naval press gangs legalized for the glory of the British flag. They will look back on the present tenure of land which enables one man to hold a whole county and starve off all its population for the sake of his hounds and deer, as we look back on the despots who could sell a vast territory with all its inhabitants into the hands of a reckless tyrant. They will look back on the custom of working by contract and giving to the few the power of exploiting labor, as we look back on the villanies of the slave trade.

In such a critical moment as the present, God help us preachers so to preach the Social Ethics of the New Testa-

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ment as to create a public conscience that will clearly discriminate between things eternally right and things eternally wrong, and a strong moral sentiment in favor, not only of personal, but of social righteousness! God grant us statesmen who will shape the destinies of the people on principles so broad and strong as to bring about the golden age for which heroes have fought, martyrs perished, and the good in every age have sighed!

For each human soul there must be given a chance to live in this world, and a reasonable chance to secure life everlasting in the world to come, and when this is done the great clock of time will strike the noon hour of a millennium day, and the angels that nineteen hundred years ago thrilled the Bethlehem shepherds with their music and flooded the Bethlehem plains with their light, shall once more entrance the listening and astonished spheres with that self-same song, swelled by the universal voices of humanity; and the refrain shall be, "Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace, good will to men!"

PREACHING CHRIST

He preached unto them Jesus.—Acts xvii: 18.

HE *preached*. That was the time when in the modern sense there was little or no pulpit. And yet, it was then that the pulpit was at its best. Each preacher found himself standing near the heart of things, near the centre of a new revelation—Christ—and near the source of a newly discovered power—Pentecost. These preachers felt themselves charged, as by an invisible battery, with divine energy, and their words were winged as with fire. But such preaching is almost extinct to-day. “Preaching is becoming one of the lost arts; the star of pulpit eloquence has almost set!” Is this true? There is no doubt some truth in it, but undue stress is laid upon it by certain critics and croakers, who have not been where they could hear a sermon, good, bad or indifferent, for years. Certainly, the pulpit is not the outstanding power it should be; but this is true, not only of the pulpit, but of almost every form of public speech. A great journalist declares that the period of high parliamentary oratory closed with the closing scenes of the political and public life of the late W. E. Gladstone. A great jurist likewise tells us that the palmy days of forensic eloquence are past. The day was, when the advocate before the Bar was sustained by the crowd of eager listeners, who were swayed by the cogency of his arguments or by the passion and pathos of his appeals. But to-day our courtrooms have shrunk into dingy chambers which the unsuspecting multitudes pass every day. But the pulpit, Sunday after Sunday, convenes multitudes of the intellectual and spiritual aristocracy of Christendom; and, wherever its occupant is a man with a message for the times, our temples are filled with

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worshippers hungry for the bread of life. "The greatest sensation of the hour is Christ and Him crucified."

He preached unto them *Jesus*. Whom else could he preach? There is only one personality in all history really preachable. I cannot preach Socrates or Plato or Shakespeare. I may lecture about them, but I cannot preach them. And in preaching Jesus Paul preached a personality, not an abstraction. No soul was ever saved by an abstract Christ; all true preaching deals with personality. The teacher has often to do with truth in the abstract, but the preacher has always, at bottom, to do with truth in the concrete. Preaching is the truth primarily embodied in the person of Jesus, expressing itself through the personality of the preacher, and addressing itself to the personality of the hearer. The personality of Jesus, the personality of the preacher, and the personality of the hearer are the three great factors which enter into this the sublimest function of the church,—preaching.

We cannot have summer without the summer sun, and we cannot have a Christianity that will Christianize without a personal Christ. I cannot easily discriminate between the one and the other. I can distinguish between science and the scientist; I may believe in the science of Huxley, and yet have no faith in the person of Huxley. I may be attracted by the music, and repelled by the musician; but I cannot so discriminate between essential Christianity and Christ. Some years ago I heard a sermon in Boston, and the object of the preacher seemed to be to formulate a Christianity without a Christ, a Gospel without a personal Jesus. Well, when you can formulate a theory of optics which has nothing to do with light, or an astronomy that is silent concerning sun and stars, then I may be able to preach a gospel that saves, which has nothing to say about a personal Saviour. If Christ is thus the centre and circumference of the Gospel, then it follows that any preaching which ignores Him or fails to lift Him up as the only object of saving faith and ground of human hope, is not preaching. One may call it oratory, but it is not preaching. "As Moses lifted up the

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serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up."

We have to preach Jesus as the Teacher come from God. In the realm of the spiritual He is supreme, and can never be superseded. Plato may be superseded in philosophy, Aristotle in logic, Homer in poetry, Angelo in art, Beethoven or Mendelssohn in music, Humboldt, Faraday, or Kelvin in Science; but Jesus as an authority in the realm of religion superseded? Never! The most merciless criticism of modern times has been applied to Christ and His teaching, and yet His severest critics have been compelled to acknowledge His spiritual supremacy. A notable Hebrew has confessed with feelings of mingled sarcasm and pride that the land of his fathers produced a character of so divine a mould as to command the worship of Christendom. Spinoza, the pantheist, declared that Jesus was the symbol of infinite wisdom. Carlyle, whose nature was rugged as the granite hills of his native land, and who had the courage to denounce every simulation and sham, never uttered a sarcastic word against the God of his mother, but with reverential tone exclaimed, "Higher than Jesus of Nazareth our poor thought can never rise." One of the German poets sees in Him that holy form which rises before the poor pilgrim like a star in the night and satisfies the heart's secret yearnings and hopes. Renan, who wrote so much to prove that there was nothing superhuman about Jesus, contradicts himself in one sentence, "This sublime person who presides o'er the destinies of the world we may truly call divine, for in Him is condensed all that is good in our common nature." Some of the greatest intellects have acknowledged the supremacy of Jesus as a teacher. Coleridge, the most brilliant conversationalist of his day, said, "The most beautiful passages to be found in all literature are the Beatitudes of Jesus." One of the greatest actors of England said, "There is one sentence so full of tenderness that no voice I have ever heard can sound forth the depths of its pathos, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest'."

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The words of Jesus, indeed, are those of a man, but the thoughts they enshrine are surely those of a God.

Again, let me say, I regard Jesus as supreme in the realm of Sociology. His teachings supply the platform of the new social order. He is the centre around which a new world is shaping itself. When He came, the whole frame-work of Roman society was on the verge of collapse. Even the intellectual and artistic splendors of Athens and the so-called "coruscations of Imperial Rome" were but the efflorescence of political corruption and social decay. Surely, a great change has passed over the spirit of our dream since then; and if the war has brought to the surface something of the scum of those old world infamies, thank God! we can feel the sin and the shame of them; the very mention of them is abhorrent to the Christian mind. And yet, society is not by any means Christian. For the most part, the business world moves in an orbit at whose centre there is little or no Christ. The fact is, we have been living all these years in a fool's paradise. We say, we must at any hazard keep Bolshevism outside—what if Bolshevism is already within the gates? The materials out of which this monstrosity takes shape are already here. There is too much wealth at one social pole, and too much want at the other. We have been building our industry on the crater of a volcano which has been more or less placid above, but more or less active below. Explosive materials have been steadily gathering during centuries of oppression and wrong, this war has lit the fuse, and the danger of the hour is such an upheaval as may imperil civilization itself. Yes, the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and society is not yet saved.

While I admit all this, I do not believe that "Scientific Socialism" can ever save society. It was said at our General Conference, that our whole industry should be organized on a purely co-operative basis. I, for one, have not been able to echo this war-cry. Our present system has its defects which must be remedied; but, with all its faults, it has carried on a process of evolution by which latent individual

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aptitudes have been developed, which no system of Socialism, so far as I can see, could have effected. And for this mighty motive power of individual initiative and achievement which our competitive system supplies Socialism offers nothing equally effective as a substitute.

An elimination of all competition, while it might not stop the industrial clock, would certainly lighten its weights or weaken its mainspring. All the same, our economics must be placed upon an ethical basis; a new soul must be put into it; we must Christianize capital and labor, and that is the business of the church. The church is here to interpret to the world the spiritual and social laws of the Kingdom. The church should be the Epiphany of a new spiritual and social order—the nucleus of the world yet to be. Our social structure will never be stable or safe until based upon the Brotherhood which Jesus taught. “Anyone who denies the Brotherhood of Man is as great an infidel as he who denies the Fatherhood of God.” The friction between capital and labor can never cease until the business world revolves in a New Testament orbit, until all its interests are swayed by the Spirit of Christ. The Church must now throw herself into the breach and do what she can to turn the scales in favor of mercy, justice, and humanity. Then systems of oppression shall crumble, nakedness shall be clothed, hunger fed, the bondsman shall put on hope, and the oppressed shall no more dread the voice of the oppressor.

Then shall all shackles fall,
The stormy clangor of wild war-music o’er the earth shall cease,
Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,
And on its ashes plant the tree of peace.

Again, we must preach Christ as the Atonement. I know there are those who tell us this doctrine is exploded. It is a form of teaching which admits of nothing like a scientific basis. It supposes that there is a Power that intervenes between sin and penalty; but sin and penalty are related to each other as cause and effect, and to sever the

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causal tie between sin and its consequences would involve a change in the constitution of man and nature. And yet, there is a sense in which it is possible for even you and me to step in between man's sin and its consequences.

This is true in regard to the laws of external nature. One winter night I found a man dead drunk lying at our parsonage gate. The mercury was low, and it was sinking lower, so low that to allow him to lie there would be to have him frozen dead before morning. That would have been the natural penalty of his getting drunk and doing what he did. But I stepped in between him and such a fate. In having him removed I rescued him from death which was only a few hours distant. I did not change nature's relation to him, but in effect, I did the same thing. I changed his relations to nature.

This is also true in regard to the workings of organic law. Some years ago I stumbled against certain laws of nature, and the penalty came in the form of a burning fever. If that fever had been allowed to run riot in my system, raising my temperature a few points higher, as it might have done if it had been let alone, I would have been in my grave to-day. That being the case, death would have been the natural result of that infraction of natural law. But my physician came to my bedside, and by prompt and skilful treatment he arrested the fever and stepped in between that careless act of mine and the death to which it had exposed me. He saved me, not by bringing nature into correspondence with me, but by bringing me into correspondence with nature.

This is true, also, as to the moral and social order. More than once as a pastor I have stood between a person's sin and the anathemas of society to which that sin had exposed him. One day in Montreal a tramp came to my door in rags and hunger, on the verge, as he afterwards confessed, of crime. What did his hunger and rags mean? They meant the penalty of indolence and dissipation, and had I let him alone the penal laws, from whose iron grip he was

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then struggling in vain to free himself, would have worked out his ruin. Such was the penalty he had entailed upon himself. But I stepped in and said to those laws, "Halt! I won't allow you to work out this man's ruin, I am going to save him." We fed him, clothed him, and secured him a situation. He was a graduate of an English university, and afterwards that tramp became an editor and preacher and occupied some of the leading pulpits of Canada. Now, if *I* can thus step in between sin and penalty, may not *Christ* do the same thing? What is the essential penalty of sin? The penalty of sin is sin, the death of sin is sin, and the hell of sin is sin. And when Jesus saves from sin, He saves from sin's penalty. He stops the flow of that which otherwise would become eternal. Why should there be no room in the higher economies of God for intervention, when that principle obtains in every realm of human life?

Atonement, however, is not something separable from Him who atones. You will not regard me as irreverent when I say that atonement is not a manufactured article. Jesus does not *make* atonement, He *is* the atonement. Nor do I make a distinction without a difference when I say, it is not the death of Jesus in the abstract that saves; it is the Jesus Who died that saves. It is not the blood of Jesus that reconciles God to me; it is the Jesus Who bled Who reconciles me to God. Nor am I saved by virtue of what Christ is now doing in heaven, but by virtue of what He is now doing in my heart. I am saved only when the Christ without becomes the Christ within. It is this personal appropriation of Christ that saves. Apart from its "unconditional benefits," the death of Jesus is nothing to me until it becomes the death of me—the sinful me. The resurrection of Jesus is nothing to me until it becomes the resurrection of the spiritual me. Jesus Himself is nothing to me until He has become both mine and me.

But why do the Scriptures make so much of the *death* of Jesus? One reason is, His death was the climax and culmination of His unique life of sacrifice. It is His death

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that emphasizes and explains His life, and it is His life that unveils to us the hidden life of God. The Cross is the expression-point in the great drama of Redemption. It is only now and then that all that one is comes out in what one does. For instance, when we think of Alexander the Great, we think of him weeping because there was no other world to conquer. Such an act, be it fact or fiction, was encyclopedic of the Macedonian Conqueror. When we think of Napoleon, fancy sees him upon the heights of Boulogne, pointing across the English Channel and saying, "A few more suns shall set, and the lilies of France shall float o'er the Tower of London." The soul of the little Corsican flashed out in that foolish prediction. When we think of John Knox, we think of the prayer, "O God, Give me Scotland or I die!" The passionate soul of the great reformer became vocal in that supplication. When we think of the late Princess Alice, we see her bending over the couch of the sick child, taking the little one to her bosom just because it wanted to die there, breathing the fatal infection which in a few days afterwards, amid the tears of two nations, laid her in an untimely grave. And when we think of the Man of Sorrows, there rise before us Gethsemane and the Cross. Calvary shadows forth, more than anything else, the great law of Divine Sacrifice which He expresses and exemplifies. In the Cross all that He was and is is focussed and expressed. Without a Calvary somewhere man were irrecoverably lost. It is through His Sacrifice the world is saved. And for this reason the Cross is weaving around it all that is holy in character, heroic in action, and morally potent in history.

Again, we must preach what I may call the personal knowableness of Jesus. There are two methods by which we may know Him, the Historical and the Spiritual. The Historical—more than ever we must insist that that Divine Personality, as outlined in the Gospels, rests upon a historical basis. Its historicity need never be challenged. I admit that the historical Jesus, on the surface, appears

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somewhat paradoxical, but it is a paradox which proves what it seems to contradict. One moment, we see Him faint with hunger; the next, we see Him miraculously feeding the famished multitude of five thousand in the desert. Now—we see Him sink down faint upon the curb-stone of Samaria's well, and with wonder we hear Him begging from a fallen woman of that city for a cup of water with which to quench His thirst; then—we behold Him in the attitude of a God, as He stands forth and cries, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." Here, we find Him weary and worn with travel and toil, fast asleep in the stern of a small fishing smack, amidst the shrieks of a storm which lashes old Galilee into foam; but there, we find Him inviting all that are weary and heavy-laden to come unto Him and rest. One day He weeps, a broken-hearted man, over Jerusalem with a bitterness which no human comfort can assuage; but on another we see Him breathing comfort into the bosom of bereavement and bestowing upon the widow of Nain the sympathy, and succor of a God. All through His wonderful ministry He is ever engaged in saving others, but at last upon the Cross, with the pallor of death upon His face and His heart beating a surrender to the pale conqueror, He seems to justify the bitter taunt, "He saved others, Himself he cannot save." How paradoxical all this, and yet, as I say, in this paradox we have the proof of the twofold nature of our Lord; on the one side, we see in Him the attributes of God, on the other, the limitations of man. And herein is to be found the knowableness of the God-man. It is through the human we come to know the divine, and through the man we come to know the God.

The Spiritual—for in the case of every believer the Jesus of history becomes the Christ of the heart. There is this twofold revelation; He reveals Himself to us from without, and then from within. But He is best revealed to us when He is revealed *in* us. It is only by a personal experience that we come to know the personal Christ. We

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know Jesus as Manifested God, only when He manifests Himself in us.

Bishop Newman told us years ago that, during the Civil War, a young Confederate soldier lay dying. His mother just reached the hospital as the candle of life was about to go out. The nurse was afraid to tell him of his mother's arrival, lest the shock should prove at once fatal. The mother, however, heedless of her remonstrance, stepped forward, knelt before the cot and, just as she used to when he was a child, first kissed his forehead and then his lips. At once the dying soldier came to consciousness and, opening his eyes, murmured, "Nurse, that is Mother's kiss or—it is God." So by this Indwelling of which I speak you may know that Jesus is divine, by the impact of His mind upon your mind, of His spirit upon your spirit, or by what another has called the "Soul-kiss." You may know that He is divine, because wherever He touches you all that is divine in you responds to the touch.

Some years ago a young student wrote me saying, "I wish I knew something of Hebrew and Greek; then I could follow Dr. Blank in his work on the Divinity of Jesus. I do want to satisfy myself that He who walked on the Sea of Galilee, prayed on the Mountain, and taught His disciples amid those old Judean hills, was in reality the divine Saviour of Man." Well, I pity the believer who has to consult his Hebrew and Greek lexicon to make himself sure that Jesus is the divine Saviour. If I were to tell you that this morning, as the sun appeared on the horizon, tinging all nature with the rosy flush of dawn, I had to consult my American clock or my grandfather's old patent-lever watch to convince myself that day was breaking and the night shadows were passing away, what would you think of me? You would say, why consult your time-piecer, when you have the shining of the self-evident sun? Now that the voice of spring has been heard in all the land, and the promise of summer gilds every sky with glory, flooding field and forest with reviving influences, fancy an old farmer coming

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in from the barnyard to get his last year's almanac, to prove that spring had really come and that it was time for him to sow his grain and plant his potatoes.

When Christ comes and possesses the soul, a new sun appears on the horizon, a spiritual summer fills and floods the whole inner life with a glory you never experienced before, so that for the first time you strike hands across the centuries with Paul and exclaim, "I *know* whom I have believed." A man like that has not to go and grub for days and nights among Greek verbs and Hebrew roots for evidence that Jesus was God manifest in the flesh. We never realize Christ as God in history until we realize Him as God in the heart.

What the world needs most to-day is this Gospel of Jesus. Beneath all the adventitious qualities of human nature there is a God—something which is the same in every man, a something which Jesus alone can reach and satisfy. Let science continue her discoveries, art multiply her triumphs, poetry inspire, history instruct, literature polish, and music enthrall; still beneath all there is in every human being a divinity which sighs for that which the divine Christ alone can give.

This was the great discovery that Paul made, and this was the burden of his life theme. Hence it was, that when confronted by the philosophers of Athens he dared to preach, even unto them, Jesus.

Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all and cry in death,
Behold! Behold the Lamb!

CANADA: ITS POSSIBILITIES, PROBLEMS, AND PERILS

(Preached in the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, October 17th, 1917).

"A land which the LORD thy God careth for; the eyes of the LORD thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year." Deut. xi. 12.

IT is said by some that we Canadians are not sufficiently patriotic. As Canadians by birth or adoption, we do not, as we should, cherish a feeling of national pride. This is said to be owing to the fact that we are yet in our infancy, without much of a history, and without that sense of nationality which our position, as a mere province of the British Empire, goes far to explain. And yet, when we consider our history which reads like a romance, and when we consider the extent of our heritage, the wealth of our resources, the social, political, educational and religious advantages of our country and the part our sons are now taking in the defence of the Empire, we may well indulge in a feeling of patriotic pride. We are the possessors of a land as fair and fertile as any upon which the sun ever shone, and a land that is well worth fighting for.

First. Consider our material advantages. The soil and the sea are the two great sources of wealth of any nation. Some time ago I travelled through one of the most fertile belts of the Dominion, and as I looked out upon the great swaths of mown hay, the acres of ripening, rustling grain, the herds of grazing cattle, the smiling meadows, blooming orchards, beautiful gardens, the rolling landscapes studded with comfortable homesteads, my heart went up to God in gratitude, and I exclaimed, "What a patriotic people we

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Canadians ought to be!" Where is there a land beneath the sun for which God and nature have done more? Think of the boundless vistas of our western prairies with their hundred millions of acres of wheat-lands patiently waiting the industry of the million immigrants about to land upon our shores, the sound of whose labor we already hear breaking the primeval silence of what was once spoken of as "the great lone land." Who can take an inventory of our potential wealth? Think of the timber that grows in our forests, the fish that swim in our waters, the mineral wealth yet to be taken out of our undeveloped mines, and of numerous industries that have real or potential existence in this great Dominion. And when you have gone to work, and in rough approximation piled up our present and possible assets, you may begin to dream of the day when Canada shall have a larger place in the sun and shall stand in the front of all the nations of the earth. And the best of it is, the natural resources of this country are more or less accessible to all. Every man who has brawn and brains, intelligence and industry, may attain at least comfort and competence. It is the survival of the fittest, the most enterprising, that obtains here. The poor man of yesterday is the rich man of to-day, and the servant of to-day is the master of to-morrow. Here the young man of poor parents may blaze for himself a path to fortune or to fame. The highest place in the church, the community, or the state, is open and prepared for the man who is open and prepared for them. Personal capacity is the only limit to success in a country such as this.

Then, there are our social and political blessings. Society here is not characterized by those inequalities and inequities which characterize society in the old world. Here one class is not separated from another by artificial gulfs and gaps which are seldom, if ever, bridged. Here, as I have said before, we have all the benefits of a monarchy without its caste or its cost. Here the franchise is not confined to an autocratic few, nor in the hands of an irresponsible

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many. A juster conception of manhood and the rights of manhood is nowhere else to be found.

Again, we have our educational advantages for which we ought to be thankful. Nowhere in the old world is knowledge diffused amongst the masses as it is here. The privilege of a university training is not now confined to the few wealthy people of our towns and cities; it is being extended to the most distant hamlet in the land. The boy that develops industry and a good physique on the farm stands a good chance of carrying off our university honors and rising into prominence in his professional career.

Then we have, moreover, our religious advantages, of which we may be proud. Here we have no State church; every church lives or dies upon its own merits. If a church ceases to be useful and becomes an obstruction, it ought to die. While in Ottawa I had occasion to wait upon His Excellency the Governor General to call his attention to an invidious invitation sent out every year by the Executive to representatives of all the churches in Canada to attend a certain State function, to the exclusion of the Methodist Church. In the course of conversation he inadvertently spoke of Methodists as Dissenters. I reminded him that there was no State church in Canada, and therefore no Dissenters. However much we may be over-shadowed by the great ecclesiastical organization of Rome and however much some of our Protestant bodies may arrogate to themselves the exclusive right to the name, Church, yet in relation to the law of the land, we occupy the same level, and especially as Methodists we ought to be grateful to know that in point of numerical, social and spiritual things, our church is second to none in the land. Our religious heritage is our most precious asset. Let us not forget that Anglo-Saxon Canada was built upon a religious foundation. Our young nation was cradled in a religious atmosphere. In those early days the pioneer missionary was to be found wherever the settler's or squatter's blaze was to be seen, or the sound of his ax was to be heard. By day

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these heroic men preached on stumps, in groves, and in barns, and by night they slept in shanty or shack, often disturbed by the prowling of the panther or the howling of the wolf, or sometimes by the war-whoop of the painted savage. But nothing could intimidate those knights-errant of the new chivalry. Never forget that it was the saddle-bag preacher who, more than any other, laid the foundations, not only of a great church, but of a great commonwealth. Christian Canada is largely the creation of the home missionary. He proved himself not only a church, but a nation, builder.

Another of our valuable assets is our geographical position. This indicates, to some extent, the part Canada is destined to play in the divine programme of the world. Bismarck used to say that the nation that commands the widest outlook upon the sea or ocean, all other things being equal, is destined to become the greatest world power. The power of England is in the fact that she commands the ocean. But here is Canada with the greatest coast-line of any nation, giving her access to every port in the world; a coast-line equal to one-half the circumference of the globe. On our east rolls the Atlantic, washing the shores alike of the old and the new worlds; on our west there heaves the great Pacific, giving immediate access to those oriental lands that are just waking up from their long slumber. And on our north we have the Arctic Ocean, the back door of the Dominion, giving us the shortest route to England.

Then, think of our inland seas and navigable rivers. Canada has an estimated water area two and a half times greater than that of the United States. Napoleon used to say that the nation that controls the Mississippi valley would be the monarch nation of the world, but he was ignorant of modern geography. He took Canada to be a wreath of snow around the neck of the north pole. Cut Canada out of the American continent, and you could drop into the hole thus made all the States of the Union, and Venezuela and the Argentine Republic after them.

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But the most valuable asset of Canada is the coming Canadian. It is wrong to say that Canada is the dumping ground for the refuse of the old world. In early days it was only the best and most enterprising of people who had courage and means to cross the ocean to carve out a new home in the wilderness. And, after they did arrive, it was only the most energetic and industrious who rose to the top. Thus by a process of winnowing and sifting Canada secures for herself the cream of the old world population. Canada is the melting pot of the world, and the outcome will be an immense improvement in all the nationalities that are contributing towards the creation of the coming Canadian.

But Canada to-day, more than ever, has her perils to face and her problems to solve. At one time our greatest problem was the Indian. However, under the civilizing influence of school and church that problem is slowly but surely resolving itself. The most picturesque and, probably, the most pathetic figure in the drama of American history is the Indian. Only a few centuries ago the smoke of his wigwam arose from the vast solitudes of the American wilds, and he roamed from sea to sea the undisputed owner of a continent. But the advent of the pale face from across the big waters changed all this. Out of the many who once wandered over this land only a comparative few are to be found upon the continent, and our church believes that one of its first obligations is to save the survivors of a race that has well nigh perished. Some of our people are impatient at the slow progress of the Indian, but they should remember that it has taken us centuries of Christian culture to reach our present selves. During all these generations we have been passing through the loom of civilization, where many forces have been at work weaving us after a Christian pattern. And still the work is very incomplete. However slow his progress, our Christian Indian is more than abreast of the rear-guard of our Anglo-Saxon civilization. And I myself have witnessed conversions among

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them just as glorious as were ever rehearsed to the ears of an enraptured audience in the old fashioned days of the missionary meeting.

Another peril and problem is the arrival of Asiatics on our shores. Asia seems bound to move down upon America. Need I ask who it was that put in motion this eastern avalanche? It was in 1858 that the guns of the Anglo-French army were heard around the world, as they made a wide breach in the walls of Chinese exclusiveness, through which the "foreign devil" has been forcing his way ever since into the Flowery Kingdom. I have often wondered whether the nations then concerned in battering down the way of access into that old world, ever dreamed on that occasion of all the possible consequences of that famous bombardment. Did they not see that, if the hole thus made in the old world was big enough to let the European in, it was also big enough to let the Asiatic out? Certainly he has been coming out ever since, and we shall find it a difficult task to stop his coming. What Asia may do, when she wakes up to the sense of her prodigious powers, is perhaps not wise or well for one to predict. Will history repeat itself? Will China seek to reverse the programme of 1858 with vengeance? Will the world, some of these days, wake up to hear the thunder of cannon as the East batters her way into the West, as did the West her way into the East over half a century ago? Will that terrible night-mare dream of a yellow peril at last materialize? Who can say it will or it will not? Speaking for myself, I do not believe that the Orient will ever swamp the Occident—that the East will ever swoop down as an avalanche upon the people of the West, has been predicted. She would require to land at once upon her shores an army of millions of up-to-date fighting men, for the transportation of which a fleet that would literally cover the Pacific would be needed. The conquest of the West by the East in this way is not practicable. The only other method would be by immigration and assimilation. Will the yellow race of the East ever

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coalesce with the white race of the West? That is possible, but not probable in our day. The East has a destiny all its own, and so has the West. And when each has reached that goal, then all the nations of the world racially and religiously may coalesce in Christ. But such a consummation belongs to that "far off divine event" of which Tennyson dreams, "toward which the whole creation moves."

Another serious problem is the assimilation of the foreign elements that are finding their way to the Dominion. Already the overflow of two worlds is sweeping the plains and the mountains of the west. The advance guard of the coming millions has already arrived upon the scene. Some years ago I visited some of those foreign settlers. I preached to the Galicians, each one of whom I found reminiscent and redolent of the country whence he came. I also spent a day with the Doukhobors, the orphans of the prairies. I do not know any people who have been more maligned or misrepresented. They were the first Protestants of Russia; they were driven from their hearths and homes, and found, for awhile, a shelter on the northern shores of the Sea of Azov. But the sleuth hound of persecution followed them to the land of exile; both church and state loaded them with such infamous oppression that a great artist represented them as upon their knees before the Czar, asking only for permission to leave the land of their fathers in peace. That picture touched the heart of the Empress Maria, who gained for them their hearts' desire, and with the help of the greatest man of Russia, Tolstoi, they sailed for Canada, which, they were led to believe, was the home of the free.

In their creed they resemble the Quakers. I found they had no printed Bible, and yet they could repeat almost every chapter. They had no church, yet every home is a temple, and every fireside an altar. They had no minister; every husband and father is a priest. They had no sacrament; every meal with them is a sacrament. They had no mar-

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riage ceremony, and yet no such thing as marital infidelity was found amongst them. They held all property in common, and yet they showed no covetousness. They recognized no law of earth over that of conscience, and yet their wish was to live quiet and peaceable lives in all honor and godliness before their fellow-men. With all their eccentricities I found amongst them materials out of which may yet be moulded the highest type of manhood and womanhood to be found in Canada. But I cannot enumerate all the different races and religions congregated upon those western plains. Over seventy different tongues are spoken there. Church and State must hold themselves in readiness to weld all these different nationalities into one, to teach these babbling tongues of earth the language of the Anglo-Saxon race, and bring them into line with the swing of our Canadian civilization. As a nation, our hopes and fears now center in the west. Our greatest opportunities are there, and our greatest perils are there also. The time has come to throw a ton of emphasis upon every word that can be spoken on behalf of Canadianizing and Christianizing the people of those western lands.

Perhaps the most serious problem that concerns us to-day is that of French-Canada. There Protestantism feels itself over-shadowed by the strongest citadel that Rome has planted anywhere. Certainly the papacy is of a higher and more advanced type, and is relatively stronger, on the banks of the St. Lawrence than on the banks of the Tiber. One of the speakers at a French mass-meeting, held some time ago in front of one of the cathedrals, declared that Canada would yet be re-captured by the French. He reminded his hearers that the sixty-five thousand French-Canadians of 1763 are become the three millions and more of 1912. He also said that at the present rate of natural increase, when the present century had closed, the French population of Canada would be over seventy-five millions. The French "habitants" of Quebec are increasing much more rapidly than the Protestants of Ontario. Mr. Beaudry told me

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that, if his father and mother had had only eighteen children, he never would have appeared on the planet. It is the hope of the Church that French Quebec in the next century will have spread from sea to sea and, though the lilies of France may never float over Cape Diamond, still beneath the shadow of the British flag the Plains of Abraham may yet be avenged in the sense that a French majority may yet decide the destinies of the Dominion. Last year I drew your attention to the increasing cleavage that exists between French Quebec and Orange Ontario. I then expressed the hope that the gulf separating those two peoples would gradually close or in some way be bridged by an amicable mutual understanding, but instead of that it seems to be widening. The time has come for Protestant Ontario to bridge the gulf and do what it can to promote a better understanding between the two races, and thus help to establish peace and harmony upon the most enduring foundation. It is of great importance to preserve the unity of the Empire, and it is as important for us Canadians to preserve the unity of the Dominion.

We ought to be thankful to-day for the manner in which our brave boys at the front have suffered and made the supreme sacrifice in defence of world-wide liberty. Our world is still under the shadow of a great Calvary. It has been a year of dense darkness, and the darkest hour is about to strike. This is the day when men must fight and mothers and wives must weep, while the harbor bar is moaning. Never was there such a day of sorrow, and never was such sympathy manifested the world over. A young soldier from the front writes that more than once he has seen the strong soldier weep over the dead body of his fallen comrade. One of the most pathetic sights witnessed in the trenches was, when a wild, reckless young soldier rushed into "no man's land" to save his wounded friend, and returned with his burden, but riddled with bullets. When the doctor told him he must die, he had no tears for himself but wept because he had failed to save his chum. How

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divinely eloquent is the language of such tears! The world's eyes were never so filled with tears as now, and I would say here to the bereaved fathers and mothers, you have no occasion to be ashamed of the tears you shed over the loss of the dear ones. And yet, how our faith sees beyond the cloud of tears the dawning of a new heaven and earth. Mothers, your boys have not suffered and died in vain. They have accomplished far more for Canada, for the Empire, for the world, for Christ, done more to bring about a new order of things in a few months than you or I could ever do if we lived a thousand years. The value of a human life is not to be measured by the years that roll over our head. One may live more in a moment than in a millenium. This war has made the ideal real, and brought eternity very nigh. There is a picture called "The Aurora" which shows the sun appearing on the horizon an hour before the actual dawn. This strange phenomenon was actually witnessed by a few fishermen upon a sea-girt isle. The same atmospheric conditions which produce the mirage in the desert—the inverted images of ships floating as if in air, while, as a matter of fact, they are yet beneath the horizon—produced this premature sunrise. So this war has produced those conditions in our spiritual atmosphere which reveal, as in a mirage, the realities of that other world, while as yet they lie beneath the horizon of time.

To millions this is a supreme moment. The two worlds of time and eternity seem to meet and mingle. The drapery seems to sunder; we see the fore-gleams of the eternal dawn, and we hear the angels' whispers telling us that our dead are not dead, that their home is not the tomb on which we strew our flowers and shed our tears.

This war is changing our standard of values. If our departed heroes could only speak, what would they say? With what breathless attention you would listen to their words this morning! They would tell us that in the light of that noon into which they have passed, this lower world is but a phantom; that life here is but a dream; that we are

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but shadows in pursuit of shadows; that the most substantial fortunes are but fabrics built in air, made out of the stuff of which dreams are woven; that earthly immortality, for which men pant and for which they sacrifice so much, is but a bubble tossed upon time's restless wave; that all earthly delights are but meteors that flash and flare against the sky of night, to be swallowed up in abortive gloom; that the only things worth living for are those which the Man of Sorrows loved, and for which He lived and died. With what emphasis they would say over again the words of the Master, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The most glorious throne to which a mortal can climb is reached by way of the cross, and the most real crown that can be worn to-day is the crown of thorns.

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